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THE WORKS OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

HAND-MADE EDITION

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THE WORKS
of
TOBIAS SMOLLETT
VOLUME TWELVE

THE EXPEDITION of HUMPHRY CLINKER

Complete in Two Parts
Part II

With the Author's Preface and an Introduction by

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THE EXPEDITION *of* HUMPHRY CLINKER

To Dr. Lewis.

I have not found all the benefit I expected at Scarborough, where I have been these eight days. From Harrowgate we came hither by the way of York, where we stayed only one day, to visit the castle, the minster, and the assembly-room. The first, which was heretofore a fortress, is now converted into a prison, and is the best, in all respects, I ever saw at home or abroad. It stands in a high situation, extremely well ventilated, and has a spacious area within the walls for the health and convenience of all the prisoners, except those whom it is necessary to secure in close confinement. Even these last have all the comforts that the nature of their situation can admit of. Here the assizes are held, in a range of buildings erected for that purpose.

As for the minster, I know not how to distinguish it, except by its great size, and the height of its spire, from those other ancient churches in different parts of the kingdom, which used to be called monuments of Gothic architecture; but it is now agreed that this style is Saracen rather than Gothic, and, I suppose, it was first imported into England from Spain, great part of which was under the dominion of the

Moors. Those British architects who adopted this style don't seem to have considered the propriety of their adoption. The climate of the country possessed by the Moors or Saracens, both in Africa and Spain, was so exceedingly hot and dry, that those who built places of worship for the multitude employed their talents in contriving edifices that should be cool; and for this purpose nothing could be better adapted than those buildings, vast, narrow, dark, and lofty, impervious to the sunbeams, and having little communication with the scorched external atmosphere, but ever affording a refreshing coolness, like subterranean cellars in the heats of summer, or natural caverns in the bowels of huge mountains. But nothing could be more preposterous than to imitate such a mode of architecture in a country like England, where the climate is cold, and the air eternally loaded with vapours, and where, of consequence, the builder's intention should be to keep the people dry and warm.

For my part, I never entered the abbey church at Bath but once, and the moment I stepped over the threshold, I found myself chilled to the very marrow of my bones. When we consider, that, in our churches in general, we breathe a gross stagnated air, surcharged with damps from vaults, tombs, and charnel-houses, may we not term them so many magazines of rheums, created for the benefit of the medical faculty, and safely aver that more bodies are lost than souls saved by going to church, in the winter especially, which may be said to engross eight months in the year. I should be glad to know what offence it would give to tender consciences, if the house of God

was made more comfortable, or less dangerous to the health of valetudinarians; and whether it would not be an encouragement to piety, as well as the salvation of many lives, if the place of worship was well-floored, wainscoted, warmed, and ventilated, and its area kept sacred from the pollution of the dead. The practice of burying in churches was the effect of ignorant superstition, influenced by knavish priests, who pretended that the devil could have no power over the defunct if he was interred in holy ground; and this indeed is the only reason that can be given for consecrating all cemeteries even at this day.

The external appearance of an old cathedral cannot be but displeasing to the eye of every man who has any idea of propriety or proportion, even though he may be ignorant of architecture as a science; and the long slender spire puts one in mind of a criminal impaled, with a sharp stake rising up through his shoulder. These towers, or steeples, were likewise borrowed from the Mahometans, who, having no bells, used such minarets for the purpose of calling the people to prayers. They may be of farther use, however, for making observations and signals, but I would vote for their being distinct from the body of the church, because they serve only to make the pile more barbarous, or Saracenical.

There is nothing of this Arabic architecture in the assembly-room, which seems to me to have been built upon a design of Palladio, and might be converted into an elegant place of worship; but it is indifferently contrived for that sort of idolatry which is performed in it at present. The grandeur of the fane

gives a diminutive effect to the little painted divinities that are adored in it, and the company, on a ball-night, must look like an assembly of fantastic fairies, revelling by moonlight among the columns of a Grecian temple.

Scarborough seems to be falling off in point of reputation. All these places (Bath excepted) have their vogue, and then the fashion changes. I am persuaded there are fifty spas in England as efficacious and salutary as that of Scarborough, though they have not yet risen to fame, and perhaps never will, unless some medical encomiast should find an interest in displaying their virtues to the public view. Be that as it may, recourse will always be had to this place for the convenience of sea-bathing, while this practice prevails; but it were to be wished they would make the beach more accessible to invalids.

I have here met with an old acquaintance, H—t, whom you have often heard me mention as one of the most original characters upon earth. I first knew him at Venice, and afterwards saw him in different parts of Italy, where he was well known by the nickname of Cavallo Bianco, from his appearing always mounted on a pale horse, like Death in the Revelation. You must remember the account I once gave you of a curious dispute he had at Constantinople, with a couple of Turks, in defence of the Christian religion; a dispute from which he acquired the epithet of Demonstrator. The truth is, H—t owns no religion but that of nature; but, on this occasion, he was stimulated to show his parts, for the honour of his country. Some years ago, being in the Cam-

pidoglio at Rome, he made up to the bust of Jupiter, and bowing very low, exclaimed in the Italian language, "I hope, sir, if ever you get your head above water again, you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your adversity." This sally was reported to the Cardinal Camerlengo, and by him laid before Pope Benedict XIV., who could not help laughing at the extravagance of the address, and said to the cardinal, "Those English heretics think they have a right to go to the devil in their own way."

Indeed, H—t was the only Englishman I ever knew who had resolution enough to live in his own way in the midst of foreigners; for, neither in dress, diet, customs, or conversation, did he deviate one tittle from the manner in which he had been brought up. About twelve years ago, he began a giro, or circuit, which he thus performed. At Naples, where he fixed his headquarters, he embarked for Marseilles, from whence he travelled with a voiturin to Antibes. There he took his passage to Genoa and Lerici; from which last place he proceeded, by the way of Cambratina, to Pisa and Florence. After having halted some time in this metropolis, he set out with a vetturino for Rome, where he reposed himself a few weeks, and then continued his route to Naples, in order to wait for the next opportunity of embarkation. After having twelve times described this circle, he lately flew off at a tangent to visit some trees at his country-house in England, which he had planted above twenty years ago, after the plan of the double colonnade in the piazza of St. Peter's at Rome. He came hither to Scarborough to pay his

respects to his noble friend and former pupil, the M—— of G——, and, forgetting that he is now turned of seventy, sacrificed so liberally to Bacchus, that next day he was seized with a fit of the apoplexy, which has a little impaired his memory; but he retains all the oddity of his character in perfection, and is going back to Italy, by the way of Geneva, that he may have a conference with his friend Voltaire, about giving the last blow to the Christian superstition. He intends to take shipping here for Holland or Hamburg; for it is a matter of great indifference to him at what part of the Continent he first lands.

When he was going abroad the last time, he took his passage in a ship bound for Leghorn, and his baggage was actually embarked. In going down the river by water, he was, by mistake, put on board of another vessel under sail, and, upon inquiry, understood she was bound to Petersburgh. "Petersburgh — Petersburgh," said he; "I don't care if I go along with you." He forthwith struck a bargain with the captain, bought a couple of shirts of the mate, and was safe conveyed to the court of Muscovy, from whence he travelled by land to receive his baggage at Leghorn. He is now more likely than ever to execute a whim of the same nature; and I will hold any wager, that, as he cannot be supposed to live much longer, according to the course of nature, his exit will be as odd as his life has been extravagant.[1]

[1] This gentleman crossed the sea to France, visited and conferred with M. de Voltaire at Fernay, resumed his old circuit at Genoa, and died in 1767, at the house of Vanini in

But, to return from one humourist to another. You must know I have received benefit both from the chalybeate and the sea, and would have used them longer, had not a most ridiculous adventure, by making me the town-talk, obliged me to leave the place; for I can't bear the thoughts of affording a spectacle to the multitude. Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, I went down to the bathing-place, attended by my servant Clinker, who waited on the beach as usual. The wind blowing from the north, and the weather being hazy, the water proved so chill, that, when I rose from my first plunge, I could not help sobbing and bawling out from the effects of the cold. Clinker, who heard my cry, and saw me indistinctly a good way without the guide, buffeting the waves, took it for granted I was drowning, and rushing into the sea, clothes and all, overturned the guide, in his hurry to save his master. I had swam out a few strokes, when, hearing a noise, I turned about, and saw Clinker, already up to his neck, advancing towards me, with all the wildness of terror in his aspect. Afraid he would get out of his depth,

Florence. Being taken with a suppression of urine, he resolved, in imitation of Pomponius Atticus, to take himself off by abstinence; and this resolution he executed like an ancient Roman. He saw company to the last, cracked his jokes, conversed freely, and entertained his guests with music. On the third day of his fast, he found himself entirely freed of his complaint; but refused taking sustenance. He said, the most disagreeable part of the voyage was past, and he should be a cursed fool indeed to put about ship, when he was just entering the harbour. In these sentiments he persisted, without any marks of affectation, and thus finished his course with such ease and serenity, as would have done honour to the firmest stoic of antiquity.

I made haste to meet him, when, all of a sudden, he seized me by one ear, and dragged me bellowing with pain upon the dry beach, to the astonishment of all the people, men, women, and children, there assembled.

I was so exasperated by the pain of my ear, and the disgrace of being exposed in such an attitude, that, in the first transport, I struck him down ; then, running back into the sea, took shelter in the machine, where my clothes had been deposited. I soon recollected myself so far, as to do justice to the poor fellow, who, in great simplicity of heart, had acted from motives of fidelity and affection. Opening the door of the machine, which was immediately drawn on shore, I saw him standing by the wheel, dropping like a waterwork, and trembling from head to foot, partly from cold, and partly from the dread of having offended his master. I made my acknowledgments for the blow he had received, assured him I was not angry, and insisted upon his going home immediately, to shift his clothes ; a command which he could hardly find in his heart to execute, so well disposed was he to furnish the mob with farther entertainment at my expense. Clinker's intention was laudable, without all doubt, but, nevertheless, I am a sufferer by his simplicity. I have had a burning heat, and a strange buzzing noise in that ear, ever since it was so roughly treated ; and I cannot walk the street without being pointed at, as the monster that was haled naked ashore upon the beach. Well, I affirm that folly is often more provoking than knavery, ay, and more mischievous too ; and whether

a man had not better choose a sensible rogue, than an honest simpleton, for his servant, is no matter of doubt with yours, MATT. BRAMBLE.

SCARBOROUGH, July 4.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR WAT, — We made a precipitate retreat from Scarborough, owing to the excessive delicacy of our squire, who cannot bear the thoughts of being *prætereuntium digito monstratus.*

One morning, while he was bathing in the sea, his man Clinker took it in his head that his master was in danger of drowning; and, in this conceit, plunging into the water, he lugged him out naked on the beach, and almost pulled off his ear in the operation. You may guess how this achievement was relished by Mr. Bramble, who is impatient, irascible, and has the most extravagant ideas of decency and decorum in the economy of his own person. In the first ebullition of his choler, he knocked Clinker down with his fist; but he afterwards made him amends for this outrage; and, in order to avoid the further notice of the people, among whom this incident had made him remarkable, he resolved to leave Scarborough next day.

We set out accordingly over the moors, by the way of Whitby, and began our journey betimes, in hopes of reaching Stockton that night; but in this hope we were disappointed. In the afternoon, crossing a deep gutter, made by a torrent, the coach was

so hard strained, that one of the irons which connect the frame snapt, and the leather sling on the same side cracked in the middle. The shock was so great, that my sister Liddy struck her head against Mrs. Tabitha's nose with such violence that the blood flowed; and Win. Jenkins was darted through a small window in that part of the carriage next the horses, where she stuck like a bawd in the pillory, till she was released by the hand of Mr. Bramble. We were eight miles distant from any place where we could be supplied with chaises, and it was impossible to proceed with the coach, until the damage should be repaired. In this dilemma, we discovered a blacksmith's forge on the edge of a small common, about half a mile from the scene of our disaster, and thither the postillions made shift to draw the carriage slowly, while the company walked a-foot; but we found the blacksmith had been dead some days; and his wife, who had been lately delivered, was deprived of her senses, under the care of a nurse hired by the parish. We were exceedingly mortified at this disappointment, which, however, was surmounted by the help of Humphry Clinker, who is a surprising compound of genius and simplicity. Finding the tools of the defunct, together with some coals in the smithy, he unscrewed the damaged iron in a twinkling, and, kindling a fire, united the broken pieces with equal dexterity and despatch. While he was at work upon this operation, the poor woman in the straw, struck with the well-known sound of the hammer and anvil, started up, and, notwithstanding all the nurse's efforts, came running into the

smithy, where, throwing her arms about Clinker's neck, "Ah, Jacob!" cried she, "how could you leave me in such a condition?"

This incident was too pathetic to occasion mirth — it brought tears into the eyes of all present. The poor widow was put to bed again; and we did not leave the village without doing something for her benefit. Even Tabitha's charity was awakened on this occasion. As for the tender-hearted Humphry Clinker, he hammered the iron, and wept at the same time. But his ingenuity was not confined to his own province of farrier and blacksmith — it was necessary to join the leather sling, which had been broke; and this service he likewise performed, by means of a broken awl, which he new pointed and ground, a little hemp which he spun into lingles, and a few tacks which he made for the purpose. Upon the whole, we were in a condition to proceed in little more than one hour; but even this delay obliged us to pass the night at Gisborough. Next day we crossed the Tees at Stockton, which is a neat agreeable town; and there we resolved to dine, with purpose to lie at Durham.

Whom should we meet in the yard, when we alighted, but Martin the adventurer! Having handed out the ladies, and conducted them into an apartment, where he paid his compliments to Mrs. Tabby, with his usual address, he begged leave to speak to my uncle in another room; and there, in some confusion, he made an apology for having taken the liberty to trouble him with a letter at Stevenage. He expressed his hope, that Mr. Bramble had

bestowed some consideration on his unhappy case, and repeated his desire of being taken into his service.

My uncle, calling me into the room, told him, that we were both very well inclined to rescue him from a way of life that was equally dangerous and dishonourable; and that he should have no scruple in trusting to his gratitude and fidelity, if he had any employment for him, which he thought would suit his qualifications and his circumstances; but that all the departments he had mentioned in his letter were filled up by persons of whose conduct he had no reason to complain; of consequence he could not, without injustice, deprive any one of them of his bread. Nevertheless, he declared himself ready to assist him in any feasible project, either with his purse or credit.

Martin seemed deeply touched at this declaration. The tear started in his eye, while he said, in a faltering accent, "Worthy sir — your generosity oppresses me — I never dreamed of troubling you for any pecuniary assistance — indeed I have no occasion — I have been so lucky at billiards and betting at different places, at Buxton, Harrowgate, Scarborough, and Newcastle races, that my stock in ready money amounts to three hundred pounds, which I would willingly employ in prosecuting some honest scheme of life; but my friend Justice Buzzard has set so many springes for my life, that I am under the necessity of either retiring immediately to a remote part of the country, where I can enjoy the protection of some generous patron, or of quitting the kingdom altogether. It is upon this alternative that I now

beg leave to ask your advice. I have had information of all your route since I had the honour to see you at Stevenage; and, supposing you would come this way from Scarborough, I came hither last night from Darlington to pay you my respects."

"It would be no difficult matter to provide you with an asylum in the country," replied my uncle; "but a life of indolence and obscurity would not suit with your active and enterprising disposition — I would therefore advise you to try your fortune in the East Indies. I will give you a letter to a friend in London, who will recommend you to the direction, for a commission in the Company's service; and if that cannot be obtained, you will at least be received as a volunteer — in which case you may pay for your passage, and I shall undertake to procure you such credentials, that you will not be long without a commission."

Martin embraced the proposal with great eagerness; it was therefore resolved that he should sell his horse, and take a passage by sea for London, to execute the project without delay. In the meantime, he accompanied us to Durham, where we took up our quarters for the night. Here, being furnished with letters from my uncle, he took his leave of us, with strong symptoms of gratitude and attachment, and set out for Sunderland, in order to embark in the first collier bound for the river Thames.

He had not been gone half an hour, when we were joined by another character, which promised something extraordinary. A tall meagre figure, answering, with his horse, the description of Don Quixote mounted

on Rozinante, appeared in the twilight at the inn door, while my aunt and Liddy stood at the window in the dining-room. He wore a coat, the cloth of which had once been scarlet, trimmed with Brandenburgs, now totally deprived of their metal, and he had holster-caps and housing of the same stuff and same antiquity. Perceiving ladies at the window above, he endeavoured to dismount with the most graceful air he could assume; but the ostler neglecting to hold the stirrup, when he wheeled off his right foot, and stood with his whole weight on the other, the girth unfortunately gave way, the saddle turned, down came the cavalier to the ground, and his hat and periwig falling off, displayed a headpiece of various colours, patched and plastered in a woful condition. The ladies, at the window above, shrieked with affright, on the supposition that the stranger had received some notable damage in his fall; but the greatest injury he had sustained, arose from the dishonour of his descent, aggravated by the disgrace of exposing the condition of his cranium; for certain plebeians that were about the door, laughed aloud, in the belief that the captain had got either a scald head, or a broken head, both equally opprobrious.

He forthwith leaped up in a fury, and snatching one of his pistols, threatened to put the ostler to death, when another squall from the women checked his resentment. He then bowed to the window, while he kissed the butt-end of his pistol, which he replaced, adjusted his wig in great confusion, and led his horse into the stable. By this time I had come to the door, and could not help gazing at the strange figure that

presented itself to my view. He would have measured above six feet in height, had he stood upright; but he stooped very much, was very narrow in the shoulders, and very thick in the calves of the legs, which were cased in black spatterdashes. As for his thighs, they were long and slender, like those of a grasshopper; his face was at least half a yard in length, brown and shrivelled, with projecting cheek-bones, little grey eyes on the greenish hue, a large hook nose, a pointed chin, a mouth from ear to ear, very ill furnished with teeth, and a high narrow forehead, well furrowed with wrinkles. His horse was exactly in the style of its rider; a resurrection of dry bones, which (as we afterwards learned) he valued exceedingly, as the only present he had ever received in his life.

Having seen this favourite steed properly accommodated in the stable, he sent up his compliments to the ladies, begging permission to thank them in person for the marks of concern they had shown at his disaster in the court-yard. As the squire said they could not decently decline his visit, he was shown upstairs, and paid his respects in the Scotch dialogue [-lect] with much formality. "Ladies," said he, "perhaps you may be scandaleesed at the appearance my head made when it was uncovered by accident; but I can assure you, the condition you saw it in, is neither the effects of disease, nor of drunkenness; but an honest scar received in the service of my country." He then gave us to understand, that, having been wounded at Ticonderoga in America, a party of Indians rifled him, scalped him, broke his skull with the blow of a tomahawk, and then left him for dead

on the field of battle; but that, being afterwards found with signs of life, he had been cured in the French hospital, though the loss of substance could not be repaired; so that the skull was left naked in several places, and these he covered with patches.

There is no hold by which an Englishman is sooner taken than that of compassion. We were immediately interested in behalf of this veteran. Even Tabby's heart was melted; but our pity was warmed with indignation, when we learned, that, in the course of two sanguinary wars, he had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken, and enslaved, without having ever attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant. My uncle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclaimed, "I vow to God, sir, your case is a reproach to the service; the injustice you have met with is so flagrant." — "I must crave your pardon, sir," cried the other, interrupting him, "I complain of no injustice. I purchased an ensigncy thirty years ago; and, in the course of service, rose to be a lieutenant, according to my seniority" — "But in such a length of time," resumed the squire, "you must have seen a great many young officers put over your head." — "Nevertheless," said he, "I have no cause to murmur. They bought their preferment with their money. I had no money to carry to market — that was my misfortune; but nobody was to blame" — "What! no friend to advance a sum of money?" said Mr. Bramble. — "Perhaps I might have borrowed money for the purchase of a company," answered the other; "but that loan must have been refunded; and I did not

choose to encumber myself with a debt of a thousand pounds, to be paid from an income of ten shillings a day," — "So you have spent the best part of your life," cried Mr. Bramble, "your youth, your blood, and your constitution, amidst the dangers, the difficulties, the horrors, and hardships of war, for the consideration of three or four shillings a day — a consideration" — "Sir," replied the Scot, with great warmth, "you are the man that does me injustice, if you say or think I have been actuated by any such paltry consideration. I am a gentleman; and entered the service as other gentlemen do, with such hopes and sentiments as honourable ambition inspires. If I have not been lucky in the lottery of life, so neither do I think myself unfortunate. I owe no man a farthing; I can always command a clean shirt, a mutton chop, and a truss of straw; and, when I die, I shall leave effects sufficient to defray the expense of my burial."

My uncle assured him, he had no intention to give him the least offence, by the observations he had made; but, on the contrary, spoke from a sentiment of friendly regard to his interest. The lieutenant thanked him with a stiffness of civility, which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that his moderation was all affected; for whatsoever his tongue might declare, his whole appearance denoted dissatisfaction. In short, without pretending to judge of his military merit, I think I may affirm, that this Caledonian is a self-conceited pedant, awkward, rude, and disputatious. He has had the benefit of a school education, seems to have read a

good number of books, his memory is tenacious, and he pretends to speak several different languages; but he is so addicted to wrangling, that he will cavil at the clearest truths, and, in the pride of argumentation, attempt to reconcile contradictions. Whether his address and qualifications are really of that stamp which is agreeable to the taste of our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, or that indefatigable maiden is determined to shoot at every sort of game, certain it is, she has begun to practise upon the heart of the lieutenant, who favoured us with his company to supper.

I have many other things to say of this man of war, which I shall communicate in a post or two. Meanwhile, it is but reasonable that you should be indulged with some respite from those weary lucubrations of,

Yours, J. Melford.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, July 10.

To Sir Watkin Phillips, *Bart. of Jesus College, Oxon.*

Dear Phillips, — In my last, I treated you with a high-flavoured dish, in the character of the Scotch lieutenant, and I must present him once more for your entertainment. It was our fortune to feed upon him the best part of three days; and I do not doubt that he will start again in our way before we shall have finished our northern excursion. The day after our meeting with him at Durham proved so tempestuous, that we did not choose to proceed on our journey; and my uncle persuaded him to stay till the weather should clear up, giving him, at the same time, a general invitation to our mess. The man

has certainly gathered a whole budget of shrewd observations, but he brings them forth in such an ungracious manner as would be extremely disgusting, if it was not marked by that characteristic oddity which never fails to attract the attention. He and Mr. Bramble discoursed, and even disputed, on different subjects in war, policy, the belles-lettres, law, and metaphysics; and sometimes they were warmed into such altercation as seemed to threaten an abrupt dissolution of their society; but Mr. Bramble set a guard over his own irascibility, the more vigilantly as the officer was his guest; and when, in spite of all his efforts, he began to wax warm, the other prudently cooled in the same proportion.

Mrs. Tabitha chancing to accost her brother by the familiar diminutive of Matt, "Pray, sir," said the lieutenant, "is your name Matthias?" You must know, it is one of our uncle's foibles to be ashamed of his name Matthew, because it is puritanical; and this question chagrined him so much, that he answered, "No, by G—d!" in a very abrupt tone of displeasure. The Scot took up umbrage at the manner of his reply, and bristling up, "If I had known," said he, "that you did not care to tell your name, I should not have asked the question. The leddy called you Matt, and I naturally thought it was Matthias;—perhaps it may be Methuselah, or Metrodorus, or Metellus, or Mathurinus, or Malthinnus or Matamorus, or"—"No," cried my uncle, laughing, "it is neither of those, captain. My name is Matthew Bramble, at your service. The truth is, I have a foolish pique at the name of Matthew, because

it savours of those canting hypocrites, who, in Cromwell's time, christened all their children by names taken from the Scripture."—"A foolish pique, indeed," cried Mrs. Tabby, "and even sinful, to fall out with your name because it is taken from holy writ. I would have you to know, you was called after great uncle Matthew ap Madoc ap Meredith, Esquire, of Llanwysthin, in Montgomeryshire, justice of the *quorum*, and *crusty ruttleorum*, a gentleman of great worth and property, descended in a straight line, by the female side, from Llewellyn, Prince of Wales."

This genealogical anecdote seemed to make some impression upon the North Briton, who bowed very low to the descendants of Llewellyn, and observed that he himself had the honour of a scriptural nomination. The lady expressing a desire of knowing his address, he said, he designed himself Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago;—and, in order to assist her memory, he presented her with a slip of paper inscribed with these three words, which she repeated with great emphasis, declaring it was one of the most noble and sonorous names she had ever heard. He observed, that Obadiah was an adventitious appellation, derived from his great-grandfather, who had been one of the original covenanters; but Lismahago was the family surname, taken from a place in Scotland so called. He likewise dropped some hints about the antiquity of his pedigree, adding, with a smile of self-denial, *Sed genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*, which quotation he explained in deference to the ladies; and Mrs. Tabitha did not fail to compliment him on his modesty

in waiving the merit of his ancestry, adding, that it was the less necessary to him, as he had such a considerable fund of his own. She now began to glue herself to his favour with the grossest adulation. She expatiated upon the antiquity and virtues of the Scottish nation, upon their valour, probity, learning, and politeness. She even descended to encomiums on his own personal address, his gallantry, good sense, and erudition. She appealed to her brother, whether the captain was not the very image of our cousin Governor Griffith. She discovered a surprising eagerness to know the particulars of his life, and asked a thousand questions concerning his achievements in war; all which Mr. Lismahago answered with a sort of jesuitical reserve, affecting a reluctance to satisfy her curiosity on a subject that concerned his own exploits.

By dint of her interrogations, however, we learned, that he and Ensign Murphy had made their escape from the French hospital at Montreal, and taken to the woods, in hope of reaching some English settlement; but, mistaking their route, they fell in with a party of Miamis, who carried them away in captivity. The intention of these Indians was to give one of them as an adopted son to a venerable sachem, who had lost his own in the course of the war, and to sacrifice the other according to the custom of the country. Murphy, as being the younger and handsomer of the two, was designed to fill the place of the deceased, not only as the son of the sachem, but as the spouse of a beautiful squaw, to whom his predecessor had been betrothed; but, in passing through

the different wigwams, or villages of the Miamis, poor Murphy was so mangled by the women and children, who have the privilege of torturing all prisoners in their passage, that, by the time they arrived at the place of the sachem's residence, he was rendered altogether unfit for the purposes of marriage. It was determined, therefore, in the assembly of the warriors, that Ensign Murphy should be brought to the stake, and that the lady should be given to Lieutenant Lismahago, who had likewise received his share of torments, though they had not produced emasculation. A joint of one finger had been cut, or rather sawed off with a rusty knife; one of his great toes was crushed into a mash betwixt two stones; some of his teeth were drawn or dug out with a crooked nail; splintered reeds had been thrust up his nostrils and other tender parts; and the calves of his legs had been blown up with mines of gunpowder dug in the flesh with a sharp point of the tomahawk.

The Indians themselves allowed that Murphy died with great heroism, singing, as his death song, the *Drimmendoo*, in concert with Mr. Lismahago, who was present at the solemnity. After the warriors and the matrons had made a hearty meal upon the muscular flesh, which they pared from the victim, and had applied a great variety of tortures, which he bore without flinching, an old lady, with a sharp knife, scooped out one of his eyes, and put a burning coal in the socket. The pain of this operation was so exquisite, that he could not help bellowing, upon which the audience raised a shout of exultation, and

one of the warriors stealing behind him, gave him the *coup de grâce* with a hatchet.

Lismahago's bride, the squaw Squinkinacoosta, distinguished herself on this occasion. She showed a great superiority of genius in the tortures which she contrived and executed with her own hands. She vied with the stoutest warrior in eating the flesh of the sacrifice; and after all the other females were fuddled with dram-drinking, she was not so intoxicated but that she was able to play the game of the platter with the conjuring sachem, and afterwards go through the ceremony of her own wedding, which was consummated that same evening. The captain had lived very happily with this accomplished squaw for two years, during which she bore him a son, who is now the representative of his mother's tribe; but, at length, to his unspeakable grief, she had died of a fever, occasioned by eating too much raw bear, which they had killed in a hunting excursion.

By this time, Mr. Lismahago was elected sachem, acknowledged first warrior of the Badger tribe, and dignified with the name or epithet of Occacanastaogarora, which signifies *nimble as a weasel;* but all these advantages and honours he was obliged to resign, in consequence of being exchanged for the orator of the community, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians that were in alliance with the English. At the peace, he had sold out upon half-pay, and was returned to Britain, with a view to pass the rest of his life in his own country, where he hoped to find some retreat, where his slender finances would afford him a decent subsistence. Such are the outlines of

Mr. Lismahago's history, to which Tabitha *did seriously incline her ear;* indeed, she seemed to be taken with the same charms that captivated the heart of Desdemona, who loved the Moor *for the dangers he had passed.*

The description of poor Murphy's sufferings, which threw my sister Liddy into a swoon, extracted some sighs from the breast of Mrs. Tabby; when she understood he had been rendered unfit for marriage, she began to spit, and ejaculated, "Jesus, what cruel barbarians!" and she made wry faces at the lady's nuptial repast; but she was eagerly curious to know the particulars of her marriage dress; whether she wore high-breasted stays or bodice, a robe of silk or velvet, and laces of Mechlin or minionete — she supposed, as they were connected with the French, she used *rouge*, and had her hair dressed in the Parisian fashion. The captain would have declined giving a categorical explanation of all these particulars, observing, in general, that the Indians were too tenacious of their own customs to adopt the modes of any nation whatsoever. He said, moreover, that neither the simplicity of their manners, nor the commerce of their country, would admit of those articles of luxury which are deemed magnificence in Europe; and that they were too virtuous and sensible to encourage the introduction of any fashion which might help to render them corrupt and effeminate.

These observations served only to inflame her desire of knowing the particulars about which she had inquired; and, with all his evasion, he could not

help discovering the following circumstances: — That his princess had neither shoes, stockings, shift, nor any kind of linen; that her bridal dress consisted of a petticoat of red baize, and a fringed blanket, fastened about her shoulders with a copper skewer; but of ornaments she had great plenty. Her hair was curiously plaited, and interwoven with bobbins of human bone — one eyelid was painted green and the other yellow; the cheeks were blue, the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black list drawn down the middle of the forehead as far as the tip of the nose; a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were stuck through the division of the nostrils; there was a blue stone set in the chin; her ear-rings consisted of two pieces of hickory, of the size and shape of drumsticks; her arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of wampum; her breast glittered with numerous strings of glass beads; she wore a curious pouch, or pocket, of woven grass, elegantly painted with various colours; about her neck was hung the fresh scalp of a Mohawk warrior, whom her deceased lover had lately slain in battle; and, finally, she was anointed from head to foot with bear's grease, which sent forth a most agreeable odour.

One would imagine that these paraphernalia would not have been much admired by a modern fine lady; but Mrs. Tabitha was resolved to approve of all the captain's connexions. She wished, indeed, the squaw had been better provided with linen; but she owned there was much taste and fancy in her ornaments; she made no doubt, therefore, that Madam Squin-

kinacoosta was a young lady of good sense and rare accomplishments, and a good Christian at bottom. Then she asked whether his consort had been High Church or Low Church, Presbyterian, or Anabaptist, or had been favoured with any glimmering of the new light of the gospel? When he confessed that she and her whole nation were utter strangers to the Christian faith, she gazed at him with signs of astonishment; and Humphry Clinker, who chanced to be in the room, uttered a hollow groan.

After some pause, "In the name of God, Captain Lismahago," cried she, "what religion do they profess?" — "As to religion, madam," answered the lieutenant, "it is among those Indians a matter of great simplicity — they never heard of any *alliance between Church and State.* They, in general, worship two contending principles; one the fountain of all good, the other the source of evil. The common people there, as in other countries, run into the absurdities of superstition; but sensible men pay adoration to a supreme Being, who created and sustains the universe." — "O! what pity," exclaimed the pious Tabby, "that some holy man has not been inspired to go and convert these poor heathens!"

The lieutenant told her, that, while he resided among them, two French missionaries arrived, in order to convert them to the Catholic religion; but when they talked of mysteries and revelations, which they could neither explain nor authenticate, and called in the evidence of miracles which they believed upon hearsay; when they taught, that the Supreme Creator of heaven and earth had allowed his only

Son, his own equal in power and glory, to enter the bowels of a woman, to be born as a human creature, to be insulted, flagellated, and even executed as a malefactor; when they pretended to create God himself, to swallow, digest, revive, and multiply him *ad infinitum*, by the help of a little flour and water, the Indians were shocked at the impiety of their presumption. They were examined by the assembly of the sachems, who desired them to prove the divinity of their mission by some miracle. They answered, that it was not in their power. "If you were really sent by heaven for our conversion," said one of the sachems, "you would certainly have some supernatural endowments, at least you would have the gift of tongues, in order to explain your doctrine to the different nations among which you are employed; but you are so ignorant of our language, that you cannot express yourselves even on the most trifling subjects."

In a word, the assembly were convinced of their being cheats, and even suspected them of being spies. They ordered them a bag of Indian corn apiece, and appointed a guide to conduct them to the frontiers; but the missionaries having more zeal than discretion, refused to quit the vineyard. They persisted in saying mass, in preaching, baptizing, and squabbling with the conjurers, or priests of the country, till they had thrown the whole community into confusion. Then the assembly proceeded to try them as impious impostors, who represented the Almighty as a trifling, weak, capricious being, and pretended to make, unmake, and reproduce him at pleasure.

They were, therefore, convicted of blasphemy and sedition, and condemned to the stake, where they died singing *Salve regina*, in a rapture of joy, for the crown of martyrdom, which they had thus obtained.

In the course of this conversation, Lieutenant Lismahago dropt some hints, by which it appeared he himself was a freethinker. Our aunt seemed to be startled at certain sarcasms he threw out against the creed of Saint Athanasius. He dwelt much upon the words, *reason*, *philosophy*, and *contradiction in terms*—he bid defiance to the eternity of hell fire; and even threw such squibs at the immortality of the soul, as singed a little the whiskers of Mrs. Tabitha's faith; for, by this time, she began to look upon Lismahago as a prodigy of learning and sagacity—in short, he could be no longer insensible to the advances she made towards his affection; and, although there was something repulsive in his nature, he overcame it so far as to make some return to her civilities. Perhaps, he thought it would be no bad scheme, in a superannuated lieutenant on half-pay, to effect a conjunction with an old maid, who, in all probability, had fortune enough to keep him easy and comfortable in the fag-end of his days. An ogling correspondence forthwith commenced between this amiable pair of originals. He began to sweeten the natural acidity of his discourse with the treacle of compliment and commendation. He from time to time offered her snuff, of which he himself took great quantities, and even made her a present of a purse of silk grass, woven by the hands of the amiable

Squinkinacoosta, who had used it as a shot-pouch in her hunting expeditions.

From Doncaster northwards, all the windows of all the inns are scrawled with doggrel rhymes, in abuse of the Scotch nation; and what surprised me very much, I did not perceive one line written in the way of recrimination. Curious to hear what Lismahago would say on this subject, I pointed out to him a very scurrilous epigram against his countrymen, which was engraved on one of the windows of the parlour where we sat. He read it with the most starched composure; and when I asked his opinion of the poetry, "It is vara terse and vara poignant," said he; "but with the help of a wat dish-clout, it might be rendered more clear and parspicuous. I marvel much that some modern wit has not published a collection of these essays under the title of the *Glazier's Triumph over Sawney the Scot;* — I 'm persuaded it would be a vara agreeable offering to the patriots of London and Westminster." When I expressed some surprise that the natives of Scotland, who travel this way, had not broke all the windows upon the road, "With submission," replied the lieutenant, "that were but shallow policy — it would only serve to make the satire more cutting and severe; and, I think, it is much better to let it stand in the window, than have it presented in the reckoning."

My uncle's jaws began to quiver with indignation. He said, the scribblers of such infamous stuff deserved to be scourged at the cart's tail for disgracing their country with such monuments of malice and

stupidity. "These vermin," said he, "do not consider that they are affording their fellow-subjects, whom they abuse, continual matter of self-gratulation, as well as the means of executing the most manly vengeance that can be taken for such low, illiberal attacks. For my part, I admire the philosophic forbearance of the Scotch, as much as I despise the insolence of those wretched libellers, which is akin to the arrogance of the village cock, who never crows but upon his own dunghill." The captain, with an affectation of candour, observed, that men of illiberal minds were produced in every soil; that, in supposing those were the sentiments of the English in general, he should pay too great a compliment to his own country, which was not of consequence enough to attract the envy of such a flourishing and powerful people.

Mrs. Tabby broke forth again in praise of his moderation, and declared that Scotland was the soil which produced every virtue under heaven. When Lismahago took his leave for the night, she asked her brother, if the captain was not the prettiest gentleman he had ever seen; and whether there was not something wonderfully engaging in his aspect? Mr. Bramble having eyed her for some time in silence, "Sister," said he, "the lieutenant is, for aught I know, an honest man, and a good officer; he has a considerable share of understanding, and a title to more encouragement than he seems to have met with in life; but I cannot, with a safe conscience, affirm, that he is the prettiest gentleman I ever saw; neither can I discern any engaging charm in his coun-

tenance, which, I vow to God, is, on the contrary, very hard-favoured and forbidding."

I have endeavoured to ingratiate myself with this North Briton, who is really a curiosity; but he has been very shy of my conversation, ever since I laughed at his asserting that the English tongue was spoke with more propriety at Edinburgh than at London. Looking at me with a double squeeze of souring in his aspect, "If the old definition be true," said he, "that risibility is the distinguishing characteristic of a rational creature, the English are the most distinguished for rationality of any people I ever knew." I owned that the English were easily struck with anything that appeared ludicrous, and apt to laugh accordingly; but it did not follow, that, because they were more given to laughter, they had more rationality than their neighbours. I said, such an inference would be an injury to the Scotch, who were by no means defective in rationality, though generally supposed little subject to the impressions of humour.

The captain answered, that this supposition must have been deduced either from their conversation or their compositions, of which the English could not possibly judge with precision, as they did not understand the dialect used by the Scots in common discourse, as well as in their works of humour. When I desired to know what those works of humour were, he mentioned a considerable number of pieces, which he insisted were equal in point of humour to anything extant in any language dead or living. He, in particular, recommended a collection of detached

poems, in two small volumes, entitled, *The Evergreen*, and the works of Allan Ramsay, which I intend to provide myself with at Edinburgh. He observed, that a North Briton is seen to a disadvantage in an English company, because he speaks in a dialect that they can't relish, and in a phraseology which they don't understand. He therefore finds himself under a restraint, which is a great enemy to wit and humour. These are faculties which never appear in full lustre, but when the mind is perfectly at ease, and, as an excellent writer says, enjoys *her elbow-room.*

He proceeded to explain this assertion, that the English language was spoken with greater propriety at Edinburgh than at London. He said, what we generally called the Scottish dialect, was, in fact, true, genuine, old English, with a mixture of some French terms and idioms, adopted in a long intercourse betwixt the French and Scotch nations; that the modern English, from affectation and false refinement, had weakened, and even corrupted their language, by throwing out the guttural sounds, altering the pronunciation and the quantity, and disusing many words and terms of great significance. In consequence of these innovations, the works of our best poets, such as Chaucer, Spenser, and even Shakespeare, were become, in many parts, unintelligible to the natives of South Britain; whereas the Scots, who retain the ancient language, understand them without the help of a glossary. "For instance," said he, "how have your commentators been puzzled by the following expression in the *Tempest — He 's gentle, and not fearful;* as if it was a paralogism to say,

that, being *gentle*, he must of course be *courageous*; but the truth is, one of the original meanings, if not the sole meaning of that word was, *noble*, *high-minded*; and to this day, a Scots woman, in the situation of the young lady in the *Tempest*, would express herself nearly in the same terms — Don't provoke him; for being gentle, that is *high-spirited*, he won't tamely bear an insult." Spenser, in the very first stanza of his *Faery Queene*, says —

A *gentle* knight was pricking on the plain;

which knight, far from being *tame* and fearful, was so stout, that

Nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

To prove that we had impaired the energy of our language by false refinement, he mentioned the following words, which, though widely different in signification, are pronounced exactly in the same manner — *wright*, *write*; *right*, *rite*; but, among the Scotch, these words are as different in pronunciation as they are in meaning and orthography; and this is the case with many others which he mentioned by way of illustration. He moreover took notice, that we had (for what reason he could never learn) altered the sound of our vowels from that which is retained by all the nations in Europe; an alteration which rendered the language extremely difficult to foreigners, and made it almost impracticable to lay down general rules for orthography and pronunciation. Besides, the vowels were no longer simple sounds in the mouth of an Englishman, who pronounced both *i* and *u* as diphthongs. Finally, he affirmed, that we mumbled

our speech with our lips and teeth, and ran the words together without pause or distinction, in such a manner, that a foreigner, though he understood English tolerably well, was often obliged to have recourse to a Scotchman to explain what a native of England had said in his own language.

The truth of this remark was confirmed by Mr. Bramble from his own experience; but he accounted for it on another principle. He said, the same observation would hold in all languages; that a Swiss talking French was more easily understood than a Parisian by a foreigner who had not made himself master of the language; because every language had its peculiar recitative, and it would always require more pains, attention, and practice, to acquire both the words and the music, than to learn the words only; and yet nobody would deny, that the one was imperfect without the other; he, therefore, apprehended that the Scotchman and the Swiss were better understood by learners, because they spoke the words only, without the music, which they could not rehearse. One would imagine this check might have damped the North Briton; but it served only to agitate his humour for disputation. He said, if every nation had its own recitative or music, the Scotch had theirs, and the Scotchman, who had not yet acquired the cadence of the English, would naturally use his own in speaking their language; therefore, if he was better understood than the native, his recitative must be more intelligible than that of the English; of consequence the dialect of the Scotch had an advantage over that of their fellow-subjects,

and this was another strong presumption that the modern English had corrupted their language in the article of pronunciation.

The lieutenant was, by this time, become so polemical, that every time he opened his mouth, out flew a paradox, which he maintained with all the enthusiasm of altercation; but all his paradoxes savoured strongly of a partiality for his own country. He undertook to prove that poverty was a blessing to a nation; that *oatmeal* was preferable to *wheat flour;* and that the worship of Cloacina, in temples which admitted both sexes, and every rank of votaries promiscuously, was a filthy species of idolatry that outraged every idea of delicacy and decorum. I did not so much wonder at his broaching these doctrines, as at the arguments, equally whimsical and ingenious, which he adduced in support of them.

In fine, Lieutenant Lismahago is a curiosity which I have not yet sufficiently perused; and, therefore, I shall be sorry when we lose his company, though, God knows, there is nothing very amiable in his manner or disposition. As he goes directly to the south-west division of Scotland, and we proceed in the road to Berwick, we shall part to-morrow at a place called Feltonbridge; and, I daresay, this separation will be very grievous to our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, unless she has received some flattering assurance of his meeting her again. If I fail in my purpose of entertaining you with these unimportant occurrences, they will at least serve as exercises of patience, for which you are indebted to Yours always,

MORPETH, July 13. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. Lewis.

Dear Doctor, — I have now reached the northern extremity of England, and see, close to my chamber window, the Tweed gliding through the arches of that bridge which connects this suburb to the town of Berwick. Yorkshire you have seen, and therefore I shall say nothing of that opulent province. The city of Durham appears like a confused heap of stones and brick, accumulated so as to cover a mountain, round which a river winds its brawling course. The streets are generally narrow, dark, and unpleasant, and many of them almost impassable in consequence of their declivity. The cathedral is a huge gloomy pile; but the clergy are well lodged. The bishop lives in a princely manner — the golden prebends keep plentiful tables — and I am told there is some good sociable company in the place; but the country, when viewed from the top of Gateshead Fell, which extends to Newcastle, exhibits the highest scene of cultivation that ever I beheld. As for Newcastle, it lies mostly in a bottom, on the banks of the Tyne, and makes an appearance still more disagreeable than that of Durham; but it is rendered populous and rich by industry and commerce; and the country lying on both sides the river, above the town, yields a delightful prospect of agriculture and plantation. Morpeth and Alnwick are neat pretty towns, and this last is famous for the castle which has belonged so many ages to the noble house of Percy, Earls of Northumberland. It is, doubtless, a large edifice, containing a great number of apartments, and stands in a com-

manding situation; but the strength of it seems to have consisted not so much in its site, or the manner in which it is fortified, as in the valour of its defendants.

Our adventures, since we left Scarborough, are scarce worth reciting; and yet I must make you acquainted with my sister Tabby's progress in husband-hunting. After her disappointments at Bath and London, she had actually begun to practise upon a certain adventurer, who was in fact a highwayman by profession; but he had been used to snares much more dangerous than any she could lay, and escaped accordingly. Then she opened her batteries upon an old, weather-beaten Scotch lieutenant, called Lismahago, who joined us at Durham, and is, I think, one of the most singular personages I ever encountered. His manner is as harsh as his countenance; but his peculiar turn of thinking, and his pack of knowledge, made up of the remnants of rarities, rendered his conversation desirable, in spite of his pedantry and ungracious address. I have often met with a crab-apple in a hedge, which I have been tempted to eat for its flavour, even while I was disgusted by its austerity. The spirit of contradiction is naturally so strong in Lismahago, that I believe in my conscience he has rummaged, and read, and studied with indefatigable attention, in order to qualify himself to refute established maxims, and thus raise trophies for the gratification of polemical pride. Such is the asperity of his self-conceit, that he will not even acquiesce in a transient compliment made to his own individual in particular, or to his country in general.

When I observed that he must have read a vast number of books to be able to discourse on such a variety of subjects, he declared he had read little or nothing, and asked how he should find books among the woods of America, where he had spent the greatest part of his life. My nephew remarking, that the Scotch in general were famous for their learning, he denied the imputation, and defied him to prove it from their works. "The Scotch," said he, "have a slight tincture of letters, with which they make a parade among people who are more illiterate than themselves; but they may be said to float on the surface of science, and they have made very small advances in the useful arts." — "At least," cried Tabby, "all the world allows that the Scotch behaved gloriously in fighting and conquering the savages of America." — "I can assure you, madam, you have been misinformed," replied the lieutenant; "in that continent the Scotch did nothing more than their duty, nor was there one corps in his Majesty's service that distinguished itself more than another. Those who affected to extol the Scotch for superior merit, were no friends to that nation."

Though he himself made free with his countrymen, he would not suffer any other person to glance a sarcasm at them with impunity. One of the company chancing to mention Lord B—'s inglorious peace, the lieutenant immediately took up the cudgels in his lordship's favour, and argued very strenuously to prove that it was the most honourable and advantageous peace that England had ever made since the foundation of the monarchy. Nay, between friends,

he offered such reasons on this subject, that I was really confounded, if not convinced. He would not allow that the Scotch abounded above their proportion in the army and navy of Great Britain, or that the English had any reason to say his countrymen had met with extraordinary encouragement in the service. "When a South and North Briton," said he, "are competitors for a place or commission, which is in the disposal of an English minister or an English general, it would be absurd to suppose that the preference would not be given to the native of England, who has so many advantages over his rival. First and foremost, he has in his favour that laudable partiality, which Mr. Addison says never fails to cleave to the heart of an Englishman; secondly, he has more powerful connexions, and a greater share of parliamentary interest, by which those contests are generally decided; and, lastly, he has a greater command of money to smooth the way to his success. For my own part," said he, "I know no Scotch officer who has risen in the army above the rank of a subaltern, without purchasing every degree of preferment either with money or recruits; but I know many gentlemen of that country, who, for want of money and interest, have grown grey in the rank of lieutenants; whereas very few instances of this ill-fortune are to be found among the natives of South Britain. Not that I would insinuate that my countrymen have the least reason to complain. Preferment in the service, like success in any other branch of traffic, will naturally favour those who have the greatest stock of cash

and credit, merit and capacity being supposed equal on all sides."

But the most hardy of all this original's positions were these: — That commerce would, sooner or later, prove the ruin of every nation, where it flourishes to any extent — that the parliament was the rotten part of the British constitution — that the liberty of the press was a national evil — and that the boasted institution of juries, as managed in England, was productive of shameful perjury and flagrant injustice. He observed, that traffic was an enemy to all the liberal passions of the soul, founded on the thirst of lucre, a sordid disposition to take advantage of the necessities of our fellow-creatures. He affirmed, the nature of commerce was such, that it could not be fixed or perpetuated, but, having flowed to a certain height, would immediately begin to ebb, and so continue till the channels should be left almost dry; but there was no instance of the tide's rising a second time to any considerable influx in the same nation. Meanwhile, the sudden affluence occasioned by trade, forced open all the sluices of luxury, and overflowed the land with every species of profligacy and corruption; a total depravity of manners would ensue, and this must be attended with bankruptcy and ruin.

He observed of the parliament, that the practice of buying boroughs, and canvassing for votes, was an avowed system of venality, already established on the ruins of principle, integrity, faith, and good order; in consequence of which, the elected, and the elector, and, in short, the whole body of the people, were equally and universally contaminated and corrupted.

He affirmed, that of a parliament thus constituted, the Crown would always have influence enough to secure a great majority in its dependence, from the great number of posts, places, and pensions it had to bestow; that such a parliament would, as it had already done, lengthen the term of its sitting and authority, whenever the prince should think it for his interest to continue the representatives; for, without doubt, they had the same right to protract their authority *ad infinitum*, as they had to extend it from three to seven years. With a parliament, therefore, dependent upon the Crown, devoted to the prince, and supported by a standing army, garbled and modelled for the purpose, any king of England may, and probably some ambitious sovereign will, totally overthrow all the bulwarks of the constitution; for it is not to be supposed that a prince of a high spirit will tamely submit to be thwarted in all his measures, abused and insulted by a populace of unbridled ferocity, when he has it in his power to crush all opposition under his feet with the concurrence of the legislature. He said, he should always consider the liberty of the press as a national evil, while it enabled the vilest reptile to soil the lustre of the most shining merit, and furnish the most infamous incendiary with the means of disturbing the peace, and destroying the good order of the community. He owned, however, that, under due restrictions, it would be a valuable privilege; but affirmed, that, at present, there was no law in England sufficient to restrain it within proper bounds.

With respect to juries, he expressed himself to this

effect: — Juries are generally composed of illiterate plebeians, apt to be mistaken, easily misled, and open to sinister influence; for if either of the parties to be tried can gain over one of the twelve jurors, he has secured the verdict in his favour; the juryman thus brought over, will, in despite of all evidence and conviction, generally hold out till his fellows are fatigued, and harassed, and starved into concurrence; in which case the verdict is unjust, and the jurors are all perjured; — but cases will often occur when the jurors are really divided in opinion, and each side is convinced in opposition to the other; but no verdict will be received unless they are unanimous, and they are all bound, not only in conscience, but by oath, to judge and declare according to their conviction. What then will be the consequence? They must either starve in company, or one side must sacrifice their conscience to their convenience, and join in a verdict which they believe to be false. This absurdity is avoided in Sweden, where a bare majority is sufficient; and in Scotland, where two-thirds[1] of the jury are required to concur in the verdict.

You must not imagine that all these deductions were made on his part, without contradiction on mine. No — the truth is, I found myself piqued in point of honour, at his pretending to be so much wiser than his neighbours — I questioned all his assertions, started innumerable objections, argued and wrangled with uncommon perseverance, and grew very warm, and even violent in the debate. Sometimes he was puzzled, and once or twice, I think,

[1] A mistake — a majority is sufficient in Scotland.

fairly refuted; but from those falls he rose again, like Antæus, with redoubled vigour, till at length I was tired, exhausted, and really did not know how to proceed, when luckily he dropped a hint, by which he discovered he had been bred to the law; a confession which enabled me to retire from the dispute with a good grace, as it could not be supposed that a man like me, who had been bred to nothing, should be able to cope with a veteran in his own profession. I believe, however, that I shall for some time continue to chew the cud of reflection upon many observations which this original discharged.

Whether our sister Tabby was really struck with his conversation, or is resolved to throw at everything she meets in the shape of a man till she can fasten the matrimonial noose, certain it is, she has taken desperate strides towards the affection of Lismahago, who cannot be said to have met her halfway, though he does not seem altogether insensible to her civilities. She insinuated more than once, how happy we should be to have his company through that part of Scotland which we proposed to visit, till at length he plainly told us, that his road was totally different from that which we intended to take; that, for his part, his company would be of very little service to us in our progress, as he was utterly unacquainted with the country, which he had left in his early youth; consequently, he could neither direct us in our inquiries, nor introduce us to any family of distinction. He said he was stimulated by an irresistible impulse to revisit the *paternus lar*, or *patria domus*, though he expected little satisfaction, inas-

much as he understood that his nephew, the present possessor, was but ill qualified to support the honour of the family. He assured us, however, as we designed to return by the west road, that he would watch our motions, and endeavour to pay his respects to us at Dumfries. Accordingly he took his leave of us at a place half-way betwixt Morpeth and Alnwick, and pranced away in great state, mounted on a tall, meagre, raw-boned, shambling grey gelding, without e'er a tooth in his head, the very counterpart of the rider; and, indeed, the appearance of the two was so picturesque, that I would give twenty guineas to have them tolerably represented on canvas.

Northumberland is a fine county, extending to the Tweed, which is a pleasant pastoral stream; but you will be surprised when I tell you that the English side of that river is neither so well cultivated nor so populous as the other. The farms are thinly scattered, the lands unenclosed, and scarce a gentleman's seat is to be seen in some miles from the Tweed; whereas the Scots are advanced in crowds to the very brink of the river, so that you may reckon above thirty good houses in the compass of a few miles, belonging to proprietors whose ancestors had fortified castles in the same situations, a circumstance that shows what dangerous neighbours the Scotch must have formerly been to the northern counties of England.

Our domestic economy continues on the old footing. My sister Tabby still adheres to Methodism, and had the benefit of a sermon at Wesley's meeting in Newcastle; but I believe the passion of love has

in some measure abated the fervour of devotion, both in her and her woman Mrs. Jenkins, about whose good graces there has been a violent contest betwixt my nephew's valet, Mr. Dutton, and my man, Humphry Clinker. Jerry has been obliged to interpose his authority to keep the peace, and to him I have left the discussion of that important affair, which had like to have kindled the flames of discord in the family of, yours always, MATT. BRAMBLE.

TWEEDMOUTH, July 15.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR WAT, — In my two last you had so much of Lismahago, that I suppose you are glad he is gone off the stage for the present. I must now descend to domestic occurrences. Love, it seems, is resolved to assert his dominion over all the females of our family. After having practised upon poor Liddy's heart, and played strange vagaries with our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, he began to run riot in the affections of her woman, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, whom I have had occasion to mention more than once in the course of our memoirs. Nature intended Jenkins for something very different from the character of the mistress, yet custom and habit have effected a wonderful resemblance betwixt them in many particulars. Win, to be sure, is much younger, and more agreeable in her person; she is likewise tender-hearted and benevolent, qualities for which her mistress is by no means remarkable, no more than she is for being of a timorous disposition, and much subject to fits of the mother, which are

the infirmities of Win's constitution; but then she seems to have adopted Mrs. Tabby's manner with her cast clothes. She dresses and endeavours to look like her mistress, although her own looks are much more engaging. She enters into her schemes of economy, learns her phrases, repeats her remarks, imitates her style in scolding the inferior servants, and, finally, subscribes implicitly to her system of devotion. This, indeed, she found the more agreeable, as it was in a great measure introduced and confirmed by the ministry of Clinker, with whose personal merit she seems to have been struck ever since he exhibited the pattern of his naked skin at Marlborough.

Nevertheless, though Humphry had this double hank upon her inclinations, and exerted all his power to maintain the conquest he had made, he found it impossible to guard it on the side of vanity, where poor Win was as frail as any female in the kingdom. In short, my rascal Dutton professed himself her admirer, and, by dint of his outlandish qualifications, threw his rival Clinker out of the saddle of her heart. Humphry may be compared to an English pudding, composed of good wholesome flour and suet, and Dutton to a syllabub or iced froth, which, though agreeable to the taste, has nothing solid or substantial. The traitor not only dazzled her with his second-hand finery, but he fawned, and flattered, and cringed; he taught her to take rappee, and presented her with a snuff-box of *papier maché*; he supplied her with a powder for her teeth; he mended her complexion, and he dressed her hair in the Paris fashion; he undertook to be her French

master and her dancing master, as well as friseur, and thus imperceptibly wound himself into her good graces.

Clinker perceived the progress he had made, and repined in secret. He attempted to open her eyes in the way of exhortation, and, finding it produced no effect, had recourse to prayer. At Newcastle, while he attended Mrs. Tabby to the Methodist meeting, his rival accompanied Mrs. Jenkins to the play. He was dressed in a silk coat, made at Paris for his former master, with a tawdry waistcoat of tarnished brocade; he wore his hair in a great bag, with a huge solitaire, and a long sword dangled from his thigh. The lady was all of a flutter with faded lutestring, washed gauze, and ribbons three times refreshed, but she was most remarkable for the frissure of her head, which rose, like a pyramid, seven inches above the scalp, and her face was primed and patched from the chin up to the eyes; nay, the gallant himself had spared neither red nor white in improving the nature of his own complexion. In this attire, they walked together through the High Street to the theatre, and as they passed for players, ready dressed for acting, they reached it unmolested; but as it was still light when they returned, and by that time the people had got information of their real character and condition, they hissed and hooted all the way, and Mrs. Jenkins was all bespattered with dirt, as well as insulted with the opprobrious name of *painted Jezabel*, so that her fright and mortification threw her into an hysteric fit the moment she came home.

Clinker was so incensed at Dutton, whom he considered as the cause of her disgrace, that he upbraided him severely for having turned the poor young woman's brain. The other affected to treat him with contempt; and, mistaking his forbearance for want of courage, threatened to horsewhip him into good manners. Humphry then came to me, humbly begging I would give him leave to chastise my servant for his insolence. "He has challenged me to fight him at sword's point," said he, "but I might as well challenge him to make a horseshoe or a ploughiron, for I know no more of the one than he does of the other. Besides, it does not become servants to use those weapons, or to claim the privilege of gentlemen to kill one another, when they fall out; moreover, I would not have his blood upon my conscience for ten thousand times the profit or satisfaction I should get by his death; but if your honour won't be angry, I'll engage to gee 'en a good drubbing, that, mayhap, will do 'en service, and I'll take care it shall do 'en no harm." I said, I had no objection to what he proposed, provided he could manage matters so as not to be found the aggressor, in case Dutton should prosecute him for an assault and battery.

Thus licensed, he retired; and that same evening easily provoked his rival to strike the first blow, which Clinker returned with such interest, that he was obliged to call for quarter, declaring, at the same time, that he would exact severe and bloody satisfaction the moment we should pass the Border, when he could run him through the body without

fear of the consequence. This scene passed in presence of Lieutenant Lismahago, who encouraged Clinker to hazard a thrust of cold iron with his antagonist. "Cold iron," cried Humphry, "I shall never use against the life of any human creature; but I am so far from being afraid of his cold iron, that I shall use nothing in my defence but a good cudgel, which shall always be at his service." In the meantime the fair cause of this contest, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, seemed overwhelmed with affliction, and Mr. Clinker acted much on the reserve, though he did not presume to find fault with her conduct.

The dispute between the two rivals was soon brought to a very unexpected issue. Among our fellow-lodgers at Berwick was a couple from London, bound to Edinburgh, on the voyage of matrimony. The female was the daughter and heiress of a pawnbroker deceased, who had given her guardians the slip, and put herself under the tuition of a tall Hibernian, who had conducted her thus far in quest of a clergyman to unite them in marriage, without the formalities required by the law of England. I know not how the lover had behaved on the road, so as to decline in the favour of his inamorata; but, in all probability, Dutton perceived a coldness on her side, which encouraged him to whisper, it was a pity she should have cast her affections upon a tailor, which he affirmed the Irishman to be. This discovery completed her disgust, of which my man taking the advantage, began to recommend himself to her good graces; and the smooth-tongued rascal found no

difficulty to insinuate himself into the place of her heart from which the other had been discarded. Their resolution was immediately taken; in the morning before day, while poor Teague lay snoring a-bed, his indefatigable rival ordered a post-chaise, and set out with the lady for Coldstream, a few miles up the Tweed, where there was a parson who dealt in this branch of commerce, and there they were noosed before the Irishman ever dreamed of the matter; but when he got up at six o'clock, and found the bird was flown, he made such a noise as alarmed the whole house. One of the first persons he encountered was the postillion returned from Coldstream, where he had been witness to the marriage, and, over and above a handsome gratuity, had received a bride's favour, which he now wore in his cap. When the forsaken lover understood they were actually married, and set out for London, and that Dutton had discovered to the lady that he (the Hibernian) was a tailor, he had like to have run distracted. He tore the ribbon from the fellow's cap, and beat it about his ears. He swore he would pursue him to the gates of hell, and ordered a post-chaise and four to be got ready as soon as possible; but recollecting that his finances would not admit of this way of travelling, he was obliged to countermand this order.

For my part, I knew nothing at all of what happened, till the postillion brought me the keys of my trunk and portmanteau, which he had received from Dutton, who sent me his respects, hoping I would excuse him for his abrupt departure, as it was a step

upon which his fortune depended. Before I had time to make my uncle acquainted with this event, the Irishman burst into my chamber, without any introduction, exclaiming, "By my soul, your sarvant has robbed me of five thousand pounds, and I'll have satisfaction, if I should be hanged to-morrow!" When I asked him who he was, "My name," said he, "is Master Macloughlin, but it should be Leighlin Oneale, for I am come from Ter-Owen the Great; and so I am as good a gentleman as any in Ireland; and that rogue, your sarvant, said I was a tailor, which was as big a lie as if he had called me the Pope. I'm a man of fortune, and have spent all I had; and so, being in distress, Mr. Coshgrave, the fashioner in Suffolk Street, tuck me out, and made me his own private shecretary; by the same token, I was the last he bailed; for his friends obliged him to tie himself up, that he would bail no more above ten pounds; for why, becaase as how he could not refuse anybody that asked, and therefore in time would have robbed himself of his whole fortune, and, if he had lived long at that rate, must have died bankrupt very soon; and so I made my addresses to Miss Skinner, a young lady of five thousand pounds fortune, who agreed to take me for better nor worse; and, to be sure, this day would have put me in possession, if it had not been for that rogue your sarvant, who came like a tief, and stole away my property, and made her believe I was a tailor, and that she was going to marry the ninth part of a man; but the devil burn my soul, if ever I catch him on the mountains of Tulloghobegly, if I don't

show him that I 'm nine times as good a man as he, or e'er a bug of his country."

When he had rung out his first alarm, I told him I was sorry he had allowed himself to be so jockied, but it was no business of mine, and that the fellow who robbed him of his bride, had likewise robbed me of my servant. "Did n't I tell you, then," cried he, "that Rogue was his true Christian name; oh! if I had but one fair trust with him upon the sod, I 'd give him leave to brag all the rest of his life."

My uncle hearing the noise, came in, and being informed of this adventure, began to comfort Mr. Oneale for the lady's elopement, observing, that he seemed to have had a lucky escape; that it was better she should elope before than after marriage. The Hibernian was of a very different opinion. He said, if he had been once married, she might have eloped as soon as she pleased; he would have taken care that she would not have carried her fortune along with her. "Ah!" said he, "she 's a Judas Iscariot, and has betrayed me with a kiss; and, like Judas, she carried the bag, and has not left me money enough to bear my expenses back to London; and so as I am come to this pass, and the rogue that was the occasion of it has left you without a sarvant, you may put me in his place; and, by Jasus, it is the best thing you can do." I begged to be excused, declaring I could put up with any inconvenience, rather than treat as footman the descendant of Ter-Owen the Great. I advised him to return to his friend Mr. Cosgrave, and take his passage from New-

castle by sea, towards which I made him a small present, and he retired, seemingly resigned to his evil fortune. I have taken upon trial a Scotchman, called Archy M'Alpin, an old soldier, whose last master, a colonel, lately died at Berwick. The fellow is old and withered, but he has been recommended to me for his fidelity by Mrs. Humphreys, a very good sort of a woman, who keeps the inn at Tweedmouth, and is much respected by all the travellers on this road.

Clinker, without doubt, thinks himself happy in the removal of a dangerous rival, and he is too good a Christian to repine at Dutton's success. Even Mrs. Jenkins will have reason to congratulate herself upon this event, when she coolly reflects upon the matter; for, howsoever she was forced from her poise for a season, by snares laid for her vanity, Humphry is certainly the north star to which the needle of her affection would have pointed at the long-run; at present the same vanity is exceedingly mortified, upon finding herself abandoned by her new admirer, in favour of another inamorata. She received the news with a violent burst of laughter, which soon brought on a fit of crying, and this gave the finishing blow to the patience of her mistress, which had held out beyond all expectation. She now opened all those floodgates of reprehension which had been shut so long. She not only reproached her with her levity and indiscretion, but attacked her on the score of religion, declaring roundly, that she was in a state of apostasy and reprobation; and, finally, threatened to send her a-packing at this extremity of the kingdom. All

the family interceded for poor Winifred, not even excepting her slighted swain, Mr. Clinker, who, on his knees, implored and obtained her pardon.

There was, however, another consideration that gave Mrs. Tabitha some disturbance. At Newcastle, the servants had been informed by some wag, that there was nothing to eat in Scotland but oatmeal and sheepheads; and Lieutenant Lismahago being consulted, what he said served rather to confirm than to refute the report. Our aunt being apprised of the circumstance, very gravely advised her brother to provide a sumpter-horse, with store of hams, tongues, bread, biscuit, and other articles for our subsistence in the course of our peregrination; and Mr. Bramble as gravely replied, that he would take the hint into consideration; but, finding no such provision was made, she now revived the proposal, observing that there was a tolerable market at Berwick, where we might be supplied; and that my man's horse would serve as a beast of burden; the squire, shrugging up his shoulders, eyed her askance with a look of ineffable contempt, and, after some pause, "Sister," said he, "I can hardly persuade myself you are serious." She was so little acquainted with the geography of the island, that she imagined we could not go to Scotland but by sea; and, after we had passed through the town of Berwick, when we told her we were upon Scottish ground, she could hardly believe the assertion. If the truth must be told, the South Britons in general are wofully ignorant in this particular. What between want of curiosity and traditional sarcasms, the effect of

ancient animosity, the people at the other end of the island know as little of Scotland as of Japan.

If I had never been in Wales, I should have been more struck with the manifest difference in appearance betwixt the peasant and commonalty on the different sides of the Tweed. The boors of Northumberland are lusty fellows, fresh-complexioned, cleanly, and well clothed; but the labourers in Scotland are generally lank, lean, hard-featured, sallow, soiled, and shabby; and their little pinced blue caps have a beggarly effect. The cattle are much in the same style with their drivers, meagre, stunted, and ill-equipped. When I talked to my uncle on this subject, he said, "Though all the Scottish hinds would not bear to be compared with those of the rich counties of South Britain, they would stand very well in competition with the peasants of France, Italy, and Savoy — not to mention the mountaineers of Wales, and the red-shanks of Ireland."

We entered Scotland by a frightful muir of sixteen miles, which promises very little for the interior parts of the kingdom; but the prospect mended as we advanced. Passing through Dunbar, which is a neat little town, situated on the seaside, we lay at a country inn, where our entertainment far exceeded our expectation; but for this we cannot give the Scotch credit, as the landlord is a native of England. Yesterday we dined at Haddington, which has been a place of some consideration, but is now gone to decay; and in the evening arrived at this metropolis, of which I can say but very little. It is very romantic, from its situation on the declivity of a hill, hav-

ing a fortified castle at the top, and a royal palace at the bottom. The first thing that strikes the nose of a stranger shall be nameless; but what first strikes the eye is the unconscionable height of the houses, which generally rise to five, six, seven, and eight storeys, and, in some places (as I am assured), to twelve. This manner of building, attended with numberless inconveniences, must have been originally owing to want of room. Certain it is, the town seems to be full of people; but their looks, their language, and their customs, are so different from ours, that I can hardly believe myself in Great Britain.

The inn at which we put up (if it may be so called) was so filthy and disagreeable in all respects, that my uncle began to fret, and his gouty symptoms to recur. Recollecting, however, that he had a letter of recommendation to one Mr. Mitchelson, a lawyer, he sent it by his servant, with a compliment, importing, that he would wait upon him next day in person; but that gentleman visited us immediately, and insisted upon our going to his own house, until he could provide lodgings for our accommodation. We gladly accepted of his invitation, and repaired to his house, where we were treated with equal elegance and hospitality, to the utter confusion of our aunt, whose prejudices, though beginning to give way, were not yet entirely removed. To-day, by the assistance of our friend, we are settled in convenient lodgings, up four pair of stairs, in the High Street, the fourth storey being, in this city, reckoned more genteel than the first. The air is, in all probability, the better;

but it requires good lungs to breathe it at this distance above the surface of the earth. While I do remain above it, whether higher or lower, provided I breathe at all, I shall ever be, dear Phillips, yours,

Edinburgh, July 18. J. Melford.

To Dr. Lewis.

Dear Lewis, — That part of Scotland contiguous to Berwick nature seems to have intended as a barrier between two hostile nations. It is a brown desert, of considerable extent, that produces nothing but heath and fern; and what rendered it the more dreary when we passed, there was a thick fog that hindered us from seeing above twenty yards from the carriage. My sister began to make wry faces, and use her smelling bottle, Liddy looked blank, and Mrs. Jenkins dejected; but in a few hours these clouds were dissipated; the sea appeared upon our right, and on the left the mountains retired a little, leaving an agreeable plain betwixt them and the beach; but, what surprised us all, this plain, to the extent of several miles, was covered with as fine wheat as ever I saw in the most fertile parts of South Britain. This plentiful crop is raised in the open field, without any enclosure, or other manure than the *alga marina*, or sea-weed, which abounds on this coast; a circumstance which shows that the soil and climate are favourable, but that agriculture in this country is not yet brought to that perfection which it has attained in England. Enclosures would not only keep the grounds warm, and the several fields

distinct, but would also protect the crop from the high winds, which are so frequent in this part of the island.

Dunbar is well situated for trade, and has a curious basin, where ships of small burden may be perfectly secure; but there is little appearance of business in the place. From thence, all the way to Edinburgh, there is a continual succession of fine seats belonging to noblemen and gentlemen; and, as each is surrounded by its own parks and plantation, they produce a very pleasing effect in a country which lies otherwise open and exposed. At Dunbar there is a noble park, with a lodge, belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh, where Oliver Cromwell had his headquarters, when Leslie, at the head of a Scotch army, took possession of the mountains in the neighbourhood, and hampered him in such a manner, that he would have been obliged to embark and get away by sea, had not the fanaticism of the enemy forfeited the advantage which they had obtained by their general's conduct. Their ministers, by exhortation, prayer, assurance, and prophecy, instigated them to go down and slay the Philistines in Gilgal, and they quitted their ground accordingly, notwithstanding all that Leslie could do to restrain the madness of their enthusiasm. When Oliver saw them in motion, he exclaimed, "Praised be the Lord, he hath delivered them into the hands of his servant!" and ordered his troops to sing a psalm of thanksgiving, while they advanced in order to the plain, where the Scotch were routed with great slaughter.

In the neighbourhood of Haddington there is a

gentleman's house, in the building of which, and the improvements about it, he is said to have expended forty thousand pounds ; but I cannot say I was much pleased with either the architecture or the situation, though it has in front a pastoral stream, the banks of which are laid out in a very agreeable manner. I intended to pay my respects to Lord Elibank, whom I had the honour to know at London many years ago. He lives in this part of Lothian, but was gone to the north on a visit. You have often heard me mention this nobleman, whom I have long revered for his humanity and universal intelligence, over and above the entertainment arising from the originality of his character. At Musselburgh, however, I had the good fortune to drink tea with my old friend Mr. Cardonel; and at his house I met with Dr. C——, the parson of the parish, whose humour and conversation inflamed me with a desire of being better acquainted with his person. I am not at all surprised that these Scotch make their way in every quarter of the globe.

This place is but four miles from Edinburgh, towards which we proceeded along the seashore, upon a firm bottom of smooth sand, which the tide had left uncovered in its retreat. Edinburgh, from this avenue, is not seen to much advantage: we had only an imperfect view of the castle and upper parts of the town, which varied incessantly according to the inflections of the road, and exhibited the appearance of detached spires and turrets, belonging to some magnificent edifice in ruins. The palace of Holyrood House stands on the left as you enter the

Canongate. This is a street continued from hence to the gate called the Netherbow, which is now taken away; so that there is no interruption for a long mile, from the bottom to the top of the hill, on which the castle stands in a most imperial situation. Considering its fine pavement, its width, and the lofty houses on each side, this would be undoubtedly one of the noblest streets in Europe, if an ugly mass of mean buildings, called the Luckenbooths, had not thrust itself, by what accident I know not, into the middle of the way, like Middle Row in Holborn.

The city stands upon two hills, and the bottom between them; and, with all its defects, may very well pass for the capital of a moderate kingdom. It is full of people; and continually resounds with the noise of coaches and other carriages, for luxury as well as commerce. As far as I can perceive, here is no want of provisions. The beef and mutton are as delicate here as in Wales; the sea affords plenty of good fish; the bread is remarkably fine; and the water is excellent, though I 'm afraid not in sufficient quantity to answer all the purposes of cleanliness and convenience; articles in which, it must be allowed, our fellow-subjects are a little defective. The water is brought in leaden pipes from a mountain in the neighbourhood, to a cistern on the Castle Hill, from whence it is distributed to public conduits in different parts of the city. From these it is carried in barrels, on the backs of male and female porters, up two, three, four, five, six, seven, and eight pair of stairs, for the use of particular families. Every storey is a complete house, occupied by a separate family; and

the stair being common to them all, is generally left in a very filthy condition; a man must tread with great circumspection to get safe housed with unpolluted shoes. Nothing can form a stronger contrast than the difference betwixt the outside and inside of the door; for the good women of this metropolis are remarkably nice in the ornaments and propriety of their apartments, as if they were resolved to transfer the imputation from the individual to the public. You are no stranger to their method of discharging all their impurities from their windows, at a certain hour of the night, as the custom is in Spain, Portugal, and some parts of France and Italy; a practice to which I can by no means be reconciled; for, notwithstanding all the care that is taken by their scavengers to remove this nuisance every morning by break of day, enough still remains to offend the eyes, as well as the other organs of those whom use has not hardened against all delicacy of sensation.

The inhabitants seem insensible to these impressions, and are apt to imagine the disgust that we avow is little better than affectation; but they ought to have some compassion for strangers, who have not been used to this kind of sufferance, and consider whether it may not be worth while to take some pains to vindicate themselves from the reproach that on this account they bear among their neighbours. As to the surprising height of their houses, it is absurd in many respects; but in one particular light I cannot view it without horror; that is, the dreadful situation of all the families above, in case the common staircase should be rendered im-

passable by a fire in the lower storeys. In order to prevent the shocking consequences that must attend such an accident, it would be a right measure to open doors of communication from one house to another on every storey, by which the people might fly from such a terrible visitation. In all parts of the world we see the force of habit prevailing over all the dictates of convenience and sagacity. All the people of business at Edinburgh, and even the genteel company, may be seen standing in crowds every day, from one to two in the afternoon, in the open street, at a place where formerly stood a market cross, which (by the bye) was a curious piece of Gothic architecture, still to be seen in Lord Somerville's garden in this neighbourhood: I say, the people stand in the open street from the force of custom, rather than move a few yards to an Exchange that stands empty on one side, or to the Parliament Close on the other, which is a noble square, adorned with a fine equestrian statue of King Charles II. The company thus assembled are entertained with a variety of tunes, played upon a set of bells, fixed in a steeple hard by. As these bells are well toned, and the musician, who has a salary from the city for playing upon them with keys, is no bad performer, the entertainment is really agreeable, and very striking to the ears of a stranger.

The public inns at Edinburgh are still worse than those of London; but, by means of a worthy gentleman, to whom I was recommended, we have got decent lodgings in the house of a widow gentlewoman of the name of Lockhart; and here I shall stay until I have seen everything that is remarkable in and about

this capital. I now begin to feel the good effects of exercise. I eat like a farmer, sleep from midnight till eight in the morning, without interruption, and enjoy a constant tide of spirits, equally distant from inanition and excess; but whatever ebbs or flows my constitution may undergo, my heart will still declare that I am, dear Lewis,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

EDINBURGH, July 18. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton Hall.*

DEAR MARY, — The squire has been so kind as to rap my bit of nonsense under the kiver of his own sheet. O Mary Jones! Mary Jones! I have had trials and trembulation. God help me! I have been a vixen and a griffin these many days. Sattin has had power to temp me in the shape of van Ditton, the young squire's wally-de-shamble; but by God's grease he did not purvail. I thoft as how there was no arm in going to a play at Newcastle, with my hair dressed in the Parish fashion; and as for the trifle of paint, he said as how my complexion wanted rouch, and so I let him put it on with a little Spanish owl; but a mischievous mob of colliers, and such promiscous ribble rabble, that could bare no smut but their own, attacked us in the street, and called me *hoar* and *painted Issabel*, and splashed my close, and spoiled me a complete set of blond lace triple ruffles, not a pin the worse for the ware. They cost me seven good sillings to Lady Griskin's woman at London.

When I axed Mr. Clinker what they meant by

calling me Issabel, he put the byebill into my hand, and I read of van Issabel, a painted harlot, that vas thrown out of a vindore, and the dogs came and licked her blood. But I am no harlot; and, with God's blessing, no dog shall have my poor blood to lick. Marry, Heaven forbid, amen! As for Ditton, after all his courting and his compliment, he stole away an Irishman's bride, and took a French leave of me and his master; but I vally not his going a farting; but I have had hanger on his account. Mistress scoulded like mad; thof I have the comfit that all the family took my part, and even Mr. Clinker pleaded for me on his bended knee; thof, God he knows, he had raisins enuff to complain; but he 's a good sole, abounding with Christian meekness, and one day will meet with his reward.

And now, dear Mary, we have got to Haddingborough, among the Scots, who are civil enuff for our money, thof I don't speak their lingo. But they should not go for to impose upon foreigners; for the bills on their houses say, they have different *easements* to let; and behold there is nurra geaks in the whole kingdom, nor anything for pore sarvants, but a barrel with a pair of tongs thrown across; and all the chairs in the family are emptied into this here barrel once a day; and at ten o'clock at night the whole cargo is flung out of a back windore that looks into some street or lane, and the maid calls *Gardy loo* to the passengers, which signifies, *Lord have mercy upon you!* and this is done every night in every house in Haddingborough; so you may guess, Mary Jones, what a sweet savour comes from such a number of profuming

pans. But they say it is wholesome, and truly I believe it is; for being in the vapours, and thinking of Issabel and Mr. Clinker, I was going into a fit of astericks, when this fiff, saving your presence, took me by the nose so powerfully, that I sneezed three times, and found myself wonderfully refreshed; and this to be sure is the raisin why there are no fits in Haddingborough.

I was likewise made believe, that there was nothing to be had but *out-meal* and *seep's heads;* but if I had n't been a fool, I mought have known there could be no *heads* without karcasses. This very blessed day I dined upon a delicate leg of Velsh mutton and cully-flower; and as for the oat-meal, I leave that to the sarvants of the country, which are pore drudges, many of them without shoes or stockings. Mr. Clinker tells me here is a great call of the gospel; but I wish, I wish some of our family be not fallen off from the rite way. O, if I was given to tail-baring, I have my own secrets to discover. There has been a deal of huggling and flurtation betwixt Mrs. and an ould Scots officer called Kismycago. He looks for all the orld like the scarecrow that our gardener set up to frite away the sparrows; and what will come of it the Lord nows; but come what will, it shall never be said that I mentioned a syllabub of the matter —— Remember me kindly to Saul and the kitten. I hope they got the horn-buck, and will put it to a good yuse, which is the constant prayer of,

Dear Molly, your loving friend,

ADDINGBOROUGH, July 18. WIN. JENKINS.

To Sir Watkin Phillips, *Bart. of Jesus College, Oxon.*

Dear Phillips, — If I stay much longer at Edinburgh, I shall be changed into a downright Caledonian. My uncle observes, that I have already acquired something of the country accent. The people here are so social and attentive in their civilities to strangers, that I am insensibly sucked into the channel of their manners and customs, although they are in fact much more different from ours than you can imagine. That difference, however, which struck me very much at my first arrival, I now hardly perceive, and my ear is perfectly reconciled to the Scotch accent, which I find even agreeable in the mouth of a pretty woman. It is a sort of Doric dialect, which gives an idea of amiable simplicity. You cannot imagine how we have been caressed and feasted in the *good town of Edinburgh*, of which we have become free denizens and guild-brothers, by the special favour of the magistracy.

I had a whimsical commission from Bath, to a citizen of this metropolis. Quin, understanding our intention to visit Edinburgh, pulled out a guinea, and desired the favour I would drink it at a tavern, with a particular friend and bottle companion of his, one Mr. R—— C——, a lawyer of this city. I charged myself with this commission, and taking the guinea, "You see," said I, "I have pocketed your bounty." — "Yes," replied Quin, laughing, "and a headache into the bargain, if you drink fair." I made use of this introduction to Mr. C——, who

received me with open arms, and gave me the rendezvous, according to the cartel. He had provided a company of jolly fellows, among whom I found myself extremely happy; and did Mr. C—— and Quin all the justice in my power; but, alas! I was no more than a tyro among a troop of veterans, who had compassion upon my youth, and conveyed me home in the morning, by what means I know not. Quin was mistaken, however, as to the headache; the claret was too good to treat me so roughly.

While Mr. Bramble holds conferences with the graver literati of the place, and our females are entertained at visits by the Scotch ladies, who are the best and kindest creatures upon earth, I pass my time among the bucks of Edinburgh; who, with a great share of spirit and vivacity, have a certain shrewdness and self-command that is not often found among their neighbours in the hey-day of youth and exultation. Not a hint escapes a Scotchman that can be interpreted into offence by any individual in the company; and national reflections are never heard. In this particular, I must own, we are both unjust and ungrateful to the Scotch; for, as far as I am able to judge, they have a real esteem for the natives of South Britain; and never mention our country, but with expressions of regard. Nevertheless, they are far from being servile imitators of our modes and fashionable vices. All their customs and regulations of public and private economy, of business and diversion, are in their own style. This remarkably predominates in their looks, their dress, and manner, their music, and even their cookery.

Our squire declares, that he knows not another people upon earth so strongly marked with a national character.

Now we are upon the article of cookery, I must own, some of their dishes are savoury, and even delicate; but I am not yet Scotchman enough to relish their singed sheep's head and haggis, which were provided, at our request, one day at Mr. Mitchelson's, where we dined. The first put me in mind of the history of Congo, in which I had read of negroes' heads sold publicly in the markets; the last, being a mess of minced lights, livers, suet, oatmeal, onions, and pepper, enclosed in a sheep's stomach, had a very sudden effect upon mine, and the delicate Mrs. Tabby changed colour; when the cause of our disgust was instantaneously removed at the nod of our entertainer. The Scotch in general are attached to this composition with a sort of national fondness, as well as to their oatmeal bread; which is presented at every table, in thin triangular cakes, baked upon a plate of iron, called a girdle; and these many of the natives, even in the higher ranks of life, prefer to wheaten bread, which they have here in perfection. You know we used to vex poor Murray of Balliol College, by asking, if there was really no fruit but turnips in Scotland. Sure enough, I have seen turnips make their appearance, not as a dessert, but by way of *hors d'œuvres*, or whets, as radishes are served up betwixt more substantial dishes in France and Italy; but it must be observed, that the turnips of this country are as much superior in sweetness, delicacy, and flavour, to those of England, as a musk-

mellon is to the stock of a common cabbage. They are small and conical, of a yellowish colour, with a very thin skin ; and, over and above their agreeable taste, are valuable for their antiscorbutic quality. As to the fruit now in season, such as cherries, gooseberries, and currants, there is no want of them at Edinburgh ; and in the gardens of some gentlemen, who live in this neighbourhood, there is now a very favourable appearance of apricots, peaches, nectarines, and even grapes, nay, I have seen a very fine show of pine-apples within a few miles of this metropolis. Indeed, we have no reason to be surprised at these particulars, when we consider how little difference there is, in fact, betwixt this climate and that of London.

All the remarkable places in the city and its avenues, for ten miles around, we have visited much to our satisfaction. In the castle are some royal apartments, where the sovereign occasionally resided ; and here are carefully preserved the regalia of the kingdom, consisting of a crown, said to be of great value, a sceptre, and a sword of state, adorned with jewels. Of these symbols of sovereignty, the people are exceedingly jealous. A report being spread, during the sitting of the Union parliament, that they were removed to London, such a tumult arose, that the Lord Commissioner would have been torn in pieces, if he had not produced them for the satisfaction of the populace.

The palace of Holyrood House is an elegant piece of architecture, but sunk in an obscure, and, as I take it, unwholesome bottom, where one would imagine

it had been placed on purpose to be concealed. The apartments are lofty, but unfurnished; and as for the pictures of the Scottish kings, from Fergus I. to King William, they are paltry daublings, mostly by the same hand, painted either from the imagination, or porters hired to sit for the purpose. All the diversions of London we enjoy at Edinburgh, in a small compass. Here is a well-conducted concert, in which several gentlemen perform on different instruments. The Scotch are all musicians. Every man you meet plays on the flute, the violin, or violoncello; and there is one nobleman, whose compositions are universally admired. Our company of actors is very tolerable; and a subscription is now on foot for building a new theatre. But their assemblies please me above all other public exhibitions.

We have been at the hunters' ball, where I was really astonished to see such a number of fine women. The English, who have never crossed the Tweed, imagine erroneously, that the Scotch ladies are not remarkable for personal attractions; but I can declare with a safe conscience, I never saw so many handsome females together as were assembled on this occasion. At the Leith races, the best company comes hither from the remoter provinces; so that, I suppose, we had all the beauty of the kingdom concentrated as it were into one focus; which was indeed so vehement, that my heart could hardly resist its power. Between friends, it has sustained some damage from the bright eyes of the charming Miss R—n, whom I had the honour to dance with at the ball. The Countess of Melville attracted all eyes, and the admiration of all

present. She was accompanied by the agreeable Miss Grieve, who made many conquests; nor did my sister Liddy pass unnoticed in the assembly. She is become a toast at Edinburgh, by the name of the Fair Cambrian, and has already been the occasion of much wine-shed; — but the poor girl met with an accident at the ball, which has given us great disturbance.

A young gentleman, the express image of that rascal Wilson, went up to ask her to dance a minuet; and his sudden appearance shocked her so much, that she fainted away. I call Wilson a rascal, because, if he had been really a gentleman, with honourable intentions, he would have, ere now, appeared in his own character. I must own, my blood boils with indignation when I think of that fellow's presumption; and Heaven confound me if I don't — But I won't be so womanish as to rail — Time will, perhaps, furnish occasion — Thank God, the cause of Liddy's disorder remains a secret. The lady-directress of the ball, thinking she was overcome by the heat of the place, had her conveyed to another room, where she soon recovered so well, as to return and join in the country-dances, in which the Scotch lasses acquit themselves with such spirit and agility, as put their partners to the height of their mettle.

I believe our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, had entertained hopes of being able to do some execution among the cavaliers at this assembly. She had been several days in consultation with milliners and mantua-makers, preparing for the occasion, at which she

made her appearance in a full suit of damask, so thick and heavy, that the sight of it alone, at this season of the year, was sufficient to draw drops of sweat from any man of ordinary imagination. She danced one minuet with our friend Mr. Mitchelson, who favoured her so far, in the spirit of hospitality and politeness; and she was called out a second time by the young laird of Balymawhaple, who, coming in by accident, could not readily find any other partner; but as the first was a married man, and the second paid no particular homage to her charms, which were also overlooked by the rest of the company, she became dissatisfied and censorious. At supper, she observed that the Scotch gentlemen made a very good figure, when they were a little improved by travelling; and, therefore, it was a pity they did not all take the benefit of going abroad. She said the women were awkward masculine creatures; that, in dancing, they lifted their legs like so many colts; that they had no idea of graceful motion; and put on their clothes in a frightful manner; but if the truth must be told, Tabby herself was the most ridiculous figure, and the worst dressed of the whole assembly. The neglect of the male sex rendered her malcontent and peevish; she now found fault with everything at Edinburgh, and teased her brother to leave the place, when she was suddenly reconciled to it on a religious consideration. There is a sect of fanatics, who have separated themselves from the Established Kirk, under the name of Seceders. They acknowledge no earthly head of the Church, reject lay patronage, and maintain the Methodist doctrines of

the new birth, the new light, and the efficacy of grace, the insufficiency of works, and the operations of the Spirit. Mrs. Tabitha, attended by Humphry Clinker, was introduced to one of their conventicles, where they both received much edification; and she has had the good fortune to become acquainted with a pious Christian, called Mr. Moffat, who is very powerful in prayer, and often assists her in private exercises of devotion.

I never saw such a concourse of genteel company at any races in England, as appeared on the course of Leith. Hard by, in the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called golf, in which they use a curious kind of bats tipt with horn, and small elastic balls of leather, stuffed with feathers, rather less than tennis-balls, but of a much harder consistence. This they strike with such force and dexterity from one hole to another, that they will fly to an incredible distance. Of this diversion the Scotch are so fond, that, when the weather will permit, you may see a multitude of all ranks, from the senator of justice to the lowest tradesman, mingled together in their shirts, and following the balls with the utmost eagerness. Among others, I was shown one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore. They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust; and they never went to bed without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exercise, co-

operating with the keen air from the sea, must, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and steel the constitution against all the common attacks of distemper.

The Leith races gave occasion to another entertainment of a very singular nature. There is at Edinburgh a society or corporation of errand-boys called cadies, who ply in the streets at night with paper lanterns, and are very serviceable in carrying messages. These fellows, though shabby in their appearance, and rudely familiar in their address, are wonderfully acute, and so noted for fidelity, that there is no instance of a cadie's having betrayed his trust. Such is their intelligence, that they know not only every individual of the place, but also every stranger, by the time he has been four-and-twenty hours in Edinburgh; and no transaction, even the most private, can escape their notice. They are particularly famous for their dexterity in executing one of the functions of Mercury; though for my own part I never employed them in this department of business. Had I occasion for any service of this nature, my own man Archy M'Alpin, is as well qualified as e'er a cadie in Edinburgh; and I am much mistaken, if he has not been heretofore of their fraternity. Be that as it may, they resolved to give a dinner and a ball at Leith, to which they formally invited all the young noblemen and gentlemen that were at the races; and this invitation was reinforced by an assurance, that all the celebrated ladies of pleasure would grace the entertainment with their company. I received a card on this

occasion, and went thither with half a dozen of my acquaintance.

In a large hall, the cloth was laid on a long range of tables joined together, and here the company seated themselves to the number of about fourscore, lords and lairds, and other gentlemen, courtezans and cadies, mingled together, as the slaves and their masters were in the time of the Saturnalia in ancient Rome. The toastmaster, who sat at the upper end, was one Cadie Fraser, a veteran pimp, distinguished for his humour and sagacity, well known and much respected in his profession by all the guests, male and female, that were here assembled. He had bespoke the dinner and the wine. He had taken care that all his brethren should appear in decent apparel and clean linen ; and he himself wore a periwig with three tails, in honour of the festival. I assure you the banquet was both elegant and plentiful, and seasoned with a thousand sallies, that promoted a general spirit of mirth and good-humour.

After the dessert, Mr. Fraser proposed the following toasts, which I don't pretend to explain : — "The best in Christendom." — "Gibb's contract." — "The beggar's benison." — "King and kirk." — "Great Britain and Ireland." Then, filling a bumper, and turning to me, "Mester Malford," said he, "may a' unkindness cease betwixt John Bull and his sister Moggy." — The next person he singled out, was a nobleman who had been long abroad. "Ma lord," cried Fraser, "here is a bumper to a' those noblemen who have virtue enough to spend their rents in their ain coontray." He afterwards addressed himself

to a member of parliament in these words: "Mester —— I'm sure ye'll ha' nae objection to my drinking, Disgrace and dool to ilka Scot, that sells his conscience and his vote." He discharged a third sarcasm at a person very gaily dressed, who had risen from small beginnings, and made a considerable fortune at play. Filling his glass, and calling him by name, "Lang life," said he, "to the wylie loon that gangs afield with a toom poke at his lunzie, and comes hame with a sackful o' siller." All these toasts being received with loud bursts of applause, Mr. Fraser called for pint glasses, and filled his own to the brim. Then standing up, and all his brethren following his example, "Ma lords and gentlemen," cried he, "here is a cup of thanks for the great and undeserved honour you have done your poor errand-boys this day." So saying, he and they drank off their glasses in a trice, and, quitting their seats, took their station each behind one of the other guests; exclaiming, "Noo we're your honours' cadies again."

The nobleman who had bor[n]e the first brunt of Mr. Fraser's satire, objected to his abdication. He said, as the company was assembled by invitation from the cadies, he expected they were to be entertained at their expense. "By no means, my lord," cried Fraser, "I wadna be guilty of sic presumption for the wide warld — I never affronted a gentleman since I was born; and sure, at this age, I wonnot offer an indignity to sic an honourable convention." — "Well," said his lordship, "as you have expended some wit, you have a right to save your money. You have given me good counsel, and I take it in

good part. As you have voluntarily quitted your seat, I will take your place with the leave of the good company, and think myself happy to be hailed, *Father of the Feast.*" He was forthwith elected into the chair, and complimented in a bumper in his new character.

The claret continued to circulate without interruption, till the glasses seemed to dance upon the table; and this, perhaps, was a hint to the ladies to call for music. At eight in the evening the ball began in another apartment. At midnight we went to supper; but it was broad day before I found the way to my lodgings; and, no doubt, his lordship had a swingeing bill to discharge.

In short, I have lived so riotously for some weeks, that my uncle begins to be alarmed on the score of my constitution, and very seriously observes, that all his own infirmities are owing to such excesses indulged in his youth. Mrs. Tabitha says it would be more for the advantage of my soul as well as body, if, instead of frequenting these scenes of debauchery, I would accompany Mr. Moffat and her to hear a sermon of the Reverend Mr. M'Corkendale. Clinker often exhorts me, with a groan, to take care of my precious health; and even Archy M'Alpin, when he happens to be overtaken (which is oftener the case than I could wish), reads me a long lecture upon temperance and sobriety; and is so very wise and sententious, that if I could provide him with a professor's chair, I would willingly give up the benefit of his admonitions and service together; for I was tutor-sick at Alma Mater.

I am not, however, so much engrossed by the

gaieties of Edinburgh, but that I find time to make parties in the family way. We have not only seen all the villas and villages within ten miles of the capital, but we have also crossed the Frith, which is an arm of the sea seven miles broad, that divides Lothian from the shire, or, as the Scotch call it, *The kingdom of Fife.* There is a number of large open sea boats that ply on this passage from Leith to Kinghorn, which is a borough on the other side. In one of these our whole family embarked three days ago, excepting my sister, who, being exceedingly fearful of the water, was left to the care of Mrs. Mitchelson. We had an easy and quick passage into Fife, where we visited a number of poor towns on the seaside, including St. Andrews, which is the skeleton of a venerable city; but we were much better pleased with some noble and elegant seats and castles, of which there is a great number in that part of Scotland.

Yesterday we took boat again on our return to Leith, with a fair wind and agreeable weather; but we had not advanced half-way, when the sky was suddenly overcast, and the wind changing, blew directly in our teeth; so that we were obliged to turn, or tack, the rest of the way. In a word, the gale increased to a storm of wind and rain, attended with such a fog, that we could not see the town of Leith, to which we were bound, nor even the castle of Edinburgh, notwithstanding its high situation. It is not to be doubted but that we were all alarmed on this occasion. And, at the same time, most of the passengers were seized with a nausea that produced violent retchings. My aunt desired her brother to

order the boatmen to put back to Kinghorn, and this expedient he actually proposed; but they assured him there was no danger. Mrs. Tabitha finding them obstinate, began to scold, and insisted upon my uncle's exerting his authority as a justice of the peace. Sick and peevish as he was, he could not help laughing at this wise proposal, telling her, that his commission did not extend so far, and, if it did, he should let the people take their own way; for he thought it would be great presumption in him to direct them in the exercise of their own profession. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins made a general clearance, with the assistance of Mr. Humphry Clinker, who joined her both in prayer and ejaculation. As he took it for granted that we should not be long in this world, he offered some spiritual consolation to Mrs. Tabitha, who rejected it with great disgust, bidding him keep his sermons for those who had leisure to hear such nonsense. My uncle sat, recollected in himself, without speaking; my man Archy had recourse to a brandy bottle, with which he made so free, that I imagined he had sworn to die of drinking anything rather than sea-water; but the brandy had no more effect upon him in the way of intoxication, than if it had been sea-water in good earnest. As for myself, I was too much engrossed by the sickness at my stomach, to think of anything else.

Meanwhile, the sea swelled mountains high; the boat pitched with such violence, as if it had been going to pieces; the cordage rattled, the wind roared, the lightning flashed, the thunder bellowed, and the rain descended in a deluge. Every time the vessel

was put about, we shipped a sea that drenched us all to the skin. When, by dint of turning, we thought to have cleared the pier-head, we were driven to leeward, and then the boatmen themselves began to fear that the tide would fail before we should fetch up our lee way: the next trip, however, brought us into smooth water, and we were safely landed on the quay about one o'clock in the afternoon. "To be sure," cried Tabby, when she found herself on *terra firma*, "we must all have perished, if we had not been the particular care of Providence." — "Yes," replied my uncle, "but I am much of the honest Highlander's mind; after he had made such a passage as this, his friend told him he was much indebted to Providence." — "Certainly," said Donald; "but, by my saul, mon, I'ese ne'er trouble Providence again, so long as the brig of Stirling stands." You must know, the brig, or bridge of Stirling, stands about twenty miles up the river Forth, of which this is the outlet. I don't find that our squire has suffered in his health from this adventure; but poor Liddy is in a peaking way. I 'm afraid this unfortunate girl is uneasy in her mind; and this apprehension distracts me, for she is really an amiable creature.

We shall set out to-morrow or next day for Stirling and Glasgow; and we propose to penetrate a little way into the Highlands, before we turn our course to the southward. In the meantime, commend me to all our friends round Carfax, and believe me to be ever yours,

J. MELFORD.

EDINR. Aug. 8.

To Dr. Lewis.

I should be very ungrateful, dear Lewis, if I did not find myself disposed to think and speak favourably of this people, among whom I have met with more kindness, hospitality, and rational entertainment, in a few weeks, than ever I received in any other country during the whole course of my life. Perhaps the gratitude excited by these benefits may interfere with the impartiality of my remarks; for a man is as apt to be prepossessed by particular favours, as to be prejudiced by private motives of disgust. If I am partial, there is at least some merit in my conversion from illiberal prejudices which had grown up with my constitution.

The first impressions which an Englishman receives in this country, will not contribute to the removal of his prejudices; because he refers everything he sees to a comparison with the same articles in his own country; and this comparison is unfavourable to Scotland in all its exteriors, such as, the face of the country in respect to cultivation, the appearance of the bulk of the people, and the language of conversation in general. I am not so far convinced by Mr. Lismahago's arguments, but that I think the Scotch would do well, for their own sakes, to adopt the English idioms and pronunciation; those of them especially who are resolved to push their fortunes in South Britain. I know, by experience, how easily an Englishman is influenced by the ear, and how apt he is to laugh, when he hears his own language spoken with a foreign or provincial accent.

I have known a member of the House of Commons speak with great energy and precision, without being able to engage attention, because his observations were made in the Scotch dialect, which (no offence to Lieutenant Lismahago) certainly gives a clownish air even to sentiments of the greatest dignity and decorum. I have declared my opinion on this head to some of the most sensible men of this country, observing, at the same time, that if they would employ a few natives of England to teach the pronunciation of our vernacular tongue, in twenty years there would be no difference, in point of dialect, between the youth of Edinburgh and of London.

The civil regulations of this kingdom and metropolis are taken from very different models from those of England, except in a few particular establishments, the necessary consequences of the Union. Their college of justice is a bench of great dignity, filled with judges of character and ability. I have heard some causes tried before this venerable tribunal; and was very much pleased with the pleadings of their advocates, who are by no means deficient either in argument or elocution. The Scottish legislation is founded, in a great measure, on the civil law; consequently, their proceedings vary from those of the English tribunals; but, I think, they have the advantage of us in their method of examining witnesses apart, and in the constitution of their jury; by which they certainly avoid the evil which I mentioned in my last from Lismahago's observation.

The University of Edinburgh is supplied with ex-

cellent professors in all the sciences; and the medical school, in particular, is famous all over Europe. The students of this art have the best opportunity of learning it to perfection, in all its branches, as there are different courses for the *theory of medicine*, and the *practice of medicine;* for *anatomy*, *chemistry*, *botany*, and the *materia medica*, over and above those of *mathematics* and *experimental philosohpy;* and all these are given by men of distinguished talents. What renders this part of education still more complete, is the advantage of attending the Infirmary, which is the best instituted charitable foundation that I ever knew. Now we are talking of charities, here are several hospitals, exceedingly well endowed, and maintained under admirable regulations; and these are not only useful, but ornamental to the city. Among these, I shall only mention the general workhouse, in which all the poor, not otherwise provided for, are employed, according to their different abilities, with such judgment and effect, that they nearly maintain themselves by their labour, and there is not a beggar to be seen within the precincts of this metropolis. It was Glasgow that set the example of this establishment, about thirty years ago. Even the Kirk of Scotland, so long reproached with fanaticism and canting, abounds at present with ministers celebrated for their learning, and respectable for their moderation. I have heard their sermons with equal astonishment and pleasure. The good people of Edinburgh no longer think dirt and cobwebs essential to the house of God. Some of their churches have admitted such ornaments as

would have excited sedition even in England, a little more than a century ago; and psalmody is here practised and taught by a professor from the cathedral of Durham. I should not be surprised, in a few years, to hear it accompanied with an organ.

Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius. I have had the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the first distinction; such as the two Humes, Robertson, Smith, Wallace, Blair, Ferguson, Wilkie, etc., and I have found them all as agreeable in conversation as they are instructive and entertaining in their writings. These acquaintances I owe to the friendship of Dr. Carlyle, who wants nothing but inclination to figure with the rest upon paper. The magistracy of Edinburgh is changed every year by election, and seems to be very well adapted both for state and authority. The *Lord Provost* is equal in dignity to the *Lord Mayor of London;* and the *four Bailies* are equivalent to the rank of Aldermen. There is a *Dean of Guild*, who takes cognisance of mercantile affairs; a Treasurer, a Town Clerk; and the Council is composed of Deacons, one of whom is returned every year in rotation, as representative of every company of artificers or handicraftsmen.

Though this city, from the nature of its situation, can never be made either very convenient or very cleanly, it has nevertheless an air of magnificence that commands respect. The castle is an instance of the sublime in site and architecture. Its fortifications are kept in good order, and there is always in it a garrison of regular soldiers, which is relieved every year; but it is incapable of sustaining a siege carried

on according to the modern operations of war. The Castle Hill, which extends from the outward gate to the upper end of the High Street, is used as a public walk for citizens, and commands a prospect, equally extensive and delightful, over the county of Fife on the other side of the Frith, and all along the sea-coast, which is covered with a succession of towns that would seem to indicate a considerable share of commerce; but if the truth must be told, these towns have been falling to decay ever since the Union, by which the Scotch were in a great measure deprived of their trade with France. The palace of Holyrood House is a jewel in architecture, thrust into a hollow, where it cannot be seen; a situation which was certainly not chosen by the ingenious architect, who must have been confined to the site of the old palace, which was a convent. Edinburgh is considerably extended on the south side, where there are divers little elegant squares built in the English manner; and the citizens have planned some improvements on the north, which, when put in execution, will add greatly to the beauty and convenience of this capital.

The seaport is Leith, a flourishing town, about a mile from the city, in the harbour of which I have seen above one hundred ships lying all together. You must know I had the curiosity to cross the Frith in a passage-boat, and stayed two days in Fife, which is remarkably fruitful in corn, and exhibits a surprising number of fine seats, elegantly built and magnificently furnished. There is an incredible number of noble houses in every part of Scotland, that I have seen — Dalkeith, Pinkie, Yester, and

Lord Hopetoun's, all of them within four or five miles of Edinburgh, are princely palaces, in every one of which a sovereign might reside at his ease. I suppose the Scotch affect these monuments of grandeur. If I may be allowed to mingle censure with my remarks upon a people I revere, I must observe, that their weak side seems to be vanity. I am afraid that even their hospitality is not quite free of ostentation. I think I have discovered among them uncommon pains taken to display their fine linen, of which indeed they have great plenty, their furniture, plate, housekeeping, and variety of wines, in which article, it must be owned, they are profuse, if not prodigal. A burgher of Edinburgh, not content to vie with a citizen of London who has ten times his fortune, must excel him in the expense as well as elegance of his entertainments.

Though the villas of the Scotch nobility and gentry have generally an air of grandeur and state, I think their gardens and parks are not comparable to those of England; a circumstance the more remarkable, as I was told by the ingenious Mr. Philip Miller of Chelsea, that almost all the gardeners of South Britain were natives of Scotland. The verdure of this country is not equal to that of England. The pleasure-grounds are, in my opinion, not so well laid out according to the *genius loci;* nor are the lawns, and walks, and hedges kept in such delicate order. The trees are planted in prudish rows, which have not such an agreeable natural effect, as when they are thrown into irregular groups, with intervening glades; and the firs, which they generally raise around their

houses, look dull and funereal in the summer season. I must confess, indeed, that they yield serviceable timber, and good shelter against the northern blasts; that they grow and thrive in the most barren soil, and continually perspire a fine balsam of turpentine, which must render the air very salutary and sanative to lungs of a tender texture.

Tabby and I have been both frightened in our return by sea from the coast of Fife. She was afraid of drowning, and I of catching cold, in consequence of being drenched with sea-water; but my fears, as well as hers, have been happily disappointed. She is now in perfect health; I wish I could say the same of Liddy. Something uncommon is the matter with that poor child; her colour fades, her appetite fails, and her spirits flag. She is become moping and melancholy, and is often found in tears. Her brother suspects internal uneasiness on account of Wilson, and denounces vengeance against that adventurer. She was, it seems, strongly affected at the ball by the sudden appearance of one Mr. Gordon, who strongly resembles the said Wilson; but I am rather suspicious that she caught cold by being overheated with dancing. I have consulted Dr. Gregory, an eminent physician of an amiable character, who advises the Highland air, and the use of goat-milk whey, which surely cannot have a bad effect upon a patient who was born and bred among the mountains of Wales. The doctor's opinion is the more agreeable, as we shall find those remedies in the very place which I proposed as the utmost extent of our expedition — I mean the borders of Argyle.

Mr. Smollett, one of the judges of the commissary court, which is now sitting, has very kindly insisted upon our lodging at his country house, on the banks of Loch Lomond, about fourteen miles beyond Glasgow. For this last city we shall set out in two days, and take Stirling in our way, well provided with recommendations from our friends at Edinburgh, whom, I protest, I shall leave with much regret. I am so far from thinking it any hardship to live in this country, that, if I was obliged to lead a town life, Edinburgh would certainly be the headquarters of

Yours always, MATT. BRAMBLE.

EDINR. Aug. 8.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT, — I am now little short of the *Ultima Thule*, if this appellation properly belongs to the Orkneys or Hebrides. These last are now lying before me, to the amount of some hundreds, scattered up and down the Deucaledonian sea, affording the most picturesque and romantic prospect I ever beheld. I write this letter in a gentleman's house, near the town of Inverary, which may be deemed the capital of the West Highlands, famous for nothing so much as for the stately castle begun and actually covered in by the late Duke of Argyle, at a prodigious expense. Whether it will ever be completely finished is a question.

But, to take things in order. We left Edinburgh ten days ago — and the farther north we proceed,

we find Mrs. Tabitha the less manageable; so that her inclinations are not of the nature of the loadstone — they point not towards the pole. What made her leave Edinburgh with reluctance at last, if we may believe her own assertions, was a dispute which she left unfinished with Mr. Moffat, touching the eternity of hell torments. That gentleman, as he advanced in years, began to be sceptical on this head, till at length he declared open war against the common acceptation of the word *eternal*. He is now persuaded that *eternal* signifies no more than an indefinite number of years; and that the most enormous sinner may be quit for *nine millions nine hundred thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine years of hell fire;* which term or period, as he very well observes, forms but an inconsiderable drop, as it were, in the ocean of eternity. For this mitigation he contends, as a system agreeable to the ideas of goodness and mercy which we annex to the Supreme Being. Our aunt seemed willing to adopt this doctrine in favour of the wicked. But he hinted, that no person whatever was so righteous as to be exempted entirely from punishment in a future state; and that the most pious Christian upon earth might think himself very happy to get off for a fast of seven or eight thousand years in the midst of fire and brimstone. Mrs. Tabitha revolted at this dogma, which filled her at once with horror and indignation. She had recourse to the opinion of Humphry Clinker, who roundly declared it was the popish doctrine of purgatory, and quoted Scripture in defence of the *fire everlasting prepared for the devil and*

his angels. The Reverend Mr. M'Corkendale, and all the theologists and saints of that persuasion, were consulted, and some of them had doubts about the matter, which doubts and scruples had begun to infect our aunt when we took our departure from Edinburgh.

We passed through Linlithgow, where there was an elegant royal palace, which is now gone to decay, as well as the town itself. This too is pretty much the case with Stirling, though it still boasts of a fine old castle, in which the kings of Scotland were wont to reside in their minority. But Glasgow is the pride of Scotland, and indeed it might very well pass for an elegant and flourishing city in any part of Christendom. There we had the good fortune to be received into the house of Mr. Moore, an eminent surgeon, to whom we were recommended by one of our friends at Edinburgh; and truly he could not have done us more essential service. Mr. Moore is a merry, facetious companion, sensible and shrewd, with a considerable fund of humour; and his wife an agreeable woman, well-bred, kind, and obliging. Kindness, which I take to be the essence of good nature and humanity, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Scotch ladies in their own country. Our landlord showed us everything, and introduced us to all the world at Glasgow, where, through his recommendation, we were complimented with the freedom of the town. Considering the trade and opulence of this place, it cannot but abound with gaiety and diversions. Here is a great number of young fellows that rival the youth of the capital in

spirit and expense; and I was soon convinced, that all the female beauties of Scotland were not assembled at the hunters' ball in Edinburgh. The town of Glasgow flourishes in learning as well as in commerce. Here is an university, with professors in all the different branches of science, liberally endowed and judiciously chosen. It was vacation time when I passed, so that I could not entirely satisfy my curiosity; but their mode of education is certainly preferable to ours in some respects. The students are not left to the private instruction of tutors, but taught in public schools or classes, each science by its particular professor or regent.

My uncle is in raptures with Glasgow. He not only visited all the manufactures of the place, but made excursions all round, to Hamilton, Paisley, Renfrew, and every other place within a dozen miles, where there was anything remarkable to be seen in art or nature. I believe the exercise occasioned by these jaunts was of service to my sister Liddy, whose appetite and spirits begin to revive. Mrs. Tabitha displayed her attractions as usual, and actually believed she had entangled one Mr. M'Clellan, a rich inkle manufacturer, in her snares; but when matters came to an explanation, it appeared that his attachment was altogether spiritual, founded upon an intercourse of devotion at the meeting of Mr. John Wesley, who, in the course of his evangelical mission, had come hither in person. At length we set out for the banks of Loch Lomond, passing through the little borough of Dumbarton, or (as my uncle will have it) Dunbritton, where there is a castle

more curious than anything of the kind I had ever seen. It is honoured with a particular description by the elegant Buchanan, as an *arx inexpugnabilis;* and, indeed, it must have been impregnable by the ancient manner of besieging. It is a rock of considerable extent, rising with a double top, in an angle formed by the confluence of two rivers, the Clyde and the Leven, perpendicular and inaccessible on all sides, except in one place where the entrance is fortified; and there is no rising ground in the neighbourhood from whence it could be damaged by any kind of battery.

From Dumbarton the West Highlands appear in the form of huge dusky mountains, piled one over another; but this prospect is not at all surprising to a native of Glamorgan. We have fixed our headquarters at Cameron, a very neat country-house, belonging to Commissary Smollett, where we found every sort of accommodation we could desire. It is situated like a Druid's temple, in a grove of oak, close by the side of Loch Lomond, which is a surprising body of pure transparent water, unfathomably deep in many places, six or seven miles broad, four-and-twenty miles in length, displaying above twenty green islands, covered with wood, some of them cultivated for corn, and many of them stocked with red deer. They belong to different gentlemen, whose seats are scattered along the banks of the lake, which are agreeably romantic beyond all conception. My uncle and I have left the women at Cameron, as Mrs. Tabitha would by no means trust herself again upon the water, and, to come hither, it was necessary to

cross a small inlet of the sea in an open ferry-boat. This country appears more and more wild and savage the farther we advance; and the people are as different from the Lowland Scotch, in their looks, garb, and language, as the mountaineers of Brecknock are from the inhabitants of Herefordshire.

When the Lowlanders want to drink a cheer-upping cup, they go to the public-house, called the Change House, and call for a chopin of twopenny, which is a thin yeasty beverage, made of malt, not quite so strong as the table-beer of England. This is brought in a pewter stoup, shaped like a skittle; from whence it is emptied into a quaff, that is, a curious cup made of different pieces of wood, such as box and ebony, cut into little staves, joined alternately, and secured with delicate hoops, having two ears or handles. It holds about a gill, is sometimes tipt round the mouth with silver, and has a plate of the same metal at the bottom, with the landlord's cypher engraved. The Highlanders, on the contrary, despise this liquor, and regale themselves with whisky, a malt spirit, as strong as geneva, which they swallow in great quantities, without any signs of inebriation: they are used to it from the cradle, and find it an excellent preservative against the winter cold, which must be extreme on these mountains — I am told that it is given with great success to infants, as a cordial, in the confluent smallpox, when the eruption seems to flag, and the symptoms grow unfavourable. The Highlanders are used to eat much more animal food than falls to the share of their neighbours in the Low Country. They delight

in hunting — have plenty of deer and other game, with a great number of sheep, goats, and black cattle, running wild, which they scruple not to kill as venison, without being at much pains to ascertain the property.

Inverary is but a poor town, though it stands immediately under the protection of the Duke of Argyle, who is a mighty prince in this part of Scotland. The peasants live in wretched cabins, and seem very poor; but the gentlemen are tolerably well lodged, and so loving to strangers, that a man runs some risk of his life from their hospitality. It must be observed, that the poor Highlanders are now seen to disadvantage. They have been not only disarmed by act of parliament, but also deprived of their ancient garb, which was both graceful and convenient; and, what is a greater hardship still, they are compelled to wear breeches — a restraint which they cannot bear with any degree of patience; indeed, the majority wear them, not in the proper place, but on poles or long staves over their shoulders; they are even debarred the use of their striped stuff, called Tartan, which was their own manufacture, prized by them above all the velvets, brocades, and tissues of Europe and Asia. They now lounge along in loose greatcoats, of coarse russet, equally mean and cumbersome, and betray manifest marks of dejection. Certain it is, the government could not have taken a more effectual method to break their national spirit.

We have had princely sport in hunting the stag on these mountains. These are the lonely hills of

Morven, where Fingal and his heroes enjoyed the same pastime. I feel an enthusiastic pleasure when I survey the brown heath that Ossian was wont to tread ; and hear the wind whistle through the bending grass. When I enter our landlord's hall, I look for the suspended harp of that divine bard, and listen in hopes of hearing the aerial sound of his respected spirit. The poems of Ossian are in every mouth. A famous antiquarian of this country, the Laird of M'Farlane, at whose house we dined a few days ago, can repeat them all in the original Gaelic, which has a great affinity to the Welsh, not only in the general sound, but also in a great number of radical words ; and I make no doubt but that they are both sprung from the same origin. I was not a little surprised, when asking a Highlander one day, if he knew where we should find any game ? he replied, "*Hu niel Sassenagh,*" which signifies, *No English ;* the very same answer I should have received from a Welshman, and almost in the same words. The Highlanders have no other name for the people of the Low Country but Sassenagh, or Saxons ; a strong presumption that the Lowland Scotch and the English are derived from the same stock. The peasants of these hills strongly resemble those of Wales in their looks, their manners, and habitations ; everything I see, and hear, and feel, seems Welsh — the mountains, vales, and streams ; the air and climate ; the beef, mutton, and game are all Welsh. It must be owned, however, that this people are better provided than we are in some articles — they have plenty of red deer and roebuck, which are fat and delicious at this season

of the year. Their sea teems with amazing quantities of the finest fish in the world; and they find means to procure very good claret at a very small expense.

Our landlord is a man of consequence in this part of the country; a cadet from the family of Argyle, and hereditary captain of one of his castles — his name, in plain English, is Dougal Campbell; but as there is a great number of the same appellation, they are distinguished (like the Welsh) by patronymics; and as I have known an ancient Briton called Madoc ap-Morgan, ap-Jenkin, ap-Jones, our Highland chief designs himself Dou'l Mac-amish, mac-'oul ich-Ian, signifying Dougal, the son of James, the son of Dougal, the son of John. He has travelled in the course of his education, and is disposed to make certain alterations in his domestic economy; but he finds it impossible to abolish the ancient customs of the family; some of which are ludicrous enough. His piper, for example, who is an hereditary officer of the household, will not part with the least particle of his privileges. He has a right to wear the kilt, or ancient Highland dress, with the purse, pistol, and dirk — a broad yellow ribbon, fixed to the chanter-pipe, is thrown over his shoulder, and trails along the ground, while he performs the functions of his minstrelsy; and this, I suppose, is analogous to the pennon or flag, which was formerly carried before every knight in battle. He plays before the laird every Sunday in this way to the kirk, which he circles three times, performing the family march, which implies defiance to all the enemies of the clan;

and every morning he plays a full hour by the clock, in the great hall, marching backwards and forwards all the time, with a solemn pace, attended by the laird's kinsmen, who seem much delighted with the music. In this exercise he indulges them with a number of pibrochs or airs, suited to the different passions which he would either excite or assuage.

Mr. Campbell himself, who performs very well on the violin, has an invincible antipathy to the sound of the Highland bagpipe, which sings in the nose with a most alarming twang, and, indeed, is quite intolerable to ears of common sensibility, when aggravated by the echo of a vaulted hall. He, therefore, begged the piper would have some mercy upon him, and dispense with this part of the morning service. A consultation of the clan being held on this occasion, it was unanimously agreed, that the laird's request could not be granted, without a dangerous encroachment upon the customs of the family. The piper declared he could not give up for a moment the privilege he derived from his ancestors; nor would the laird's relations forego an entertainment which they valued above all others. There was no remedy; Mr. Campbell being obliged to acquiesce, is fain to stop his ears with cotton, to fortify his head with three or four nightcaps, and every morning retire into the penetralia of his habitation, in order to avoid this diurnal annoyance.

When the music ceases, he produces himself at an open window that looks into the courtyard, which is by this time filled with a crowd of his vassals and dependents, who worship his first appearance, by

uncovering their heads, and bowing to the earth with the most humble prostration. As all these people have something to communicate in the way of proposal, complaint, or petition, they wait patiently till the laird comes forth, and, following him in his walks, are favoured each with a short audience in his turn. Two days ago, he despatched above an hundred different solicitors, in walking with us to the house of a neighbouring gentleman, where we dined by invitation. Our landlord's housekeeping is equally rough and hospitable, and savours much of the simplicity of ancient times. The great hall, paved with flat stones, is about forty-five feet by twenty-two, and serves not only for a dining-room, but also for a bedchamber to gentlemen-dependents and hangers-on of the family. At night half a dozen occasional beds are ranged on each side along the wall. These are made of fresh heath, pulled up by the roots, and disposed in such a manner as to make a very agreeable couch, where they lie, without any other covering than the plaid. My uncle and I were indulged with separate chambers and down beds, which we begged to exchange for a layer of heath; and, indeed, I never slept so much to my satisfaction. It was not only soft and elastic, but the plant, being in flower, diffused an agreeable fragrance, which is wonderfully refreshing and restorative.

Yesterday we were invited to the funeral of an old lady, the grandmother of a gentleman in this neighbourhood, and found ourselves in the midst of fifty people, who were regaled with a sumptuous feast,

accompanied with the music of a dozen pipers. In short, this meeting had all the air of a grand festival; and the guests did such honour to the entertainment, that many of them could not stand when they were reminded of the business on which we had met. The company forthwith taking horse, rode in a very irregular cavalcade to the place of interment, a church, at the distance of two long miles from the castle. On our arrival, however, we found we had committed a small oversight in leaving the corpse behind; so that we were obliged to wheel about and met the old gentlewoman half-way, carried upon poles by the nearest relations of her family, and attended by the *coronach*, composed of a multitude of old hags, who tore their hair, beat their breasts, and howled most hideously. At the grave the orator or *senachie* pronounced the panegyric of the defunct, every period being confirmed by a yell of the *coronach*. The body was committed to the earth, the pipers playing a pibroch all the time, and all the company standing uncovered. The ceremony was closed with the discharge of pistols; then we returned to the castle, resumed the bottle, and by midnight there was not a sober person in the family, the females excepted. The squire and I were, with some difficulty, permitted to retire with the landlord in the evening; but our entertainer was a little chagrined at our retreat; and afterwards seemed to think it a disparagement to his family, that not above an hundred gallons of whisky had been drank upon such a solemn occasion.

This morning we got up by four, to hunt the

roebuck, and, in half an hour, found breakfast ready served in the hall. The hunters consisted of Sir George Colquhoun and me, as strangers, (my uncle not choosing to be of the party,) of the *laird in person*, *the laird's brother*, *the laird's brother's son*, *the laird's sister's son*, *the laird's father's brother's son*, and all their *foster brothers*, who are counted parcel of the family. But we were attended by an infinite number of *Gaellys*, or ragged Highlanders, without shoes or stockings.

The following articles formed our morning's repast: — One kit of boiled eggs; a second, full of butter; a third, full of cream; an entire cheese made of goats' milk; a large earthen pot, full of honey; the best part of a ham; a cold venison pasty; a bushel of oatmeal, made in thin cakes and bannocks, with a small wheaten loaf in the middle for the strangers; a large stone bottle full of whisky, another of brandy, and a kilderkin of ale. There was a ladle chained to the cream-kit, with curious wooden bickers, to be filled from this reservoir. The spirits were drank out of a silver quaff, and the ale out of horns: great justice was done to the collation by the guests in general; one of them, in particular, ate above two dozen of hard eggs, with a proportionable quantity of bread, butter, and honey; nor was one drop of liquor left upon the board. Finally, a large roll of tobacco was presented by way of dessert, and every individual took a comfortable quid, to prevent the bad effects of the morning air. We had a fine chase over the mountains, after a roebuck, which we killed, and I got home time enough to drink tea with Mrs.

Campbell and our squire. To-morrow we shall set out on our return for Cameron. We propose to cross the Frith of Clyde, and take the towns of Greenock and Port-Glasgow in our way. This circuit being finished, we shall turn our faces to the south, and follow the sun with augmented velocity, in order to enjoy the rest of the autumn in England, where Boreas is not quite so biting, as he begins already to be on the tops of these northern hills. But our progress from place to place shall continue to be specified in these detached journals of yours always, J. MELFORD.

ARGYLESHIRE, Sept. 3.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK, — About a fortnight is now elapsed since we left the capital of Scotland, directing our course towards Stirling, where we lay. The castle of this place is such another as that of Edinburgh, and affords a surprising prospect of the windings of the river Forth, which are so extraordinary, that the distance from hence to Alloa, by land, is but four miles, and by water it is twenty-four. Alloa is a neat thriving town, that depends, in a great measure, on the commerce of Glasgow, the merchants of which send hither tobacco, and other articles, to be deposited in warehouses for exportation from the Frith of Forth. In our way hither we visited a flourishing ironwork, where, instead of burning wood, they use coal, which they have the art of clearing in such a manner as frees it from the sulphur, that would otherwise render the metal too brittle for

working. Excellent coal is found in almost every part of Scotland.

The soil of this district produces scarce any other grain but oats and barley; perhaps, because it is poorly cultivated, and almost altogether unenclosed. The few enclosures they have consist of paltry walls of loose stones gathered from the fields, which indeed they cover, as if they had been scattered on purpose. When I expressed my surprise that the peasants did not disencumber their grounds of these stones, a gentleman, well acquainted with the theory as well as practice of farming, assured me that the stones, far from being prejudicial, were serviceable to the crop. This philosopher had ordered a field of his own to be cleared, manured, and sown with barley, and the produce was more scanty than before. He caused the stones to be replaced, and next year the crop was as good as ever. The stones were removed a second time, and the harvest failed; they were again brought back, and the ground retrieved its fertility. The same experiment has been tried in different parts of Scotland with the same success. Astonished at this information, I desired to know in what manner he accounted for this strange phenomenon; and he said, there were three ways in which the stones might be serviceable. They might possibly restrain an excess in the perspiration of the earth, analogous to colliquative sweats, by which the human body is sometimes wasted and consumed. They might act as so many fences to protect the tender blade from the piercing winds of the spring; or, by multiplying the reflection of the sun, they

might increase the warmth, so as to mitigate the natural chillness of the soil and climate. But surely this excessive perspiration might be more effectually checked by different kinds of manure, such as ashes, lime, chalk, or marl, of which last it seems there are many pits in this kingdom. As for the warmth, it would be much more equally obtained by enclosures; one half of the ground which is now covered would be retrieved; the cultivation would require less labour; and the ploughs, harrows, and horses would not suffer half the damage which they now sustain.

These north-western parts are by no means fertile in corn. The ground is naturally barren and moorish. The peasants are poorly lodged, meagre in their looks, mean in their apparel, and remarkably dirty. This last reproach they might easily wash off, by means of those lakes, rivers, and rivulets of pure water, with which they are so liberally supplied by nature. Agriculture cannot be expected to flourish where the farms are small, the leases short, and the husbandman begins upon a rack-rent, without a sufficient stock to answer the purposes of improvement. The granaries of Scotland are the banks of the Tweed, the counties of East and Mid Lothian, the Carse of Gowrie, in Perthshire, equal in fertility to any part of England, and some tracts in Aberdeenshire and Moray, where I am told the harvest is more early than in Northumberland, although they lie above two degrees farther north. I have a strong curiosity to visit many places beyond the Forth and the Tay, such as Perth, Dundee, Montrose, and Aberdeen, which are towns equally elegant and thriv-

ing; but the season is too far advanced to admit of this addition to my original plan.

I am so far happy as to have seen Glasgow, which, to the best of my recollection and judgment, is one of the prettiest towns in Europe; and, without all doubt, it is one of the most flourishing in Great Britain. In short, it is a perfect bee-hive in point of industry. It stands partly on a gentle declivity; but the greatest part of it is in a plain, watered by the river Clyde. The streets are straight, open, airy, and well paved; and the houses lofty and well built of hewn stone. At the upper end of the town, there is a venerable cathedral, that may be compared with York Minster or Westminster; and about the middle of the descent from this to the cross is the College, a respectable pile of building, with all manner of accommodation for the professors and students, including an elegant library, and an observatory well provided with astronomical instruments. The number of inhabitants is said to amount to thirty thousand; and marks of opulence and independency appear in every quarter of this commercial city, which, however, is not without its inconveniences and defects. The water of their public pumps is generally hard and brackish, an imperfection the less excusable, as the river Clyde runs by their doors, in the lower part of the town; and there are rivulets and springs above the cathedral, sufficient to fill a large reservoir with excellent water, which might be thence distributed to all the different parts of the city. It is of more consequence to consult the health of the inhabitants in this article than to employ so

much attention in beautifying their town with new streets, squares, and churches. Another defect, not so easily remedied, is the shallowness of the river, which will not float vessels of any burden within ten or twelve miles of the city; so that the merchants are obliged to load and unload their ships at Greenock and Port-Glasgow, situated about fourteen miles nearer the mouth of the Frith, where it is about two miles broad.

The people of Glasgow have a noble spirit of enterprise. Mr. Moore, a surgeon, to whom I was recommended from Edinburgh, introduced me to all the principal merchants of the place. Here I became acquainted with Mr. Cochran, who may be styled one of the sages of this kingdom. He was first magistrate at the time of the last rebellion. I sat as member when he was examined in the House of Commons; upon which occasion Mr. P—— observed he had never heard such a sensible evidence given at that bar. I was also introduced to Dr. John Gordon, a patriot of a truly Roman spirit, who is the father of the linen manufacture in this place, and was the great promoter of the city workhouse, infirmary, and other works of public utility. Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expense. I moreover conversed with one Mr. G—ss—d, whom I take to be one of the greatest merchants in Europe. In the last war, he is said to have had at one time five-and-twenty ships, with their cargoes, his own property, and to have traded for above half a million sterling a year. The last war was a fortunate period for the commerce

of Glasgow. The merchants, considering that their ships bound for America, launching out at once into the Atlantic by the north of Ireland, pursued a track very little frequented by privateers, resolved to ensure one another, and saved a very considerable sum by this resolution, as few or none of their ships were taken.

You must know I have a sort of national attachment to this part of Scotland. The great church dedicated to St. Mongah, the river Clyde, and, among other particulars, that smack of our Welsh language and customs, contribute to flatter me with the notion, that these people are the descendants of the Britons, who once possessed this country. Without all question, this was a Cumbrian kingdom. Its capital was Dumbarton (a corruption of Dunbritton), which still exists as a royal borough, at the influx of the Clyde and Leven, ten miles below Glasgow. The same neighbourhood gave birth to St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, at a place where there is still a church and village, which retain his name. Hard by are some vestiges of the famous Roman wall, built in the reign of Antonine, from the Clyde to the Forth, and fortified with castles to restrain the incursions of the Scotch or Caledonians, who inhabited the West Highlands. In a line parallel to this wall, the merchants of Glasgow have determined to make a navigable canal betwixt the two friths, which will be of incredible advantage to their commerce, in transporting merchandise from one side of the island to the other.

From Glasgow we travelled along the Clyde, which is a delightful stream, adorned on both sides with

villas, towns, and villages. Here is no want of groves and meadows, and cornfields interspersed; but on this side of Glasgow there is little other grain than oats and barley; the first are much better, the last much worse, than those of the same species in England. I wonder there is so little rye, which is a grain that will thrive in almost any soil; and it is still more surprising, that the cultivation of potatoes should be so much neglected in the Highlands, where the poor people have not meal enough to supply them with bread through the winter. On the other side of the river are the towns of Paisley and Renfrew. The first, from an inconsiderable village, is become one of the most flourishing places of the kingdom, enriched by the linen, cambric, flowered lawn, and silk manufactures. It was formerly noted for a rich monastery of the monks of Clugny, who wrote the famous *Scoti-Chronicon*, called *The Black Book of Paisley*. The old abbey still remains, converted into a dwelling-house, belonging to the Earl of Dundonald. Renfrew is a pretty town, on the banks of Clyde, capital of the shire, which was heretofore the patrimony of the Stuart family, and gave the title of Baron to the king's eldest son, which is still assumed by the Prince of Wales.

The Clyde we left a little on our left hand at Dunbritton, where it widens into an estuary or frith, being augmented by the influx of the Leven. On this spot stands the castle formerly called Alcluyd, washed by these two rivers on all sides, except a narrow isthmus, which at every spring-tide is overflowed. The whole is a great curiosity, from the quality and form of the

rock, as well as from the nature of its situation. We now crossed the water of Leven, which, though nothing near so considerable as the Clyde, is much more transparent, pastoral, and delightful. This charming stream is the outlet of Loch Lomond, and through a track of four miles pursues its winding course, murmuring over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the frith at Dunbritton. A very little above its source, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr. Smollett, so embosomed in an oak wood, that we did not see it till we were within fifty yards of the door.

I have seen the Lago di Gardi, Albano, De Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva, and, upon my honour, I prefer Loch Lomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties, which even partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, cornfield, and pasture, with several agreeable villas emerging as it were out of the lake, till, at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland; and I don't doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in everything but climate. I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water. What say you to a natural bason of pure water, near thirty miles long, and in some places seven miles broad, and in many above an hundred fathoms

deep, having four-and-twenty habitable islands, some of them stocked with deer, and all of them covered with wood; containing immense quantities of delicious fish, salmon, pike, trout, perch, flounders, eels, and powans, the last a delicate kind of fresh-water herring peculiar to this lake; and, finally, communicating with the sea, by sending off the Leven, through which all those species (except the powan) make their exit and entrance occasionally!

Enclosed I send you the copy of a little ode to this river, by Dr. Smollett, who was born on the banks of it, within two miles of the place where I am now writing. It is at least picturesque and accurately descriptive, if it has no other merit. There is an idea of truth, in an agreeable landscape taken from nature, which pleases me more than the gayest fiction which the most luxuriant fancy can display.

I have other remarks to make; but as my paper is full, I must reserve them till the next occasion. I shall only observe at present, that I am determined to penetrate at least forty miles into the Highlands, which now appear like a vast fantastic vision in the clouds, inviting the approach of, yours always,

CAMERON, Aug. 28. MATT. BRAMBLE.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trode th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;

No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.[1]

Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy bank, so gaily green
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

To Dr. Lewis.

Dear Doctor, — If I was disposed to be critical, I should say this house of Cameron is too near the lake, which approaches on one side to within six or seven yards of the window. It might have been placed in a higher site, which would have afforded a more extensive prospect and a drier atmosphere; but this imperfection is not chargeable on the present proprietor, who purchased it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family house

[1] The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

at Bonhill, which stands two miles from hence on the Leven, so surrounded with plantation, that it used to be known by the name of the Mavis (or thrush) Nest. Above that house is a romantic glen or cleft of a mountain, covered with hanging woods, having at bottom a stream of fine water that forms a number of cascades in its descent to join the Leven; so that the scene is quite enchanting. A captain of a man-of-war, who had made the circuit of the globe with Mr. Anson, being conducted to this glen, exclaimed, "Juan Fernandez, by G—d!"

Indeed, this country would be a perfect paradise, if it was not, like Wales, cursed with a weeping climate, owing to the same causes in both, the neighbourhood of high mountains, and a westerly situation, exposed to the vapours of the Atlantic Ocean. This air, however, notwithstanding its humidity, is so healthy, that the natives are scarce ever visited by any other disease than the smallpox, and certain cutaneous evils, which are the effects of dirty living, the great and general reproach of the commonalty of this kingdom. Here are a great many living monuments of longevity, and, among the rest, a person whom I treat with singular respect, as a venerable Druid, who has lived near ninety years, without pain or sickness, among oaks of his own planting. He was once proprietor of these lands; but, being of a projecting spirit, some of his schemes miscarried, and he was obliged to part with his possession, which hath shifted hands two or three times since that period; but every succeeding proprietor hath done everything in his power to make his old age easy and comfortable.

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thing!" Mrs. Tabitha was alarmed, and the whole house in confusion. When he was recruited with a dram, I desired him to explain the meaning of all this agitation; and, with some reluctance, he owned he had seen a spirit, in the shape of an old man with a white beard, a black cap, and a plaid night-gown. He was undeceived by the admiral in person, who coming in at this juncture, appeared to be a creature of real flesh and blood.

Do you know how we fare in this Scottish paradise? We make free with our landlord's mutton, which is excellent, his poultry-yard, his garden, his dairy, and his cellar, which are all well stored. We have delicious salmon, pike, trout, perch, par, etc. at the door, for the taking. The Frith of Clyde, on the other side of the hill, supplies us with mullet, red and grey, cod, mackerel, whiting and a variety of sea fish, including the finest herrings I ever tasted. We have sweet juicy beef, and tolerable veal,. with delicate bread, from the little town of Dunbritton; and plenty of partridge, grouse, heathcock, and other game in presents.

We have been visited by all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and they have entertained us at their houses, not barely with hospitality, but with such marks of cordial affection, as one would wish to find among near relations, after an absence of many years.

I told you, in my last, I had projected an excursion to the Highlands, which project I have now happily executed under the auspices of Sir George Colquhoun, a colonel in the Dutch service, who of-

fered himself as our conductor on this occasion. Leaving our women at Cameron, to the care and inspection of Lady H—— C——, we set out on horseback for Inverary, the county town of Argyle, and dined on the road with the Laird of Macfarlane, the greatest genealogist I ever knew in any country, and perfectly acquainted with all the antiquities of Scotland.

The Duke of Argyle has an old castle at Inverary, where he resides when he is in Scotland; and hard by is the shell of a noble Gothic palace, built by the last duke, which, when finished, will be a great ornament to this part of the Highlands. As for Inverary, it is a place of very little importance.

This country is amazingly wild, especially towards the mountains, which are heaped upon the backs of one another, making a most stupendous appearance of savage nature, with hardly any signs of cultivation, or even of population. All is sublimity, silence, and solitude. The people live together in glens or bottoms, where they are sheltered from the cold and storms of winter. But there is a margin of plain ground spread along the seaside, which is well inhabited and improved by the arts of husbandry; and this I take to be one of the most agreeable tracts of the whole island; the sea not only keeps it warm, and supplies it with fish, but affords one of the most ravishing prospects in the whole world; I mean the appearance of the Hebrides, or Western Islands, to the number of three hundred, scattered as far as the eye can reach, in the most agreeable

confusion. As the soil and climate of the Highlands are but ill-adapted to the cultivation of corn, the people apply themselves chiefly to the breeding and feeding of black cattle, which turn to good account. Those animals run wild all the winter, without any shelter or subsistence, but what they can find among the heath. When the snow lies so deep and hard, that they cannot penetrate to the roots of the grass, they make a diurnal progress, guided by a sure instinct, to the sea-side at low water, where they feed on the *alga marina*, and other plants that grow on the beach.

Perhaps this branch of husbandry, which requires very little attendance and labour, is one of the principal causes of that idleness and want of industry which distinguishes these mountaineers in their own country. When they come forth into the world, they become as diligent and alert as any people upon earth. They are undoubtedly a very distinct species from their fellow-subjects of the Lowlands, against whom they indulge an ancient spirit of animosity; and this difference is very discernible even among persons of family and education. The Lowlanders are generally cool and circumspect, the Highlanders fiery and ferocious; but this violence of their passions serves only to inflame the zeal of their devotion to strangers, which is truly enthusiastic.

We proceeded about twenty miles beyond Inverary, to the house of a gentleman, a friend of our conductor, where we stayed a few days, and were feasted in such a manner, that I began to dread the consequence to my constitution.

Notwithstanding the solitude that prevails among these mountains, there is no want of people in the Highlands. I am credibly informed, that the Duke of Argyle can assemble five thousand men in arms, of his own clan and surname, which is Campbell; and there is besides a tribe of the same appellation, whose chief is the Earl of Breadalbane. The M'Donalds are as numerous, and remarkably warlike. The Camerons, M'Leods, Frasers, Grants, M'Kenzies, M'Kays, M'Phersons, M'Intoshes, are powerful clans; so that, if all the Highlanders, including the inhabitants of the Isles, were united, they could bring into the field an army of forty thousand fighting men, capable of undertaking the most dangerous enterprise. We have lived to see four thousand of them, without discipline, throw the whole kingdom of Great Britain into confusion. They attacked and defeated two armies of regular troops accustomed to service. They penetrated into the centre of England; and afterwards marched back with deliberation, in the face of two other armies, through an enemy's country, where every precaution was taken to cut off their retreat. I know not any other people in Europe, who, without the use or knowledge of arms, will attack regular forces sword in hand, if their chief will head them in battle.

When disciplined, they cannot fail of being excellent soldiers. They do not walk like the generality of mankind, but trot and bounce like deer, as if they moved upon springs. They greatly excel the Lowlanders in all the exercises that require agility; they

are incredibly abstemious, and patient of hunger and fatigue; so steeled against the weather, that, in travelling, even when the ground is covered with snow, they never look for a house, or any other shelter but their plaid, in which they wrap themselves up, and go to sleep under the cope of heaven. Such people, in quality of soldiers, must be invincible, when the business is to perform quick marches in a difficult country, to strike sudden strokes, beat up the enemy's quarters, harass their cavalry, and perform expeditions without the formality of magazines, baggage, forage, and artillery. The chieftainship of the Highlanders is a very dangerous influence, operating at the extremity of the island, where the eyes and hands of government cannot be supposed to see and act with precision and vigour. In order to break the force of clanship, administration has always practised the political maxim, *Divide et impera.* The legislature hath not only disarmed these mountaineers, but also deprived them of their ancient garb, which contributed in a great measure to keep up their military spirit; and their slavish tenures are all dissolved by act of parliament; so that they are at present as free and independent of their chiefs as the law can make them: but the original attachment still remains, and is founded on something prior to the *feudal system*, about which the writers of this age have made such a pother, as if it was a new discovery, like the *Copernican system.* Every peculiarity of policy, custom, and even temperament, is affectedly traced to this origin, as if the feudal constitution had not been common to almost all the natives of Europe. For my

part, I expect to see the use of trunk-hose and buttered ale ascribed to the influence of the *feudal system.*

The connexion between the clans and their chiefs is without all doubt *patriarchal.* It is founded on hereditary regard and affection, cherished through a long succession of ages. The clan consider the chief as their father, they bear his name, they believe themselves descended from his family, and they obey him as their lord, with all the ardour of filial love and veneration; while he, on his part, exerts a paternal authority, commanding, chastising, rewarding, protecting, and maintaining them as his own children. If the legislature would entirely destroy this connexion, it must compel the Highlanders to change their habitation and their names. Even this experiment has been formerly tried without success. In the reign of James VI. a battle was fought within a few short miles of this place, between two clans, the M'Gregors and the Colquhouns, in which the latter were defeated. The Laird of M'Gregor made such a barbarous use of his victory, that he was forfeited and outlawed by act of parliament. His lands were given to the family of Montrose, and his clan were obliged to change their name. They obeyed so far, as to call themselves severally Campbell, Graham, or Drummond, the surnames of the families of Argyle, Montrose, and Perth, that they might enjoy the protection of those houses; but they still added M'Gregor to their new appellation; and as their chief was deprived of his estate, they robbed and plundered for his subsistence.

Mr. Cameron of Lochiel, the chief of that clan,

whose father was attainted for having been concerned in the last rebellion, returning from France, in obedience to a proclamation and act of parliament passed at the beginning of the late war, paid a visit to his own country, and hired a farm in the neighbourhood of his father's house, which had been burnt to the ground. The clan, though ruined and scattered, no sooner heard of his arrival, than they flocked to him from all quarters, to welcome his return, and in a few days stocked his farm with seven hundred black cattle, which they had saved in the general wreck of their affairs. But their beloved chief, who was a promising youth, did not live to enjoy the fruits of their fidelity and attachment.

The most effectual method I know to weaken, and at length destroy this influence, is to employ the commonalty in such a manner as to give them a taste of property and independence. In vain the government grants them advantageous leases on the forfeited estates if they have no property to prosecute the means of improvement. The sea is an inexhaustible fund of riches, but the fishery cannot be carried on without vessels, casks, salt, lines, nets, and other tackle. I conversed with a sensible man of this country, who, from a real spirit of patriotism, had set up a fishery on the coast, and a manufactory of coarse linen, for the employment of the poor Highlanders. Cod is here in such plenty that he told me he had seen seven hundred taken on one line at one haul. It must be observed, however, that the line was of immense length, and had two thousand hooks, baited with mussels; but the fish was so superior to

the cod caught on the banks of Newfoundland, that his correspondent at Lisbon sold them immediately at his own price, although Lent was just over when they arrived, and the people might be supposed quite cloyed with this kind of diet. His linen manufacture was likewise in a prosperous way, when the late war intervening, all his best hands were pressed into the service.

It cannot be expected that the gentlemen of this country should execute commercial schemes to render their vassals independent, nor indeed are such schemes suited to their way of life and inclination, but a company of merchants might, with proper management, turn to good account a fishery established in this part of Scotland. Our people have a strange itch to colonise America, when the uncultivated parts of our own island might be settled to greater advantage.

After having rambled through the mountains and glens of Argyle, we visited the adjacent islands of Isla, Jura, Mull, and Icolmkill. In the first, we saw the remains of a castle, built in a lake, where M'Donald, Lord or King of the Isles, formerly resided. Jura is famous for having given birth to one M'Crain, who lived one hundred and eighty years in one house, and died in the reign of Charles the Second. Mull affords several bays, where there is safe anchorage, in one of which, the *Florida*, a ship of the Spanish Armada, was blown up by one of Mr. Smollett's ancestors. About forty years ago, John, Duke of Argyle, is said to have consulted the Spanish registers, by which it appeared that this ship had the military chest on board. He employed experienced divers to

examine the wreck, and they found the hull of the vessel still entire, but so covered with sand, that they could not make their way between decks. However, they picked up several pieces of plate that were scattered about in the bay, and a couple of fine brass cannon.

Icolmkill, or Iona, is a small island which St. Columba chose for his habitation; it was respected for its sanctity, and college or seminary of ecclesiastics. Part of its church is still standing, with the tombs of several Scottish, Irish, and Danish sovereigns, who were here interred. These islanders are very bold and dexterous watermen, consequently, the better adapted to the fishery. In their manners they are less savage and impetuous than their countrymen on the continent, and they speak the Erse or Gaelic in its greatest purity.

Having sent round our horses by land, we embarked in the district of Cowal for Greenock, which is a neat little town, on the other side of the Frith, with a curious harbour, formed by three stone jetties, carried out a good way into the sea. New Port-Glasgow is such another place, about two miles higher up. Both have a face of business and plenty, and are supported entirely by the shipping of Glasgow, of which I counted sixty large vessels in these harbours. Taking boat again at Newport, we were in less than an hour landed on the other side, within two short miles of our headquarters, where we found our women in good health and spirits. They had been, two days before, joined by Mr. Smollett and his lady, to whom we

have such obligations as I cannot mention even to you, without blushing.

To-morrow we shall bid adieu to the Scots Arcadia, and begin our progress to the southward, taking our way by Lanark and Nithsdale, to the west borders of England. I have received so much advantage and satisfaction from this tour, that, if my health suffers no revolution in the winter, I believe I shall be tempted to undertake another expedition to the northern extremity of Caithness, unencumbered by those impediments which now clog the heels of yours, MATT. BRAMBLE.

CAMERON, Sept. 6.

To MISS LETITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAREST LETTY, — Never did poor prisoner long for deliverance more than I have longed for an opportunity to disburden my cares into your friendly bosom; and the occasion which now presents itself is little less than miraculous. Honest Saunders M'Awley, the travelling Scotchman, who goes every year to Wales, is now at Glasgow, buying goods, and, coming to pay his respects to our family, has undertaken to deliver this letter into your own hand. We have been six weeks in Scotland, and seen the principal towns of the kingdom, where we have been treated with great civility. The people are very courteous, and the country being exceedingly romantic, suits my turn and inclinations. I contracted some friendships at Edinburgh, which is a large and lofty city, full of gay company; and, in particular,

commenced an intimate correspondence with one Miss R—t—n, an amiable young lady of my own age, whose charms seemed to soften, and even to subdue, the stubborn heart of my brother Jerry; but he no sooner left the place, than he relapsed into his former insensibility. I feel, however, that this indifference is not the family constitution. I never admitted but one idea of love, and that has taken such root in my heart, as to be equally proof against all the pulls of discretion and the frosts of neglect.

Dear Letty! I had an alarming adventure at the hunters' ball in Edinburgh. While I sat discoursing with a friend in a corner, all at once the very image of Wilson stood before me, dressed exactly as he was in the character of Aimwell! It was one Mr. Gordon, whom I had not seen before. Shocked at the sudden apparition, I fainted away, and threw the whole assembly into confusion. However, the cause of my disorder remained a secret to everybody but my brother, who was likewise struck with the resemblance, and scolded after we came home. I am very sensible of Jerry's affection, and know he spoke as well with a view to my own interest and happiness, as in regard to the honour of the family; but I cannot bear to have my wounds probed severely. I was not so much affected by the censure he passed upon my own indiscretion, as with the reflection he made on the conduct of Wilson. He observed, that if he was really the gentleman he pretended to be, and harboured nothing but honourable designs, he would have vindicated his pretensions in the face of day. This remark made a deep impression upon my

mind; I endeavoured to conceal my thoughts, and this endeavour had a bad effect upon my health and spirits, so it was thought necessary that I should go to the Highlands, and drink goat-milk whey.

We went accordingly to Loch Lomond, one of the most enchanting spots in the whole world; and what with this remedy, which I had every morning fresh from the mountains, and the pure air and cheerful company, I have recovered my flesh and appetite, though there is something still at bottom which is not in the power of air, exercise, company, or medicine to remove. These incidents would not touch me so nearly if I had a sensible confidant to sympathise with my affliction, and comfort me with wholesome advice. I have nothing of this kind, except Win Jenkins, who is really a good body in the main, but very ill-qualified for such an office. The poor creature is weak in her nerves, as well as in her understanding, otherwise I might have known the true name and character of that unfortunate youth. But why do I call him *unfortunate?* perhaps the epithet is more applicable to me, for having listened to the false professions of —— But hold, I have as yet no right, and sure I have no inclination, to believe anything to the prejudice of his honour. In that reflection I shall still exert my patience. As for Mrs. Jenkins, she herself is really an object of compassion; between vanity, Methodism, and love, her head is almost turned. I should have more regard for her, however, if she had been more constant in the object of her affection; but, truly, she aimed at conquest, and flirted at the same time with

my uncle's footman, Humphry Clinker, who is really a deserving young man, and one Dutton, my brother's valet-de-chambre, a debauched fellow, who, leaving Win in the lurch, ran away with another man's bride at Berwick.

My dear Willis, I am truly ashamed of my own sex. We complain of advantages which the men take of our youth, inexperience, sensibility, and all that; but I have seen enough to believe, that our sex in general make it their business to ensnare the other; and for this purpose employ arts which are by no means to be justified. In point of constancy, they certainly have nothing to reproach the male part of the creation. My poor aunt, without any regard to her years and imperfections, has gone to market with her charms in every place where she thought she had the least chance to dispose of her person, which, however, hangs still heavy on her hands. I am afraid she has used even religion as a decoy, though it has not answered her expectation. She has been praying, preaching, and catechising, among the Methodists, with whom this country abounds; and pretends to have such manifestations and revelations, as even Clinker himself can hardly believe, though the poor fellow is half crazy with enthusiasm. As for Jenkins, she affects to take all her mistress's reveries for gospel. She has also her heart-heavings and motions of the Spirit; and, God forgive me if I think uncharitably, but all this seems to me to be downright hypocrisy and deceit. Perhaps, indeed, the poor girl imposes on herself. She is generally in a flutter, and is much subject to vapours.

Since we came to Scotland, she has seen apparitions, and pretends to prophesy. If I could put faith in all these supernatural visitations, I should think myself abandoned of grace ; for I have neither seen, heard, nor felt anything of this nature, although I endeavour to discharge the duties of religion with all the sincerity, zeal, and devotion that is in the power of, Dear Letty, your ever affectionate,

Glasgow, Sept. 7. Lydia Melford.

We are so far on our return to Brambleton Hall, and I would fain hope we shall take Gloucester in our way ; in which case I shall have the inexpressible pleasure of embracing my dear Willis. Pray remember me to my worthy governess.

To Mrs. Mary Jones, *at Brambleton Hall.*

Dear Mary, — Sunders Macully, the Scotchman, who pushes directly for Vails, has promised to give it you into your own hand, and therefore I would not miss the opportunity to let you now as I am still in the land of the living ; and yet I have been on the brink of the other world since I sent you my last letter. We went by sea to another kingdom, called Fife, and, coming back, had like to have gone to pot in a storm. What between the frite and sickness, I thought I should have brought my heart up ; even Mr. Clinker was not his own man for eight-and-forty hours after we got ashore. It was well for some folks that we 'scaped drownding ; for mistress was very frexious, and seemed but indifferently prepared for a change ; but, thank God, she was soon put in a

better frame by the private exaltations of the Reverend Mr. Macrocodile. We afterwards churned to Starling and Glascow, which are a kipple of handsome towns; and then we went to a gentleman's house at Loff Loming, which is a wonderful sea of fresh water, with a power of hylands in the midst on 't. They say, as how it has got ne'er a bottom, and was made by a musician — and, truly, I believe it; for it is not in the coarse of nature. It has got *waves without wind, fish without fins, and a floating hyland;* and one of them is a crutch-yard, where the dead are buried; and always before the person dies, a bell rings of itself to give warning.

O Mary! this is the land of congyration. The bell knolled when we were there. I saw lights, and heard lamentations. The gentleman, our landlord, has got another house, which he was fain to quit, on account of a mischievous ghost, that would not suffer people to lie in their beds. The fairies dwell in a hole of Kairmann, a mounting hard by; and they steal away the good women that are in the straw, if so be as how there an't a horshoe nailed to the door. And I was shown an old vitch, called Elspath Ringavey, with a red petticoat, bleared eyes, and a mould of grey bristles on her sin. That she mought do me no harm, I crossed her hand with a taster, and bid her tell my fortune; and she told me such things — descriving Mr. Clinker to a hair — but it shall ne'er be said that I minchioned a word of the matter. As I was troubled with fits, she advised me to bathe in the loff, which was holy water; and so I went in the morning to a private place, along with the house-

maid, and we bathed in our birth-day soot, after the fashion of the country; and behold, whilst we dabbled in the loff, Sir George Coon started up with a gun; but we clapt our hands to our faces, and passed by him to the place where we had left our smocks. A civil gentleman would have turned his head another way. My comfit is, he knew not which was which; and, as the saying is, *all cats in the dark are grey.*

While we staid at Loff Loming, he and our two squires went three or four days churning among the wild men of the mountings; a parcel of selvidges that lie in caves among the rocks, devour young children, and speak Velch, but the vords are different. Our ladies would not part with Mr. Clinker, because he is so stout, and so pyehouse, that he fears neither man nor devils, if so be as they don't take him by surprise. Indeed, he was once so flurried by an operition, that he had like to have founded. He made believe as if it had been the ould edmiral; but the ould edmiral could not have made his air to stand on end, and his teeth to shatter; but he said so in prudence, that the ladies mought not be affeard. Mis Liddy has been puny, and like to go into a decline. I doubt her pore art is too tinder — but the got's fey has sat her on her legs again. You nows got's fey is mother's milk to a Velch voman. As for mistress, blessed be God, she ails nothing. Her stomach is good, and she improves in grease and godliness; but, for all that, she may have infections like other people; and, I believe, she would n't be sorry to be called *your Ladyship*, whenever Sir George thinks proper to ax the

question. But, for my part, whatever I may see or hear, not a pratical shall ever pass the lips of,

Dear Molly, your loving friend,

Grasco, Sept. 7. Win. Jenkins.

Remember me as usual to Saul. We are now coming home, though not the nearest road. I do suppose I shall find the kitten a fine boar at my return.

To Sir Watkin Phillips, *Bart. at Oxon.*

Dear Knight, — Once more I tread upon English ground, which I like not the worse for the six weeks' ramble I have made among the woods and mountains of Caledonia; no offence to the *land of cakes, where bannocks grow upon straw.* I never saw my uncle in such health and spirits as he now enjoys. Liddy is perfectly recovered; and Mrs. Tabitha has no reason to complain. Nevertheless, I believe, she was, till yesterday, inclined to give the whole Scotch nation to the devil, as a pack of insensible brutes, upon whom her accomplishments had been displayed in vain. At every place where we halted did she mount the stage, and flourished her rusty arms, without being able to make one conquest. One of her last essays was against the heart of Sir George Colquhoun, with whom she fought all the weapons more than twice over. She was grave and gay by turns — she moralised and methodised — she laughed, and romped, and danced, and sung, and sighed, and ogled, and lisped, and fluttered, and flattered — but all was preaching to the

desert. The baronet, being a well-bred man, carried his civilities as far as she could in conscience expect, and, if evil tongues are to be believed, some degrees farther; but he was too much a veteran in gallantry, as well as in war, to fall into any ambuscade that she could lay for his affection. While we were absent in the Highlands, she practised also upon the Laird of Ladrishmore, and even gave him the rendezvous in the wood of Drumscailloch; but the Laird had such a reverend care of his own reputation, that he came attended with the parson of the parish, and nothing passed but spiritual communications. After all these miscarriages, our aunt suddenly recollected Lieutenant Lismahago, whom, ever since our first arrival at Edinburgh, she seemed to have utterly forgot; but now she expressed her hopes of seeing him at Dumfries, according to his promise.

We set out from Glasgow by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighbourhood of which the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr. Bramble. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteelly though plainly dressed, in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these

words: "This is hard work for such an old man as you." So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes, "Have you never a son," said he, "to ease you of this labour?"—"Yes, an' please your honour," replied the senior, "I have three hopeful lads, but, at present, they are out of the way."—"Honour not me," cried the stranger; "it more becomes me to honour your grey hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?" The ancient pavior said, his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps towards the jail, then turning short, "Tell me," said he, "has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?"—"Call him not unnatural," replied the other, "God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides." At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison-window, exclaimed, "Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he."—"I am! I am!" cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears, "I am your son Willy, sure enough!" Before the father, who was

quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy?" The captain no sooner beheld her, than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle, who saw and heard everything that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and hallooed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr. Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house, "Captain," said he, "I beg the favour of your acquaintance. I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene, and I shall think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public-house." The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he said, he would accept with pleasure; but, in the meantime, he could not think of eating or drinking, while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum, equal to the debt, in the hands of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty, without farther process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was

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Brown, told my uncle, that he had been bred a weaver, and about eighteen years ago had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company; that in the course of duty he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one step to another, till he had attained the rank of captain and paymaster to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed about twelve thousand pounds, and at the peace resigned his commission. He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only, consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been consigned to a gentleman of Scotland,who died before it arrived, so that it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for his present occasions, over and above bank-notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release. He brought along with him a deed ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of fourscore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by the other two sons after their decease. He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intends to set up, to give employment and bread to the industrious, and to give five hundred pounds by way of dower to his sister, who had married a farmer in low circumstances. Finally, he gave fifty pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without exception.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of Captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said, he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honour to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude; for my part, I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic. Mrs. Tabitha behaved very graciously to him, until she understood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a person of low estate, who had been his sweetheart while he worked as a journeyman weaver. Our aunt was no sooner made acquainted with this design, than she starched up her behaviour with a double portion of reserve; and, when the company broke up, she observed, with a toss of her nose, that Brown was a civil fellow enough, considering the lowness of his origin; but that Fortune, though she had mended his circumstances, was incapable to raise his ideas, which were still humble and plebeian.

On the day that succeeded this adventure, we went some miles out of our road to see Drumlanrig, a seat belonging to the Duke of Queensberry, which appears like a magnificent palace erected by magic, in the midst of a wilderness; it is indeed a princely mansion, with suitable parks and plantations, rendered still more striking by the nakedness of the surrounding country, which is one of the wildest tracts in all Scotland.

This wilderness, however, is different from that of the Highlands; for here the mountains, instead of heath, are covered with a fine green sward, affording pasture to innumerable flocks of sheep. But the fleeces of this country, called Nithsdale, are not comparable to the wool of Galloway, which is said to equal that of Salisbury Plain. Having passed the night at the castle of Drumlanrig, by invitation from the Duke himself, who is one of the best men that ever breathed, we prosecuted our journey to Dumfries, a very elegant trading town near the borders of England, where we found plenty of good provision and excellent wine, at very reasonable prices, and the accommodation as good in all respects as in any part of South Britain. If I was confined to Scotland for life, I would choose Dumfries as the place of my residence. Here we made inquiries about Captain Lismahago, of whom hearing no tidings, we proceeded by the Solway Frith to Carlisle. You must know, that the Solway sands, upon which travellers pass at low water, are exceedingly dangerous, because, as the tide makes, they become quick in different places, and the flood rushes in so impetuously, that passengers are often overtaken by the sea, and perish.

In crossing these treacherous syrtes with a guide, we perceived a drowned horse, which Humphry Clinker, after due inspection, declared to be the very identical beast which Mr. Lismahago rode when he parted with us at Felton Bridge in Northumberland. This information, which seemed to intimate that our friend the lieutenant had shared the fate of his horse, affected us all, and above all our aunt Tabitha, who

shed salt tears, and obliged Clinker to pull a few hairs out of the dead horse's tail, to be worn in a ring as a remembrance of his master. But her grief and ours was not of long duration; for one of the first persons we saw in Carlisle was the lieutenant *in propria persona*, bargaining with a horse-dealer for another steed, in the yard of the inn where we alighted. Mrs. Bramble was the first that perceived him, and screamed as if she had seen a ghost; and, truly, at a proper time and place, he might very well have passed for an inhabitant of another world; for he was more meagre and grim than before. We received him the more cordially for having supposed he had been drowned; and he was not deficient in expressions of satisfaction at this meeting. He told us he had inquired for us at Dumfries, and been informed by a travelling merchant from Glasgow, that we had resolved to return by the way of Coldstream. He said, that, in passing the sands, without a guide, his horse had knocked up; and he himself must have perished, if he had not been providentially relieved by a return post-chaise. He moreover gave us to understand, that his scheme of settling in his own country having miscarried, he was so far in his way to London, with a view to embark for North America, where he intended to pass the rest of his days among his old friends the Miamis, and amuse himself in finishing the education of the son he had by his beloved Squinkinacoosta.

This project was by no means agreeable to our good aunt, who expatiated upon the fatigues and dangers that would attend such a long voyage by sea,

and afterwards such a tedious journey by land. She enlarged particularly on the risk he would run, with respect to the concerns of his precious soul, among savages who had not yet received the glad tidings of salvation ; and she hinted, that his abandoning Great Britain might, perhaps, prove fatal to the inclinations of some deserving person, whom he was qualified to make happy for life. My uncle, who is really a Don Quixote in generosity, understanding that Lismahago's real reason for leaving Scotland was the impossibility of subsisting in it with any decency upon the wretched provision of a subaltern's half-pay, began to be warmly interested on the side of compassion. He thought it very hard, that a gentleman, who had served his country with honour, should be driven by necessity to spend his old age among the refuse of mankind, in such a remote part of the world. He discoursed with me upon the subject, observing, that he would willingly offer the lieutenant an asylum at Brambleton Hall, if he did not foresee that his singularities and humour of contradiction would render him an intolerable house-mate, though his conversation at some times might be both instructive and entertaining; but, as there seemed to be something particular in his attention to Mrs. Tabitha, he and I agreed in opinion, that this intercourse should be encouraged, and improved, if possible, into a matrimonial union; in which case there would be a comfortable provision for both ; and they might be settled in a house of their own, so that Mr. Bramble should have no more of their company than he desired.

In pursuance of this design, Lismahago has been invited to pass the winter at Brambleton Hall, as it will be time enough to execute his American project in the spring. He has taken time to consider of this proposal; meanwhile, he will keep us company as far as we travel in the road to Bristol, where he has hopes of getting a passage for America. I make no doubt but that he will postpone his voyage, and prosecute his addresses to a happy consummation; and sure, if it produces any fruit, it must be of a very peculiar flavour. As the weather continues favourable, I believe we shall take the Peak of Derbyshire and Buxton Wells in our way. At any rate, from the first place where we make any stay, you shall hear again from yours always,

CARLISLE, Sept. 21. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR, — The peasantry of Scotland are certainly on a poor footing all over the kingdom; and yet they look better, and are better clothed, than those of the same rank in Burgundy, and many other places of France and Italy; nay, I will venture to say they are better fed, notwithstanding the boasted wine of these foreign countries. The country people of North Britain live chiefly on oatmeal, and milk-cheese, butter, and some garden stuff, with now and then a pickled herring, by way of delicacy; but flesh-meat they seldom or never taste, nor any kind of strong liquor, except twopenny, at times of uncommon festivity. Their breakfast is a kind of hasty-pudding, of oatmeal, or peasmeal, eaten with milk.

They have commonly pottage to dinner, composed of cale or cole, leeks, barley, or big, and butter, and this is reinforced with bread, and cheese made of skimmed milk. At night they sup on sowens or flummery of oatmeal. In a scarcity of oats, they use the meal of barley and peas, which is both nourishing and palatable. Some of them have potatoes; and you find parsnips in every peasant's garden. They are clothed with a coarse kind of russet of their own making, which is both decent and warm. They dwell in poor huts, built of loose stones and turf, without any mortar, having a fireplace or hearth in the middle, generally made of an old millstone, and a hole at top to let out the smoke.

These people, however, are content, and wonderfully sagacious. All of them read the Bible, and are even qualified to dispute upon the articles of their faith, which, in those parts I have seen, is entirely Presbyterian. I am told, that the inhabitants of Aberdeenshire are still more acute. I once knew a Scotch gentleman at London, who had declared war against this part of his country, and swore that the impudence and knavery of the Scotch in that quarter had brought a reproach upon the whole nation.

The river Clyde, above Glasgow, is quite pastoral, and the banks of it are everywhere adorned with fine villas. From the sea to its source, we may reckon the seats of many families of the first rank, such as the Duke of Argyle at Roseneath, the Earl of Bute in the isle of that name, the Earl of Glencairn at Finlayston, Lord Blantyre at Areskine, the Duchess

of Douglas at Bothwell, the Duke of Hamilton at Hamilton, the Duke of Douglas at Douglas, and the Earl of Hyndford at Carmichael. Hamilton is a noble palace, magnificently furnished; and hard by is the village of that name, one of the neatest little towns I have seen in any country. The old castle of Douglas being burnt to the ground by accident, the late Duke resolved, as head of the first family in Scotland, to have the largest house in the kingdom, and ordered a plan for this purpose; but there was only one wing of it finished when he died. It is to be hoped that his nephew, who is now in possession of his great fortune, will complete the design of his predecessor. Clydesdale is in general populous and rich, containing a great number of gentlemen, who are independent in their fortune; but it produces more cattle than corn. This is also the case with Tweeddale, through part of which we passed, and Nisdale, which is generally rough, wild, and mountainous. These hills are covered with sheep; and this is the small delicious mutton, so much preferable to that of the London market. As their feeding costs so little, the sheep are not killed till five years old, when their flesh, juices, and flavour are in perfection; but their fleeces are much damaged by the tar with which they are smeared to preserve them from the rot in winter, during which they run wild night and day, and thousands are lost under huge wreaths of snow. 'T is a pity the farmers cannot contrive some means to shelter this useful animal from the inclemencies of a rigorous climate, especially from the perpetual rains, which are more

prejudicial than the greatest extremity of cold weather.

On the little river Nid is situated the castle of Drumlanrig, one of the noblest seats in Great Britain, belonging to the Duke of Queensberry, one of those few noblemen whose goodness of heart does honour to human nature. I shall not pretend to enter into a description of this palace, which is really an instance of the sublime in magnificence, as well as in situation, and puts one in mind of the beautiful city of Palmyra, rising like a vision in the midst of the wilderness. His Grace keeps open house, and lives with great splendour. He did us the honour to receive us with great courtesy, and detain us all night, together with above twenty other guests, with all their servants and horses, to a very considerable number. The Duchess was equally gracious, and took our ladies under her immediate protection. The longer I live, I see more reason to believe that prejudices of education are never wholly eradicated, even when they are discovered to be erroneous and absurd. Such habits of thinking, as interest the grand passions, cleave to the human heart in such a manner, that though an effort of reason may force them from their hold for a moment, this violence no sooner ceases, than they resume their grasp with an increased elasticity and adhesion.

I am led into this reflection by what passed at the Duke's table after supper. The conversation turned upon the vulgar notions of spirits and omens, that prevail among the commonalty of North Britain, and all the company agreed, that nothing could be

more ridiculous. One gentleman, however, told a remarkable story of himself, by way of speculation. —"Being on a party of hunting in the north," said he, "I resolved to visit an old friend, whom I had not seen for twenty years. So long he had been retired and sequestrated from all his acquaintance, and lived in a moping, melancholy way, much afflicted with lowness of spirits, occasioned by the death of his wife, whom he had loved with uncommon affection. As he resided in a remote part of the country, and we were five gentlemen, with as many servants, we carried some provision with us from the next market town, lest we should find him unprepared for our reception. The roads being bad, we did not arrive at the house till two o'clock in the afternoon, and were agreeably surprised to find a very good dinner ready in the kitchen, and the cloth laid with six covers. My friend himself appeared in his best apparel at the gate, and received us with open arms, telling me he had been expecting us these two hours. Astonished at this declaration, I asked who had given him intelligence of our coming? and he smiled, without making any other reply. However, presuming upon our former intimacy, I afterwards insisted upon knowing; and he told me, very gravely, he had seen me in a vision of the second sight: nay, he called in the evidence of his steward, who solemnly declared, that his master had the day before apprised him of my coming, with four other strangers, and ordered him to provide accordingly; in consequence of which intimation, he had prepared the dinner which we were now eat-

ing, and laid the covers according to the number foretold."

The incident we all owned to be remarkable, and I endeavoured to account for it by natural means. I observed, that as the old gentleman was of a visionary turn, the casual idea, or remembrance of his old friend, might suggest those circumstances which accident had for once realised; but that in all probability he had seen many visions of the same kind, which were never verified. None of the company directly dissented from my opinion, but, from the objections that were hinted, I could plainly perceive that the majority were persuaded there was something more extraordinary in the case.

Another gentleman of the company, addressing himself to me, "Without all doubt," said he, "a diseased imagination is very apt to produce visions; but we must find some other method to account for something of this kind, that happened within these eight days in my neighbourhood. A gentleman of a good family, who cannot be deemed a visionary in any sense of the word, was, near his own gate, in the twilight, visited by his grandfather, who has been dead these fifteen years. The spectre was mounted, seemingly, on the very horse he used to ride, with an angry and terrible countenance, and said something, which his grandson, in the confusion of his fear, could not understand. But this was not all — he lifted up a huge horsewhip, and applied it with great violence to his back and shoulders, on which I saw the impression with my own eyes. The apparition was afterwards seen by the sexton of the parish,

hovering about the tomb where his body lies interred; as the man declared to several persons in the village, before he knew what had happened to the gentleman; nay, he actually came to me, as a justice of the peace, in order to make oath of these particulars, which, however, I declined administering. As for the grandson of the defunct, he is a sober, sensible, worldly-minded fellow, too intent upon schemes of interest to give in to reveries. He would have willingly concealed the affair, but he bawled out in the first transport of his fear, and, running into the house, exposed his back and his sconce to the whole family; so that there was no denying it in the sequel. It is now the common discourse of the country, that this appearance and behaviour of the old man's spirit portends some great calamity to the family, and the good woman has actually taken to her bed in this apprehension."

Though I did not pretend to explain this mystery, I said I did not at all doubt, but it would one day appear to be a deception; and, in all probability, a scheme executed by some enemy of the person who had sustained the assault; but still the gentleman insisted upon the clearness of the evidence, and the concurrence of testimony, by which two credible witnesses, without having any communication one with another, affirmed the appearance of the same man, with whose person they were both well acquainted.

From Drumlanrig we pursued the course of the Nid to Dumfries, which stands several miles above the place where the river falls into the sea, and is, after Glasgow, the handsomest town I have seen in

Scotland. The inhabitants, indeed, seem to have proposed that city as their model; not only in beautifying their town and regulating its police, but also in prosecuting their schemes of commerce and manufacture, by which they are grown rich and opulent.

We re-entered England by the way of Carlisle, where we accidentally met with our friend Lismahago, whom we had in vain inquired after at Dumfries and other places. It would seem that the captain, like the prophets of old, is but little honoured in his own country, which he has now renounced for ever. He gave me the following particulars of his visit to his native soil: In his way to the place of his nativity, he learned that his nephew had married the daughter of a bourgeois, who directed a weaving manufacture, and had gone into partnership with his father-in-law; chagrined with this information, he had arrived at the gate in the twilight, where he heard the sound of treddles in the great hall, which had exasperated him to such a degree, that he had like to have lost his senses. While he was thus transported with indignation, his nephew chanced to come forth, when, being no longer master of his passion, he cried, "Degenerate rascal, you have made my father's house a den of thieves"; and at the same time chastised him with his horsewhip; then, riding round the adjoining village, he had visited the burying-ground of his ancestors by moonlight; and, having paid his respects to their *manes*, travelled all night to another part of the country. Finding the head of his family in such a disgraceful situation, all his own friends

dead or removed from the places of their former residence, and the expense of living increased to double of what it had been when he first left his native country, he had bid it an eternal adieu, and was determined to seek for repose among the forests of America.

I was no longer at a loss to account for the apparition, which had been described at Drumlanrig; and when I repeated the story to the lieutenant, he was much pleased to think his resentment had been so much more effectual than he intended; and he owned, he might at such an hour, and in such an equipage, very well pass for the ghost of his father, whom he was said greatly to resemble. Between friends, I fancy Lismahago will find a retreat without going so far as the wigwams of the Miamis. My sister Tabby is making continual advances to him in the way of affection, and, if I may trust to appearances, the captain is disposed to take opportunity by the forelock. For my part, I intend to encourage this correspondence, and shall be glad to see them united; in that case, we shall find a way to settle them comfortably in our own neighbourhood. I, and my servants, will get rid of a very troublesome and tyrannic governante; and I shall have the benefit of Lismahago's conversation without being obliged to take more of his company than I desire; for though an olla is a high-flavoured dish, I could not bear to dine upon it every day of my life.

I am much pleased with Manchester, which is one of the most agreeable and flourishing towns in Great Britain; and I perceive, that this is the place which

hath animated the spirit, and suggested the chief manufactures of Glasgow. We propose to visit Chatsworth, the Peak, and Buxton, from which last place we shall proceed directly homewards, though by easy journeys. If the season has been as favourable in Wales, as in the north, your harvest is happily finished; and we have nothing left to think of but our October, of which let Barns be properly reminded. You will find me much better in flesh than I was at our parting; and this short separation has given a new edge to those sentiments of friendship with which I always have been, and ever shall be,

Yours, MATT. BRAMBLE.

MANCHESTER, Sept. 15.

To MRS. GWYLLIM, *Housekeeper at Brambleton Hall.*

MRS. GWILLIM, — It has pleased Providence to bring us safe back to England, and partake us in many pearls by land and water, in particular, the *Devil's Harse-a-pike*, and *Hoyden's Hole*, which hath got no bottom; and, as we are drawing huomwards, it may be proper to uprise you, that Brambleton Hall may be in a condition to receive us, after this long journey to the islands of Scotland. By the first of next month you may begin to make constant fires in my brother's chamber and mine; and burn a faggot every day in the yellow damask room; have the tester and curtains dusted, and the feather-bed and matrosses well haired; because, perhaps, with blissing of Heaven, they may be yused on some occasion. Let the ould hogsheads be well skewred and seasoned

for bear, as Mat is resolved to have his seller choak-fool.

If the house was mine I would turn over a new leaf. I don't see why the sarvants of Wales should n't drink fair water, and eat hot cakes and barley cale, as they do in Scotland, without troubling the botcher above once a quarter. I hope you keep accunt of Roger's purseeding in reverence to the buttermilk. I expect my due when I come huom, without baiting an ass, I 'll assure you. As you must have layed a great many more eggs than would be eaten, I do suppose there is a power of turks, chickings, and guzzling about the house; and a brave kergo of cheese ready for market; and that the owl has been sent to Crickhowel, saving what the maide spun in the family.

Pray let the whole house and furniture have a through cleaning from top to bottom, for the honour of Wales; and let Roger search into, and make a general clearance of the slit holes which the maids have in secret; for I know they are much given to sloath and uncleanness. I hope you have worked a reformation among them, as I exhorted you in my last, and set their hearts upon better things than they can find in junkitting and caterwauling with the fellows of the country.

As for Win Jenkins, she has undergone a perfect metamurphysis, and is become a new creeter from the ammunition of Humphry Clinker, our new footman, a pious young man, who has laboured exceedingly, that she may bring forth fruits of repentance. I make no doubt but he will take the same pains with that pert hussy Mary Jones, and all of you; and that he

may have power given to penetrate and instill his goodness, even into your most inward parts, is the fervent prayer of, Your friend in the spirit,

Sept. 18. TAB. BRAMBLE.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS, — Lismahago is more paradoxical than ever. The late gulp he had of his native air seems to have blown fresh spirits into all his polemical faculties. I congratulated him the other day on the present flourishing state of his country, observing, that the Scotch were now in a fair way to wipe off the national reproach of poverty, and expressing my satisfaction at the happy effects of the Union, so conspicuous in the improvement of their agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and manners. The lieutenant, screwing up his features into a look of dissent and disgust, commented on my remarks to this effect: —

"Those who reproach a nation for its poverty, when it is not owing to the profligacy or vice of the people, deserve no answer. The Lacedemonians were poorer than the Scotch, when they took the lead among all the free states of Greece, and were esteemed above them all for their valour and their virtue. The most respectable heroes of ancient Rome, such as Fabricius, Cincinnatus, and Regulus, were poorer than the poorest freeholder in Scotland; and there are at this day individuals in North Britain, one of whom can produce more gold and silver than the whole republic of Rome could raise at those times

when her public virtue shone with unrivalled lustre; and poverty was so far from being a reproach, that it added fresh laurels to her fame, because it indicated a noble contempt of wealth, which was proof against all the arts of corruption. If poverty be a subject of reproach, it follows, that wealth is the object of esteem and veneration. In that case there are Jews and others in Amsterdam and London, enriched by usury, peculation, and different species of fraud and extortion, who are more estimable than the most virtuous and illustrious members of the community; an absurdity which no man in his senses will offer to maintain. Riches are certainly no proof of merit. Nay, they are often, if not most commonly, acquired by persons of sordid minds and mean talents. Nor do they give any intrinsic worth to the possessor; but, on the contrary, tend to pervert his understanding, and render his morals more depraved.

"But granting that poverty were really matter of reproach, it cannot be justly imputed to Scotland. No country is poor that can supply its inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and even afford articles for exportation. Scotland is rich in natural advantages. It produces every species of provision in abundance, vast herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with a great number of horses; prodigious quantities of wool and flax, with plenty of copse wood, and in some parts large forests of timber. The earth is still more rich below than above the surface. It yields inexhaustible stores of coal, freestone, marble, lead, iron, copper, and silver, with some gold. The sea abounds with excellent fish, and salt to cure them

for exportation; and there are creeks and harbours round the whole kingdom, for the convenience and security of navigation. The face of the country displays a surprising number of cities, towns, villas, and villages, swarming with people; and there seems to be no want of art, industry, government, and police. — Such a kingdom never can be called poor, in any sense of the word, though there may be many others more powerful and opulent. But the proper use of those advantages, and the present prosperity of the Scotch, you seem to derive from the Union of the two kingdoms."

I said, I supposed he would not deny that the appearance of the country was much mended; that the people lived better, had more trade, and a greater quantity of money circulating since the Union than before. "I may safely admit these premises," answered the lieutenant, "without subscribing to your inference. The difference you mention, I should take to be the natural progress of improvement. — Since that period, other nations, such as the Swedes, the Danes, and in particular the French, have greatly increased in commerce, without any such cause assigned. Before the Union, there was a remarkable spirit of trade among the Scotch, as appeared in the case of their Darien Company, in which they had embarked no less than four hundred thousand pounds sterling; and in the flourishing state of the maritime towns in Fife, and on the eastern coast, enriched by their trade with France, which failed in consequence of the Union. The only solid commercial advantage reaped from that measure was the privilege of trading to the

English plantations; yet, excepting Glasgow and Dumfries, I don't know any other Scotch towns concerned in that traffic. In other respects, I conceive the Scotch were losers by the Union. They lost the independency of their state, the greatest prop of national spirit; they lost their parliament, and their courts of justice were subjected to the revision and supremacy of an English tribunal."

"Softly, captain," cried I, "you cannot be said to have lost your own parliament, while you are represented in that of Great Britain."—"True," said he, with a sarcastic grin, "in debates of national competition, the sixteen peers and forty-five commoners of Scotland must make a formidable figure in the scale, against the whole English legislature."—"Be that as it may," I observed, "while I had the honour to sit in the Lower House, the Scotch members had always the majority on their side."—"I understand you, sir," said he, "they generally side with the majority; so much the worse for their constituents. But even this evil is not the worst they have sustained by the Union. Their trade has been saddled with grievous impositions, and every article of living severely taxed, to pay the interest of enormous debts contracted by the English, in support of measures and connexions in which the Scotch had no interest nor concern." I begged he would at least allow, that, by the Union, the Scotch were admitted to all the privileges and immunities of English subjects; by which means multitudes of them were provided for in the army and navy, and got fortunes in different parts of England and its dominions. "All

these," said he, "become English subjects to all intents and purposes, and are in a great measure lost to their mother country. The spirit of rambling and adventure has been always peculiar to the natives of Scotland. If they had not met with encouragement in England, they would have served and settled, as formerly, in other countries, such as Muscovy, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Germany, France, Piedmont, and Italy, in all which nations their descendants continue to flourish even at this day."

By this time my patience began to fail, and I exclaimed, "For God's sake, what has England got by this Union, which, you say, has been so productive of misfortune to the Scotch?" — "Great and manifold are the advantages which England derives from the Union," said Lismahago, in a solemn tone. "First and foremost, the settlement of the Protestant succession, a point which the English ministry drove with such eagerness, that no stone was left unturned to cajole and bribe a few leading men, to cram the Union down the throats of the Scottish nation, who were surprisingly averse to the expedient. They gained by it a considerable addition of territory, extending their dominion to the sea on all sides of the island, thereby shutting up all back doors against the enterprises of their enemies. They got an accession of above a million of useful subjects, constituting a never-failing nursery of seamen, soldiers, labourers, and mechanics; a most valuable acquisition to a trading country, exposed to foreign wars, and obliged to maintain a number of settlements in all the four quarters of the globe. In the course of seven

years, during the last war, Scotland furnished the English army and navy with seventy thousand men, over and above those who migrated to their colonies, or mingled with them at home in the civil departments of life. This was a very considerable and seasonable supply to a nation, whose people had been for many years decreasing in number, and whose lands and manufactures were actually suffering for want of hands. I need not remind you of the hackneyed maxim, that, to a nation in such circumstances, a supply of industrious people is a supply of wealth; nor repeat an observation, which is now received as an eternal truth, even among the English themselves, that the Scotch who settle in South Britain are remarkably sober, orderly, and industrious."

I allowed the truth of this remark, adding, that, by their industry, economy, and circumspection, many of them in England, as well as in her colonies, amassed large fortunes, with which they returned to their own country, and this was so much lost to South Britain.

"Give me leave, sir," said he, "to assure you, that in your fact you are mistaken, and in your deduction erroneous. Not one in two hundred that leaves Scotland ever returns to settle in his own country; and the few that do return, carry thither nothing that can possibly diminish the stock of South Britain; for none of their treasure stagnates in Scotland. There is a continual circulation, like that of the blood in the human body, and England is the heart, to which all the streams which it distributes are refunded and

returned; nay, in consequence of that luxury, which our connexion with England hath greatly encouraged, if not introduced, all the produce of our lands, and all the profits of our trade, are engrossed by the natives of South Britain; for you will find that the exchange between the two kingdoms is always against Scotland, and that she retains neither gold nor silver sufficient for her own circulation. The Scotch, not content with their own manufactures and produce, which would very well answer all necessary occasions, seem to vie with each other in purchasing superfluities from England, such as broadcloth, velvets, stuffs, silks, lace, furs, jewels, furniture of all sorts, sugar, rum, tea, chocolate, and coffee; in a word, not only every mode of the most extravagant luxury, but even many articles of convenience, which they might find as good, and much cheaper in their own country. For all these particulars, England, I conceive, may touch about one million sterling a year. I don't pretend to make an exact calculation; perhaps it may be something less, and perhaps a great deal more. The annual revenue arising from all the private estates of Scotland cannot fall short of a million sterling; and I should imagine their trade will amount to as much more. I know, the linen manufacture alone returns near half a million, exclusive of the home consumption of that article. If, therefore, North Britain pays a balance of a million annually to England, I insist upon it, that country is more valuable to her, in the way of commerce, than any colony in her possession, over and above the other advantages which I have

specified; therefore, they are no friends either to England or to truth, who affect to depreciate the northern part of the United Kingdom."

I must own, I was at first a little nettled to find myself schooled in so many particulars. Though I did not receive all his assertions as gospel, I was not prepared to refute them; and I cannot help now acquiescing in his remarks, so far as to think, that the contempt for Scotland, which prevails too much on this side of the Tweed, is founded on prejudice and error. After some recollection, "Well, captain," said I, "you have argued stoutly for the importance of your own country. For my part, I have such a regard for our fellow-subjects of North Britain, that I should be glad to see the day when your peasants can afford to give all their oats to their cattle, hogs, and poultry, and indulge themselves with good wheaten loaves, instead of such poor, unpalatable, and inflammatory diet." Here again I brought myself into a præmunire with the disputatious Caledonian. He said, he hoped he should never see the common people lifted out of that sphere for which they were intended by nature and the course of things; that they might have some reason to complain of their bread, if it were mixed, like that of Norway, with saw-dust and fish-bones; but that oatmeal was, he apprehended, as nourishing and salutary as wheat-flour, and the Scotch in general thought it at least as savoury. He affirmed, that a mouse, which in the article of self-preservation, might be supposed to act from infallible instinct, would always prefer oats to wheat, as appeared from experience; for, in a place where

there was a parcel of each, that animal had never begun to feed upon the latter till all the oats were consumed. For their nutritive quality, he appealed to the hale robust constitutions of the people, who lived chiefly upon oatmeal; and instead of being inflammatory, he asserted, that it was cooling, subacid, balsamic, and mucilaginous; insomuch, that, in all inflammatory distempers, recourse was had to water-gruel, and flummery made of oatmeal.

"At least," said I, "give me leave to wish them such a degree of commerce as may enable them to follow their own inclinations." — "Heaven forbid!" cried the philosopher. "Woe be to that nation where the multitude is at liberty to follow their own inclinations! Commerce is undoubtedly a blessing, while restrained within its proper channels; but a glut of wealth brings along with it a glut of evils. It brings false taste, false appetite, false wants, profusion, venality, contempt of order, engendering a spirit of licentiousness, insolence, and faction, that keeps the community in continual ferment, and in time destroys all the distinctions of civil society; so that universal anarchy and uproar must ensue. Will any sensible man affirm, that the national advantages of opulence are to be sought on these terms? No, sure; — but I am one of those who think, that, by proper regulations, commerce may produce every national benefit, without the allay of such concomitant evils."

So much for the dogmata of my friend Lismahago, whom I describe the more circumstantially, as I firmly believe he will set up his rest in Monmouth-

shire. Yesterday, while I was alone with him, he asked, in some confusion, if I should have any objection to the success of a gentleman and a soldier, provided he should be so fortunate as to engage my sister's affection? I answered, without hesitation, that my sister was old enough to judge for herself; and that I should be very far from disapproving any resolution she might take in his favour. His eyes sparkled at this declaration. He declared, he should think himself the happiest man on earth to be connected with my family; and that he should never be weary of giving me proofs of his gratitude and attachment. I suppose Tabby and he are already agreed, in which case we shall have a wedding at Brambleton Hall, and you shall give away the bride. It is the least thing you can do, by way of atonement for your former cruelty to that poor love-sick maiden, who has been so long a thorn in the side of

Yours, MATT. BRAMBLE.

Sept. 20.

We have been at Buxton; but, as I did not much relish either the company or the accommodations, and had no occasion for the water, we stayed but two nights in the place.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR WAT, — Adventures begin to thicken as we advance to the southward. Lismahago has now professed himself the admirer of our aunt, and carries on his addresses under the sanction of her brother's approbation; so that we shall certainly have a wedding

by Christmas. I should be glad you was present at the nuptials, to help me to throw the stocking, and perform other ceremonies peculiar to the occasion. I am sure it will be productive of some diversion; and, truly, it would be worth your while to come across the country on purpose to see two such original figures in bed together, with their laced night-caps; he the emblem of good cheer, and she the picture of good-nature. All this agreeable prospect was clouded, and had well-nigh vanished entirely, in consequence of a late misunderstanding between the future brothers-in-law, which, however, is now happily removed.

A few days ago, my uncle and I, going to visit a relation, met with Lord Oxmington at his house, who asked us to dine with him next day, and we accepted the invitation. Accordingly, leaving our women under the care of Captain Lismahago, at the inn where we had lodged the preceding night, in a little town, about a mile from his lordship's dwelling, we went at the hour appointed, and had a fashionable meal, served up with much ostentation, to a company of about a dozen persons, none of whom we had ever seen before. His lordship is much more remarkable for his pride and caprice than for his hospitality and understanding; and, indeed, it appeared that he considered his guests merely as objects to shine upon, so as to reflect the lustre of his own magnificence. There was much state, but no courtesy; and a great deal of compliment, without any conversation.

Before the dessert was removed, our noble entertainer proposed three general toasts; then calling for

a glass of wine, and bowing all round, wished us a good afternoon. This was the signal for the company to break up, and they obeyed it immediately, all except our squire, who was greatly shocked at the manner of this dismission. He changed countenance, bit his lip in silence, but still kept his seat, so that his lordship found himself obliged to give us another hint, by saying he should be glad to see us another time. "There is no time like the present time," cried Mr. Bramble; "your lordship has not yet drank a bumper to *the best in Christendom.*" — "I'll drink no more bumpers to-day," answered our landlord; "and I am sorry to see you have drank too many — order the gentleman's carriage to the gate." So saying, he rose and retired abruptly; our squire starting up at the same time, laying his hand upon his sword, and eyeing him with a most ferocious aspect. The master having vanished in this manner, our uncle bade one of the servants see what was to pay; and the fellow answering, "This is no inn": — "I cry you mercy," said the other, "I perceive it is not; if it were, the landlord would be more civil. There 's a guinea, however; take it, and tell your lord, that I shall not leave the country till I have had an opportunity to thank him in person for his politeness and hospitality."

We then walked downstairs through a double range of lacqueys, and getting into the chaise, proceeded homewards. Perceiving the squire much ruffled, I ventured to disapprove of his resentment, observing, that, as Lord Oxmington was well known to have his brain very ill timbered, a sensible man should rather

laugh than be angry at his ridiculous want of breeding. Mr. Bramble took umbrage at my presuming to be wiser than he upon this occasion; and told me, that, as he had always thought for himself in every occurrence in life, he would still use the same privilege, with my good leave.

When we returned to our inn, he closeted Lismahago; and having explained his grievance, desired that gentleman to go and demand satisfaction of Lord Oxmington in his name. The lieutenant charged himself with this commission, and immediately set out a-horseback for his lordship's house, attended, at his own request, by my man Archy M'Alpin, who had been used to military service; and truly, if M'Alpin had been mounted upon an ass, this couple might have passed for the knight of La Mancha and his squire Panza. It was not till after some demur, that Lismahago obtained a private audience, at which he formally defied his lordship to single combat, in the name of Mr. Bramble, and desired him to appoint the time and place. Lord Oxmington was so confounded at this unexpected message, that he could not, for some time, make any articulate reply; but stood staring at the lieutenant with manifest marks of perturbation. At length, ringing a bell with great vehemence, he exclaimed, "What! a commoner send a challenge to a peer of the realm! — Privilege! privilege! — Here 's a person brings me a challenge from the Welshman that dined at my table. An impudent fellow! — My wine is not yet out of his head."

The whole house was immediately in commotion.

M'Alpin made a soldierly retreat with the two horses; but the captain was suddenly surrounded and disarmed by the footmen, whom a French valet-de-chambre headed in this exploit; his sword was passed through a close-stool, and his person through the horse-pond. In this plight he returned to the inn, half mad with his disgrace. So violent was the rage of his indignation, that he mistook its object. He wanted to quarrel with Mr. Bramble; he said he had been dishonoured on his account, and he looked for reparation at his hands. My uncle's back was up in a moment; and he desired him to explain his pretensions. "Either compel Lord Oxmington to give me satisfaction," cried he, "or give it me in your person." — "The latter part of the alternative is the most easy and expeditious," replied the squire, starting up; "if you are disposed for a walk, I 'll attend you this moment."

Here they were interrupted by Mrs. Tabby, who had overheard all that passed. She now burst into the room, and running betwixt them, in great agitation, "Is this your regard for me," said she to the lieutenant, "to seek the life of my brother?" Lismahago, who seemed to grow cool as my uncle grew hot, assured her he had a very great respect for Mr. Bramble, but he had still more for his own honour, which had suffered pollution; but if that could be once purified, he should have no farther cause for dissatisfaction. The squire said, he should have thought it incumbent upon him to vindicate the lieutenant's honour; but as he now carved for himself, he might swallow and digest it as well as he could. In a word,

what betwixt the mediation of Mrs. Tabitha, the recollection of the captain, who perceived he had gone too far, and the remonstrances of your humble servant, who joined them at this juncture, those two originals were perfectly reconciled; and then we proceeded to deliberate upon the means of taking vengeance for the insults they had received from the petulant peer; for until that aim should be accomplished, Mr. Bramble swore, with great emphasis, that he would not leave the inn where we now lodged, even if he should pass his Christmas on the spot.

In consequence of our deliberations, we next day, in the forenoon, proceeded in a body to his lordship's house, all of us, with our servants, including the coachman, mounted a-horseback, with our pistols loaded and ready primed. Thus prepared for action, we paraded solemnly and slowly before his lordship's gate, which we passed three times, in such a manner, that he could not but see us, and suspect the cause of our appearance. After dinner we returned, and performed the same cavalcade, which was again repeated the morning following; but we had no occasion to persist in these manœuvres. About noon we were visited by the gentleman at whose house we had first seen Lord Oxmington. He now came to make apologies in the name of his lordship, who declared he had no intention to give offence to my uncle, in practising what had been always the custom of his house; and that as for the indignities which had been put upon the officer, they were offered without his lordship's knowledge, at the instigation

of his valet-de-chambre. "If that be the case," said my uncle, in a peremptory tone, "I shall be contented with Lord Oxmington's personal excuses; and I hope my friend will be satisfied with his lordship's turning that insolent rascal out of his service."—"Sir," cried Lismahago, "I must insist upon taking personal vengeance for the personal injuries I have sustained."

After some debate, the affair was adjusted in this manner. His lordship, meeting us at our friend's house, declared he was sorry for what had happened; and that he had no intention to give umbrage. The valet-de-chambre asked pardon of the lieutenant upon his knees, when Lismahago, to the astonishment of all present, gave him a violent kick on the face, which laid him on his back, exclaiming in a furious tone, "*Oui, je te pardonne, gens foutre.*"

Such was the fortunate issue of this perilous adventure, which threatened abundance of vexation to our family; for the squire is one of those who will sacrifice both life and fortune, rather than leave what he conceives to be the least speck or blemish upon his honour and reputation. His lordship had no sooner pronounced his apology, with a very bad grace, than he went away in some disorder, and, I daresay, he will never invite another Welshman to his table.

We forthwith quitted the field of this achievement, in order to prosecute our journey; but we followed no determinate course. We make small deviations to see the remarkable towns, villas, and curiosities on each side of our route; so that we advance by slow steps towards the borders of Mon-

mouthshire. But, in the midst of these irregular motions, there is no aberration nor eccentricity in that affection with which I am, dear Wat, yours always, J. Melford.

September 28.

To Dr. Lewis.

Dear Dick, — At what time of life may a man think himself exempted from the necessity of sacrificing his repose to the punctilios of a contemptible world? I have been engaged in a ridiculous adventure, which I shall recount at meeting; and this, I hope, will not be much longer delayed, as we have now performed almost all our visits, and seen everything that I think has any right to retard us in our journey homewards. A few days ago, understanding, by accident, that my old friend Baynard was in the country, I would not pass so near his habitation without paying him a visit, though our correspondence had been interrupted for a long course of years.

I felt myself very sensibly affected by the ideas of our past intimacy, as we approached the place where we had spent so many happy days together; but when we arrived at the house, I could not recognise any one of those objects which had been so deeply impressed upon my remembrance. The tall oaks that shaded the avenue had been cut down, and the iron gates at the end of it removed, together with the high wall that surrounded the court-yard. The house itself, which was formerly a convent of Cistercian monks, had a venerable appearance; and along the front that looked into the garden, was a

stone gallery, which afforded me many an agreeable walk, when I was disposed to be contemplative. Now the old front is covered with a screen of modern architecture; so that all without is Grecian, and all within Gothic. As for the garden, which was well stocked with the best fruit which England could produce, there is not now the least vestige remaining of trees, walls, or hedges. Nothing appears but a naked circus of loose sand, with a dry bason and a leaden Triton in the middle.

You must know that Baynard, at his father's death had a clear estate of fifteen hundred pounds a year, and was in other respects extremely well qualified to make a respectable figure in the commonwealth; but, what with some excesses of youth, and the expense of a contested election, he, in a few years, found himself encumbered with a debt of ten thousand pounds, which he resolved to discharge by means of a prudent marriage. He accordingly married a Miss Thomson, whose fortune amounted to double the sum that he owed. She was the daughter of a citizen who had failed in trade; but her fortune came by an uncle, who died in the East Indies. Her own parents being dead, she lived with a maiden aunt, who had superintended her education, and, in all appearance, was well enough qualified for the usual purposes of the married state. Her virtues, however, stood rather upon a negative than a positive foundation. She was neither proud, insolent, nor capricious, nor given to scandal, nor addicted to gaming, nor inclined to gallantry. She could read, and write, and dance, and sing, and play upon the

harpsichord, and smatter French, and take a hand at whist and ombre ; but even these accomplishments she possessed by halves. She excelled in nothing. Her conversation was flat, her style mean, and her expression embarrassed. In a word, her character was totally insipid. Her person was not disagreeable ; but there was nothing graceful in her address, nor engaging in her manners ; and she was so ill-qualified to do the honours of the house, that when she sat at the head of the table, one was always looking for the mistress of the family in some other place.

Baynard had flattered himself that it would be no difficult matter to mould such a subject after his own fashion, and that she would cheerfully enter into his views, which were wholly turned to domestic happiness. He proposed to reside always in the country, of which he was fond to a degree of enthusiasm ; to cultivate his estate, which was very improvable ; to enjoy the exercise of rural diversions ; to maintain an intimacy of correspondence with some friends that were settled in his neighbourhood ; to keep a comfortable house, without suffering his expenses to exceed the limits of his income ; and to find pleasure and employment for his wife in the management and avocations of her own family. This, however, was a visionary scheme, which he never was able to realise. His wife was as ignorant as a new-born babe of everything that related to the conduct of a family ; and she had no idea of a country life. Her understanding did not reach so far as to comprehend the first principles of discretion ; and

indeed, if her capacity had been better than it was, her natural indolence would not have permitted her to abandon a certain routine to which she had been habituated. She had not taste enough to relish any rational enjoyment; but her ruling passion was vanity, not that species which arises from self-conceit of superior accomplishments, but that which is of a bastard and idiot nature, excited by show and ostentation, which implies not even the least consciousness of any personal merit.

The nuptial peal of noise and nonsense being rung out in all the usual changes, Mr. Baynard thought it high time to make her acquainted with the particulars of the plan which he had projected. He told her that his fortune, though sufficient to afford all the comforts of life, was not ample enough to command all the superfluities of pomp and pageantry, which, indeed, were equally absurd and intolerable. He therefore hoped she would have no objection to their leaving London in the spring, when he would take the opportunity to dismiss some unnecessary domestics, whom he had hired for the occasion of their marriage. She heard him in silence, and, after some pause, "So," said she, "I am to be buried in the country!" He was so confounded at this reply, that he could not speak for some minutes: at length he told her he was much mortified to find he had proposed anything that was disagreeable to her ideas. "I am sure," added he, "I meant nothing more than to lay down a comfortable plan of living within the bounds of our fortune, which is but moderate." — "Sir," added she, "you are the best judge

of your own affairs. My fortune, I know, does not exceed twenty thousand pounds; yet, even with that pittance, I might have had a husband who would not have begrudged me a house in London"—"Good God! my dear," cried poor Baynard, in the utmost agitation, "you don't think me so sordid—I only hinted what I thought—but I don't pretend to impose"—"Yes, sir," resumed the lady, "it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey."

So saying, she burst into tears, and retired to her chamber, where she was joined by her aunt. He endeavoured to recollect himself, and act with vigour of mind on this occasion; but was betrayed by the tenderness of his nature, which was the greatest defect of his constitution. He found the aunt in tears, and the niece in a fit, which held her the best part of eight hours, at the expiration of which, she began to talk incoherently about *death* and her *dear husband*, who had sat by her all this time, and now pressed her hand to his lips in a transport of grief and penitence for the offence he had given. From thenceforward he carefully avoided mentioning the country; and they continued to be sucked deeper and deeper into the vortex of extravagance and dissipation, leading what is called a fashionable life in town. About the latter end of July, however, Mrs. Baynard, in order to exhibit a proof of conjugal obedience, desired, of her own accord, that they might pay a visit to his country house, as there was no company left in London. He would have excused himself from this excursion, which was no part of the economical plan he had proposed; but she insisted

upon making this sacrifice to his taste and prejudices, and away they went with such an equipage as astonished the whole country. All that remained of the season was engrossed by receiving and returning visits in the neighbourhood; and, in this intercourse, it was discovered that Sir John Chickwell had a house steward and one footman in livery more than the complement of Mr. Baynard's household. This remark was made by the aunt at table, and assented to by the husband, who observed, that Sir John Chickwell might very well afford to keep more servants than were found in the family of a man who had not half his fortune. Mrs. Baynard ate no supper that evening; but was seized with a violent fit, which completed her triumph over the spirit of her consort. The two supernumerary servants were added. The family plate was sold for old silver, and a new service procured; fashionable furniture was provided, and the whole house turned topsy-turvy.

At their return to London, in the beginning of winter, he, with a heavy heart, communicated these particulars to me in confidence. Before his marriage he had introduced me to the lady as his particular friend; and I now offered, in that character, to lay before her the necessity of reforming her economy, if she had any regard to the interest of her own family, or complaisance for the inclinations of her husband. But Baynard declined my offer, on the supposition that his wife's nerves were too delicate to bear expostulation; and that it would only serve to overwhelm her with such distress as would make himself miserable.

Baynard is a man of spirit, and had she proved a termagant, he would have known how to deal with her; but, either by accident or instinct, she fastened upon the weak side of his soul, and held it so fast, that he has been in subjection ever since. I afterwards advised him to carry her abroad to France and Italy, where he might gratify her vanity for half the expense it cost him in England; and this advice he followed accordingly. She was agreeably flattered with the idea of seeing and knowing foreign parts and foreign fashions, of being presented to sovereigns, and living familiarly with princes. She forthwith seized the hint, which I had thrown out on purpose, and even pressed Mr. Baynard to hasten his departure; so that, in a few weeks, they crossed the sea to France, with a moderate train, still including the aunt, who was her bosom counsellor, and abetted her in all her opposition to her husband's will. Since that period I have had little or no opportunity to renew our former correspondence. All that I knew of his transactions amounted to no more than that, after an absence of two years, they returned so little improved in economy, that they launched out into new oceans of extravagance, which at length obliged him to mortgage his estate. By this time she had borne him three children, of which the last only survives, a puny boy of twelve or thirteen, who will be ruined in his education by the indulgence of his mother.

As for Baynard, neither his own good sense, nor the dread of indigence, nor the consideration of his children, has been of force sufficient to stimulate him

into the resolution of breaking at once the shameful spell by which he seems enchanted. With a taste capable of the most refined enjoyment, a heart glowing with all the warmth of friendship and humanity, and a disposition strongly turned to the more rational pleasures of a retired and country life, he is hurried about in a perpetual tumult, amidst a mob of beings pleased with rattles, baubles, and gewgaws, so void of sense and distinction, that even the most acute philosophy would find it a very hard task to discover for what wise purposes of Providence they were created. Friendship is not to be found, nor can the amusements for which he sighs be enjoyed, within the rotation of absurdity to which he is doomed for life. He has long resigned all views of improving his fortune by management and attention to the exercise of husbandry, in which he delighted; and, as to domestic happiness, not the least glimpse of hope remains to amuse his imagination. Thus blasted in all his prospects, he could not fail to be overwhelmed with melancholy and chagrin, which have preyed upon his health and spirits in such a manner, that he is now threatened with a consumption.

I have given you a sketch of the man whom the other day I went to visit. At the gate we found a great number of powdered lacqueys, but no civility. After we had sat a considerable time in the coach, we were told, that Mr. Baynard had rode out, and that his lady was dressing; but we were introduced to a parlour, so very fine and delicate, that in all appearance it was designed to be seen only, not inhabited. The chairs and couches were carved, gilt, and covered

with rich damask, so smooth and sleek, that they looked as if they had never been sat upon. There was no carpet on the floor; but the boards were rubbed and waxed in such a manner, that we could not walk, but were obliged to slide along them; and, as for the stove, it was too bright and polished to be polluted with sea-coal, or stained by the smoke of any gross material fire. When we had remained above half an hour, sacrificing to the inhospitable powers in this *temple of cold reception*, my friend Baynard arrived, and, understanding we were in the house, made his appearance, so meagre, yellow, and dejected, that I really should not have known him, had I met with him in any other place. Running up to me, with great eagerness, he strained me in his embrace, and his heart was so full, that for some minutes he could not speak. Having saluted us all round, he perceived our uncomfortable situation, and, conducting us into another apartment, which had fire in the chimney, called for chocolate; then, withdrawing, he returned with a compliment from his wife, and, in the meantime, presented his son Harry, a shambling blear-eyed boy, in the habit of a hussar, very rude, forward, and impertinent. His father would have sent him to a boarding-school, but his mamma and aunt would not hear of his lying out of the house; so that there was a clergyman engaged as his tutor in the family.

As it was but just turned of twelve, and the whole house was in a commotion to prepare a formal entertainment, I foresaw it would be late before we dined, and proposed a walk to Mr. Baynard, that we might

converse together freely. In the course of this perambulation, when I expressed some surprise that he had returned so soon from Italy, he gave me to understand, that his going abroad had not at all answered the purpose for which he left England; that, although the expense of living was not so great in Italy as at home, respect being had to the same rank of life in both countries, it had been found necessary for him to lift himself above his usual style, that he might be on some footing with the counts, marquisses, and cavaliers, with whom he kept company. He was obliged to hire a great number of servants, to take off a great variety of rich clothes, and to keep a sumptuous table for the fashionable sorocconi of the country, who, without a consideration of this kind, would not have paid any attention to an untitled foreigner, let his family or fortune be ever so respectable. Besides, Mrs. Baynard was continually surrounded by a train of expensive loungers, under the denomination of language-masters, musicians, painters, and ciceroni; and had actually fallen into the disease of buying pictures and antiques upon her own judgment, which was far from being infallible.

At length she met with an affront, which gave her a disgust to Italy, and drove her back to England with some precipitation. By means of frequenting the Duchess of B——'s conversazione while her grace was at Rome, Mrs. Baynard became acquainted with all the fashionable people of that city, and was admitted to their assemblies without scruple. Thus favoured, she conceived too great an idea of her own importance, and, when the duchess left Rome, re-

solved to have a conversazione that should leave the Romans no room to regret her grace's departure. She provided hands for a musical entertainment, and sent biglietti of invitation to every person of distinction; but not one Roman of the female sex appeared at her assembly. She was that night seized with a violent fit, and kept her bed three days, at the expiration of which she declared that the air of Italy would be the ruin of her constitution. In order to prevent this catastrophe, she was speedily removed to Geneva, from whence they returned to England by the way of Lyons and Paris. By the time they arrived at Calais, she had purchased such a quantity of silks, stuffs, and laces, that it was necessary to hire a vessel to smuggle them over, and this vessel was taken by a custom-house cutter; so that they lost the whole cargo, which had cost them above eight hundred pounds.

It now appeared that her travels had produced no effect upon her, but that of making her more expensive and fantastic than ever. She affected to lead the fashion, not only in point of female dress, but in every article of taste and connoisseurship. She made a drawing of the new façade to the house in the country; she pulled up the trees, and pulled down the walls of the garden, so as to let in the easterly wind, which Mr. Baynard's ancestors had been at great pains to exclude. To show her taste in laying out ground, she seized into her own hand a farm of two hundred acres, about a mile from the house, which she parcelled out into walks and shrubberies, having a great bason in the middle, into which she poured a whole stream that turned two mills, and afforded

the best trout in the country. The bottom of the bason, however, was so ill-secured that it would not hold the water, which strained through the earth, and made a bog of the whole plantation. In a word, the ground which formerly paid him one hundred and fifty pounds a year, now cost him two hundred pounds a year to keep it in tolerable order, over and above the first expense of trees, shrubs, flowers, turf, and gravel. There was not an inch of garden ground left about the house, nor a tree that produced fruit of any kind; nor did he raise a truss of hay or a bushel of oats for his horses, nor had he a single cow to afford milk for his tea, far less did he ever dream of feeding his own mutton, pigs, and poultry; every article of housekeeping, even the most inconsiderable, was brought from the next market town, at the distance of five miles, and thither they sent a courier every morning to fetch hot rolls for breakfast. In short, Baynard fairly owned that he spent double his income, and that in a few years he should be obliged to sell his estate for the payment of his creditors. He said, his wife had such delicate nerves, and such imbecility of spirit, that she could neither bear remonstrance, be it ever so gentle, nor practise any scheme of retrenchment, even if she perceived the necessity of such a measure. He had, therefore, ceased struggling against the stream, and endeavoured to reconcile himself to ruin, by reflecting, that his child, at least, would inherit his mother's fortune, which was secured to him by the contract of marriage.

The detail which he gave me of his affairs filled

me at once with grief and indignation. I inveighed bitterly against the indiscretion of his wife, and reproached him with his unmanly acquiescence under the absurd tyranny which she exerted. I exhorted him to recollect his resolution, and make one effectual effort to disengage himself from a thraldom equally shameful and pernicious. I offered him all the assistance in my power. I undertook to regulate his affairs, and even to bring about a reformation in his family, if he would only authorise me to execute the plan I should form for his advantage. I was so affected by the subject, that I could not help mingling tears with my remonstrances; and Baynard was so penetrated with these marks of my affection, that he lost all power of utterance. He pressed me to his breast with great emotion, and wept in silence. At length he exclaimed, "Friendship is undoubtedly the most precious balm of life! Your words, dear Bramble, have in a great measure recalled me from an abyss of despondence in which I have been long overwhelmed; I will, upon honour, make you acquainted with a distinct state of my affairs, and, as far as I am able to go, will follow the course you prescribe. But there are certain lengths which my nature —— the truth is, there are tender connexions, of which a bachelor has no idea. Shall I own my weakness? I cannot bear the thoughts of making that woman uneasy." — "And yet," cried I, "she has seen you unhappy for a series of years, unhappy from her misconduct, without ever showing the least inclination to alleviate your distress." — "Nevertheless," said he, "I am persuaded she loves me with

the most warm affection; but these are incongruities in the composition of the human mind which I hold to be inexplicable."

I was shocked at his infatuation, and changed the subject, after we had agreed to maintain a close correspondence for the future. He then gave me to understand that he had two neighbours, who, like himself, were driven by their wives at full speed in the high road to bankruptcy and ruin. All the three husbands were of dispositions very different from each other, and, according to this variation, their consorts were admirably suited to the purpose of keeping them all three in subjection. The views of the ladies were exactly the same. They vied in grandeur, that is, in ostentation, with the wife of Sir Charles Chickwell, who had four times their fortune; and she again piqued herself upon making an equal figure with a neighbouring peeress, whose revenue trebled her own. Here then was the fable of the frog and the ox realised in four different instances within the same county; one large fortune and three moderate estates in a fair way of being burst by the inflation of female vanity; and, in three of these instances, three different forms of female tyranny were exercised. Mr. Baynard was subjugated by practising upon the tenderness of his nature. Mr. Milksan, being of a timorous disposition, truckled to the insolence of a termagant. Mr. Sowerby, who was of a temper neither to be moved by fits, nor driven by menaces, had the fortune to be fitted with a helpmate who assailed him with the weapons of irony and satire, sometimes sneering in the way of compliment, some-

times throwing out sarcastic comparisons implying reproaches upon his want of taste, spirit, and generosity, by which means she stimulated his passions from one act of extravagance to another, just as the circumstances of her vanity required.

All these three ladies have at this time the same number of horses, carriages, and servants in and out of livery, the same variety of dress, the same quantity of plate and china, the like ornaments in furniture, and in their entertainments they endeavour to exceed one another in the variety, delicacy, and expense of their dishes. I believe it will be found upon inquiry, that nineteen out of twenty who are ruined by extravagance, fall a sacrifice to the ridiculous pride and vanity of silly women, whose parts are held in contempt by the very men whom they pillage and enslave. Thank Heaven, Dick, that among all the follies and weaknesses of human nature, I have not yet fallen into that of matrimony.

After Baynard and I had discussed all these matters at leisure, we returned towards the house, and met Jerry with our two women, who had come forth to take the air, as the lady of the mansion had not yet made her appearance. In short, Mrs. Baynard did not produce herself till about a quarter of an hour before dinner was upon the table. Then her husband brought her into the parlour, accompanied by her aunt and son, and she received us with a coldness of reserve sufficient to freeze the very soul of hospitality. Though she knew I had been the intimate friend of her husband, and had often seen me with him in London, she showed no marks of recog-

nition or regard, when I addressed myself to her in the most friendly terms of salutation. She did not express the common compliment of, *I am glad to see you*; or, *I hope you have enjoyed your health since we had the pleasure of seeing you*, or some such words of course; nor did she once open her mouth in the way of welcome to my sister and my niece, but sat in silence like a statue, with an aspect of insensibility. Her aunt, the model upon which she had been formed, was indeed the very essence of insipid formality; but the boy was very pert and impudent, and prated without ceasing.

At dinner, the lady maintained the same ungracious indifference, never speaking but in whispers to her aunt; and as to the repast, it was made up of a parcel of kickshaws, contrived by a French cook, without one substantial article adapted to the satisfaction of an English appetite. The pottage was little better than bread soaked in dish-washings, lukewarm. The ragouts looked as if they had been once eaten and half digested: the fricassees were involved in a nasty yellow poultice, and the rotis were scorched and stinking, for the honour of the fumet. The dessert consisted of faded fruit and iced froth, a good emblem of our landlady's character; the table-beer was sour, the water foul, and the wine vapid; but there was a parade of plate and china, and a powdered lacquey stood behind every chair, except those of the master and mistress of the house, who were served by two valets dressed like gentlemen. We dined in a large old Gothic parlour, which was formerly the hall. It was now paved with

marble, and notwithstanding the fire, which had been kindled about an hour, struck me with such a chill sensation, that, when I entered it, the teeth chattered in my jaws. In short, everything was cold, comfortless, and disgusting, except the looks of my friend Baynard, which declared the warmth of his affection and humanity.

After dinner, we withdrew into another apartment, where the boy began to be impertinently troublesome to my niece Liddy. He wanted a playfellow, forsooth, and would have romped with her, had she encouraged his advances. He was even so impudent as to snatch a kiss, at which she changed countenance, and seemed uneasy; and though his father checked him for the rudeness of his behaviour, he became so outrageous as to thrust his hand in her bosom; an insult to which she did not tamely submit, though one of the mildest creatures upon earth. Her eyes sparkled with resentment, she started up, and lent him such a box in the ear, as sent him staggering to the other side of the room.

"Miss Melford," cried his father, "you have treated him with the utmost propriety. I am only sorry that the impertinence of any child of mine should have occasioned this exertion of your spirit, which I cannot but applaud and admire." His wife was so far from assenting to the candour of his apology, that she rose from table, and taking her son by the hand, "Come, child," said she, "your father cannot abide you." So saying, she retired with this hopeful youth, and was followed by her governante. But neither the one nor

the other deigned to take the least notice of the company.

Baynard was exceedingly disconcerted; but I perceived his uneasiness was tinctured with resentment, and derived a good omen from this discovery. I ordered the horses to be put to the carriage; and, though he made some efforts to detain us all night, I insisted upon leaving the house immediately; but before I went away, I took an opportunity of speaking to him again in private. I said everything I could recollect, to animate his endeavours in shaking off those shameful trammels. I made no scruple to declare, that his wife was unworthy of that tender complaisance which he had shown for her foibles. That she was dead to all the genuine sentiments of conjugal affection; insensible of her own honour and interest, and seemingly destitute of common sense and reflection. I conjured him to remember what he owed to his father's house, to his own reputation, and to his family, including even this unreasonable woman herself, who was driving on blindly to her own destruction. I advised him to form a plan for retrenching superfluous expense, and try to convince the aunt of the necessity for such a reformation, that she might gradually prepare her niece for its execution; and I exhorted him to turn that disagreeable piece of formality out of the house, if he should find her averse to his proposal.

Here he interrupted me with a sigh, observing, that such a step would undoubtedly be fatal to Mrs. Baynard. "I shall lose all patience," cried I, "to hear you talk so weakly. Mrs. Baynard's fits will

never hurt her constitution. I believe in my conscience they are all affected. I am sure she has no feeling for your distresses; and when you are ruined, she will appear to have no feeling for her own." Finally, I took his word and honour, that he would make an effort, such as I had advised; that he would form a plan of economy, and if he found it impracticable without my assistance, he would come to Bath in the winter, where I promised to give him the meeting, and contribute all in my power to the retrieval of his affairs. With this mutual engagement we parted; and I shall think myself supremely happy, if by my means a worthy man, whom I love and esteem, can be saved from misery, disgrace, and despair.

I have only one friend more to visit in this part of the country, but he is of a complexion very different from that of Baynard. You have heard me mention Sir Thomas Bulford, whom I knew in Italy. He is now become a country gentleman; but, being disabled by the gout from enjoying any amusement abroad, he entertains himself within doors, by keeping open house for all comers, and playing upon the oddities and humours of his company. But he himself is generally the greatest original at his table. He is very good-humoured, talks much, and laughs without ceasing. I am told, that all the use he makes of his understanding at present is, to excite mirth, by exhibiting his guests in ludicrous attitudes. I know not how far we may furnish him with entertainment of this kind; but I am resolved to beat up his quarters, partly with a view to laugh with

the knight himself, and partly to pay my respects to his lady, a good-natured, sensible woman, with whom he lives upon very easy terms, although she has not had the good fortune to bring him an heir to his estate.

And now, dear Dick, I must tell you for your comfort, that you are the only man upon earth to whom I would presume to send such a long-winded epistle, which I could not find in my heart to curtail, because the subject interested the warmest passions of my heart; neither will I make any other apology to a correspondent who has been so long accustomed to the impertinence of

Sept. 30. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT, — I believe there is something mischievous in my disposition, for nothing diverts me so much as to see certain characters tormented with false terrors. — We last night lodged at the house of Sir Thomas Bulford, an old friend of my uncle, a jolly fellow, of moderate intellects, who, in spite of the gout, which hath lamed him, is resolved to be merry to the last; and mirth he has a particular knack in extracting from his guests, let their humour be never so caustic or refractory. Besides our company, there was in the house a fat-headed justice of the peace, called Frogmore, and a country practitioner in surgery, who seemed to be our landlord's chief companion and confidant. We found the knight sitting on a couch, with his crutches by his

side, and his feet supported on cushions; but he received us with a hearty welcome, and seemed greatly rejoiced at our arrival. After tea, we were entertained with a sonata on the harpsichord, by Lady Bulford, who sung and played to admiration; but Sir Thomas seemed to be a little asinine in the article of ears though he affected to be in raptures; and begged his wife to favour us with an *arietta* of her own composing. This *arietta*, however, she no sooner began to perform, than he and the justice fell asleep; but the moment she ceased playing, the knight waked snoring, and exclaimed, "*O cara!* what d' ye think, gentlemen? Will you talk any more of your Pargolesi and your Corelli?" At the same time, he thrust his tongue in one cheek, and leered with one eye at the doctor and me, who sat on his left hand. He concluded the pantomime with a loud laugh, which he could command at all times extempore. Notwithstanding his disorder, he did not do penance at supper, nor did he ever refuse his glass when the toast went round, but rather encouraged a quick circulation both by precept and example.

I soon perceived the doctor had made himself very necessary to the baronet. He was the whetstone of his wit, the butt of his satire, and his operator in certain experiments of humour, which were occasionally tried upon strangers. Justice Frogmore was an excellent subject for this species of philosophy. Sleek and corpulent, solemn and shallow, he had studied Burn with uncommon application; but he studied nothing so much as the art of living, that is, eating, well. This fat buck had often afforded good

sport to our landlord; and he was frequently started with tolerable success, in the course of this evening; but the baronet's appetite for ridicule seemed to be chiefly excited by the appearance, address, and conversation of Lismahago, whom he attempted in all the different modes of exposition; but he put me in mind of a contest that I once saw betwixt a young hound and an old hedgehog. The dog turned him over and over, and bounced, and barked, and mumbled; but as often as he attempted to bite, he felt a prickle in his jaws, and recoiled in manifest confusion. The captain, when left to himself, will not fail to turn his ludicrous side to the company; but if any man attempts to force him into that attitude, he becomes stubborn as a mule, and unmanageable as an elephant unbroke.

Divers tolerable jokes were cracked upon the justice, who ate a most unconscionable supper, and among other things, a large plate of broiled mushrooms, which he had no sooner swallowed than the doctor observed, with great gravity, that they were of the kind called *champignons*, which, in some constitutions, had a poisonous effect. Mr. Frogmore, startled at this remark, asked, in some confusion, why he had not been so kind as to give him that notice sooner. He answered, that he took it for granted, by his eating them so heartily, that he was used to the dish; but as he seemed to be under some apprehension, he prescribed a bumper of plague-water, which the justice drank off immediately, and retired to rest, not without marks of terror and disquiet.

At midnight we were shown to our different chambers, and in half an hour I was fast asleep in bed; but about three o'clock in the morning I was waked with a dismal cry of *Fire!* and, starting up, ran to the window in my shirt. The night was dark and stormy; and a number of people, half-dressed, ran backwards and forwards through the court-yard, with links and lanterns, seemingly in the utmost hurry and trepidation. Slipping on my clothes in a twinkling, I ran downstairs, and, upon inquiry, found the fire was confined to a back-stair, which led to a detached apartment where Lismahago lay. By this time the lieutenant was alarmed by a bawling at his window, which was in the second storey, but he could not find his clothes in the dark, and his room-door was locked on the outside. The servants called to him, that the house had been robbed; that, without all doubt, the villains had taken away his clothes, fastened the door, and set the house on fire, for the staircase was in flames. In this dilemma, the poor lieutenant ran about the room naked, like a squirrel in a cage, popping out his head at the window between whiles, and imploring assistance. At length, the knight in person was brought out in his chair, attended by my uncle and all the family, including our aunt Tabitha, who screamed, and cried, and tore her hair, as if she had been distracted. Sir Thomas had already ordered his people to bring a long ladder, which was applied to the captain's window, and now he exhorted him earnestly to descend. There was no need of much rhetoric to persuade Lismahago, who forthwith made his exit by the window, roaring

all the time to the people below to hold fast the ladder.

Notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion, it was impossible to behold this scene without being seized with an inclination to laugh. The rueful aspect of the lieutenant in his shirt, with a quilted night-cap fastened under his chin, and his long lank limbs and posteriors exposed to the wind, made a very picturesque appearance, when illuminated by the links and torches which the servants held up to light him in his descent. All the company stood round the ladder, except the knight, who sat in the chair, exclaiming, from time to time, "Lord have mercy upon us! — save the gentleman's life — mind your footing, dear captain! softly! — stand fast! — clasp the ladder with both hands! — there! — well done, my dear boy! — O bravo! — an old soldier for ever! — bring a blanket — bring a warm blanket to comfort his poor carcase — warm the bed in the green room — give me your hand, dear captain — I'm rejoiced to see thee safe and sound, with all my heart." Lismahago was received at the foot of the ladder by his inamorata, who, snatching a blanket from one of the maids, wrapped it about his body; two men-servants took him under the arms, and a female conducted him to the green room, still accompanied by Mrs. Tabitha, who saw him fairly put to bed. During this whole transaction, he spoke not a syllable, but looked exceedingly grim, sometimes at one, sometimes at another of the spectators, who now adjourned in a body to the parlour where we had supped, every one surveying another with marks of astonishment and curiosity.

The knight being seated in an easy-chair, seized my uncle by the hand, and, bursting into a long and loud laugh, "Mat," cried he, "crown me with oak, or ivy, or laurel, or parsley, or what you will, and acknowledge this to be a *coup de maître* in the way of waggery — ha, ha, ha! — Such a *camisicata*, *scagliata beffata!* — *O che roba!* — O, what a subject! — O, what *caricatura!* — O, for a Rosa, a Rembrandt, a Schalken! — Zooks, I 'll give a hundred guineas to have it painted — what a fine descent from the cross, or ascent to the gallows! what lights and shadows! — what a group below! what expression above! — what an aspect! — did you mind the aspect? — ha, ha, ha! — and the limbs, and the muscles — every toe denoted terror! — ha, ha, ha! — then the blanket! — O, what *costume!* St. Andrew! St. Lazarus! St. Barrabas! — ha, ha, ha!" — "After all then," cried Mr. Bramble very gravely, "this was no more than a false alarm. We have been frightened out of our beds, and almost out of our senses, for the joke's sake!" —"Ay, and such a joke!" cried our landlord, "such a farce! such a *dénouement!* such a *catastrophe!*"

"Have a little patience," replied our squire, "we are not yet come to the *catastrophe;* and pray God it may not turn out a tragedy instead of a farce. The captain is one of those saturnine subjects, who have no idea of humour. He never laughs in his own person; nor can he bear that other people should laugh at his expense. Besides, if the subject had been properly chosen, the joke was too severe in all conscience." — "'Sdeath!" cried the knight," I could not have bated him an ace, had he been my own father;

and as for the subject, such another does not present itself once in half a century." Here Mrs. Tabitha interposing, and bridling up, declared, she did not see that Mr. Lismahago was a fitter subject for ridicule than the knight himself; and that she was very much afraid, he would very soon find he had mistaken his man. The baronet was a good deal disconcerted by this intimation, saying, that he must be a Goth and a barbarian, if he did not enter into the spirit of such a happy and humorous contrivance. He begged, however, that Mr. Bramble and his sister would bring him to reason; and this request was reinforced by Lady Bulford, who did not fail to read the baronet a lecture upon his indiscretion, which lecture he received with submission on one side of the face, and a leer upon the other.

We now went to bed for the second time; and before I got up, my uncle had visited Lismahago in the green room, and used such arguments with him, that, when we met in the parlour, he seemed to be quite appeased. He received the knight's apology with a good grace, and even professed himself pleased at finding he had contributed to the diversion of the company. Sir Thomas shook him by the hand, laughing heartily; and then desired a pinch of snuff, in token of perfect reconciliation. The lieutenant putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket, pulled out, instead of his own Scotch mull, a very fine gold snuff-box, which he no sooner perceived than he said, "Here is a small mistake." — "No mistake at all," cried the baronet; "a fair exchange is no robbery. Oblige me so far, captain, as to let me keep your mull

as a memorial." — "Sir," said the lieutenant, "the mull is much at your service; but this machine I can by no means retain. It looks like compounding a sort of felony in the code of honour. Besides, I don't know but there may be another joke in this conveyance; and I don't find myself disposed to be brought upon the stage again. I won't presume to make free with your pockets, but I beg you will put it up again with your own hand." So saying, with a certain austerity of aspect, he presented the snuff-box to the knight, who received it in some confusion, and restored the mull, which he would by no means keep, except on the terms of exchange.

This transaction was like to give a grave cast to the conversation, when my uncle took notice that Mr. Justice Frogmore had not made his appearance either at the night alarm, or now at the general rendezvous. The baronet hearing Frogmore mentioned, "Odso!" cried he, "I had forgot the justice. Prithee, doctor, go and bring him out of his kennel." Then laughing till his sides were well shaken, he said he would show the captain, that he was not the only person of the drama exhibited for the entertainment of the company. As to the night scene, it could not affect the justice, who had been purposely lodged in the farther end of the house, remote from the noise, and lulled with a dose of opium into the bargain. In a few minutes, Mr. Justice was led into the parlour in his night-cap and loose morning-gown, rolling his head from side to side, and groaning piteously all the way. "Jesu! neighbour Frogmore," exclaimed the baronet, "what is the matter; you look as if you was not a man for

this world. Set him down softly on the couch — poor gentleman? Lord have mercy upon us! — What makes him so pale, and yellow, and bloated!" — "Oh, Sir Thomas!" cried the justice, "I doubt it is all over with me. These mushrooms I ate at your table have done my business — ah! oh! hey!" — "Now the Lord forbid!" said the other; "what! man — have a good heart. How does thy stomach feel? — hah."

To this interrogation he made no reply, but throwing aside his nightgown, discovered that his waistcoat would not meet upon his belly by five good inches at least. "Heaven protect us all," cried Sir Thomas; "what a melancholy spectacle; — never did I see a man so suddenly swelled, but when he was either just dead, or just dying — Doctor, canst thou do nothing for this poor object?" — "I don't think the case is quite desperate," said the surgeon, "but I would advise Mr. Frogmore to settle his affairs with all expedition; the parson may come and pray by him, while I prepare a clyster and an emetic draught." The justice rolling his languid eyes, ejaculated with great fervency, "Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us!" Then he begged the surgeon, in the name of God, to despatch — "As for my worldly affairs," said he, "they are all settled but one mortgage, which must be left to my heirs — but, my poor soul! my poor soul! what will become of my poor soul? — miserable sinner that I am!" — "Nay, prithee, my dear boy, compose thyself," resumed the knight; "consider the mercy of Heaven is infinite; thou canst not have any sins of a very deep dye on thy

conscience, or the devil 's in 't." — "Name not the devil," exclaimed the terrified Frogmore, "I have more sins to answer for than the world dreams of. Ah! friend, I have been sly — sly — d—n'd sly! — Send for the parson without loss of time, and put me to bed, for I am posting to eternity." He was accordingly raised from the couch, and supported by two servants, who led him back to his room; but before he quitted the parlour, he entreated the good company to assist him with their prayers. He added, "Take warning by me, who am suddenly cut off in my prime, like a flower of the field; and God forgive you, Sir Thomas, for suffering such poisonous trash to be eaten at your table."

He was no sooner removed out of hearing than the baronet abandoned himself to a violent fit of laughing, in which he was joined by the greatest part of the company; but we could hardly prevent the good lady from going to undeceive the patient, by discovering, that, while he slept, his waistcoat had been straitened by the contrivance of the surgeon; and that the disorder in his stomach and bowels was occasioned by some antimonial wine, which he had taken overnight, under the denomination of plague-water. She seemed to think that his apprehension might put an end to his life. The knight swore he was no such chicken, but a tough old rogue, that would live long enough to plague all his neighbours. Upon inquiry we found his character did not entitle him to much compassion or respect, and therefore we let our landlord's humour take its course.

A clyster was actually administered by an old

woman of the family, who had been Sir Thomas's nurse, and the patient took a draught made of oxymel of squills, to forward the operation of the antimonial wine, which had been retarded by the opiate of the preceding night. He was visited by the vicar, who read prayers, and began to take an account of the state of his soul, when those medicines produced their effect; so that the parson was obliged to hold his nose while he poured forth spiritual consolation from his mouth. The same expedient was used by the knight and me, who, with the doctor, entered the chamber at this juncture, and found Frogmore enthroned on an easing-chair, under the pressure of a double evacuation. The short intervals betwixt every heave he employed in crying for mercy, confessing his sins, or asking the vicar's opinion of his case; and the vicar answered, in a solemn snuffling tone, that heightened the ridicule of the scene. The emetic having done its office, the doctor interfered, and ordered the patient to be put in bed again. When he examined the *egesta*, and felt his pulse, he declared that much of the *virus* was discharged; and, giving him a composing draught, assured him he had good hopes of his recovery. This welcome hint he received with tears of joy in his eyes, protesting, that, if he should recover, he would always think himself indebted for his life to the great skill and tenderness of his doctor, whose hands he squeezed with great fervour; and thus he was left to his repose.

We were pressed to stay dinner, that we might be witnesses of his resuscitation; but my uncle insisted upon our departing before noon, that we might reach

this town before it should be dark. In the meantime, Lady Bulford conducted us into the garden to see a fish pond, just finished, which Mr. Bramble censured as being too near the parlour, where the knight now sat by himself, dozing in an elbow-chair, after the fatigues of his morning achievement. In this situation he reclined with his feet wrapped in flannel, and supported in a line with his body, when the door flying open with a violent shock, Lieutenant Lismahago rushed into the room, with horror in his looks, exclaiming, "A mad dog! a mad dog!" and throwing up the window sash, leaped into the garden. Sir Thomas, waked by this tremendous exclamation, started up, and forgetting his gout, followed the lieutenant's example by a kind of instinctive impulse. He not only bolted through the window like an arrow from a bow, but ran up to his middle in the pond before he gave the least sign of recollection. Then the captain began to bawl, "Lord have mercy upon us! pray take care of the gentleman! — for God's sake mind your footing, my dear boy! — get warm blankets — comfort his poor carcase — warm the bed in the green room."

Lady Bulford was thunderstruck at this phenomenon, and the rest of the company gazed in silent astonishment, while the servants hastened to assist their master, who suffered himself to be carried back into the parlour without speaking a word. Being instantly accommodated with dry clothes and flannels, comforted with a cordial, and replaced *in statu quo*, one of the maids was ordered to chafe his lower extremities, an operation in consequence of which

his senses seemed to return, and his good-humour to revive. As we had followed him into the room, he looked at every individual in his turn, with a certain ludicrous expression in his countenance, but fixed his eye in particular upon Lismahago, who presented him with a pinch of snuff; and when he took it in silence, "Sir Thomas Bulford," said he, "I am much obliged to you for all your favours, and some of them I have endeavoured to repay in your own coin." — "Give me thy hand," cried the baronet; "thou hast indeed paid me *scot and lot;* and even left a balance in my hands, for which, in presence of this company, I promise to be accountable." So saying, he laughed very heartily, and even seemed to enjoy the retaliation which had been exacted at his own expense; but Lady Bulford looked very grave; and, in all probability, thought the lieutenant had carried his resentment too far, considering that her husband was valetudinary — but, according to the proverb, *he that will play at bowls must expect to meet with rubbers.*

I have seen a tame bear, very diverting when properly managed, become a very dangerous wild beast when teased for the entertainment of the spectators. As for Lismahago, he seemed to think the fright and the cold bath would have a good effect upon his patient's constitution; but the doctor hinted some apprehension that the gouty matter might, by such a sudden shock, be repelled from the extremities, and thrown upon some of the more vital parts of the machine. I should be very sorry to see this prognostic verified upon our facetious landlord, who told

Mrs. Tabitha at parting, that he hoped she would remember him in the distribution of the bride's favours, as he had taken so much pains to put the captain's parts and mettle to the proof. After all, I am afraid our squire will appear to be the greatest sufferer by the baronet's wit; for his constitution is by no means calculated for night alarms. He has yawned and shivered all day, and gone to bed without supper; so that, as we have got into good quarters, I imagine we shall make a halt to-morrow; in which case, you will have at least one day's respite from the persecution of J. Melford.

Oct. 3.

To Mrs. Mary Jones, *at Brambleton Hall.*

Dear Mary, — Miss Liddy is so good as to unclose me in a kiver as fur as Gloster, and the carrier will bring it to hand. God send us all safe to Monmouthshire, for I'm quite jaded with rambling. 'T is true saying, *live and learn.* O woman, what chuckling and changing have I seen! — Well, there's nothin sartin in this world — Who would have thought that mistriss, after all the pains taken for the good of her prusias sole, would go for to throw away her poor body? that she would cast the heys of infection upon such a carrying crow as Lashmyhago! as old as Mathewsullin, as dry as a red herring, and as pore as a starved veezel — O Molly! hadst thou seen him come down the ladder, in a shurt so scanty, that it could not kiver his nakedness! The young squire called him Dunquickset; but he looked for all the

midst of my disquiet, as it in some degree lightens the burden of affliction; but it is at best a very imperfect enjoyment of friendship, because it admits of no return of confidence and good counsel. I would give the whole world to have your company for a single day. I am heartily tired of this itinerant way of life. I am quite dizzy with a perpetual succession of objects; besides, it is impossible to travel such a length of way, without being exposed to inconveniences, dangers, and disagreeable accidents, which prove very grievous to a poor creature of weak nerves like me, and make me pay very dear for the gratification of my curiosity.

Nature never intended me for the busy world; I long for repose and solitude, where I can enjoy that disinterested friendship which is not to be found among crowds, and indulge those pleasing reveries that shun the hurry and tumult of fashionable society. Unexperienced as I am in the commerce of life, I have seen enough to give me a disgust to the generality of those who carry it on; there is such malice, treachery, and dissimulation, even among professed friends and intimate companions, as cannot fail to strike a virtuous mind with horror; and when vice quits the stage for a moment, her place is immediately occupied by folly, which is often too serious to excite anything but compassion. Perhaps I ought to be silent on the foibles of my poor aunt; but with you, my dear Willis, I have no secrets; and truly her weaknesses are such as cannot be concealed. Since the first moment we arrived at Bath, she has been employed constantly in spreading nets for the other

sex; and at length she has caught a superannuated lieutenant, who is in a fair way to make her change her name. My uncle and my brother seem to have no objection to this extraordinary match, which, I make no doubt, will afford abundance of matter of conversation and mirth; for my part, I am too sensible of my own weaknesses to be diverted with those of other people. At present I have something at heart that employs my whole attention, and keeps my mind in the utmost terror and suspense.

Yesterday, in the forenoon, as I stood with my brother at the parlour window of an inn where we had lodged, a person passed a-horseback, whom, gracious Heaven! I instantly discovered to be Wilson! He wore a white riding coat, with the cape buttoned up to his chin; looked remarkably pale, and passed at a round trot, without seeming to observe us; indeed he could not see us, for there was a blind that concealed us from the view. You may guess how I was affected at this apparition. The light forsook my eyes, and I was seized with such a palpitation and trembling that I could not stand. I sat down upon a couch, and strove to compose myself, that my brother might not perceive my agitation; but it was impossible to escape his prying eyes. He had observed the object that alarmed me, and doubtless knew him at the first glance. He now looked at me with a stern countenance, then he ran out into the street, to see what road the unfortunate horseman had taken. He afterwards despatched his man for farther intelligence, and seemed to meditate some violent design. My uncle being out of order, we remained

another night at the inn; and all day long Jerry acted the part of an indefatigable spy upon my conduct; he watched my very looks with such eagerness of attention, as if he would have penetrated into the inmost recesses of my heart. This may be owing to his regard for my honour, if it is not the effect of his own pride; but he is so hot, and violent, and unrelenting, that the sight of him alone throws me into a flutter; and really it will not be in my power to afford him any share of my affection, if he persists in persecuting me at this rate. I am afraid he has formed some scheme of vengeance, which will make me completely wretched! I am afraid he suspects some collusion from this appearance of Wilson. Good God! did he really appear! or was it only a phantom, a pale spectre to apprise me of his death!

O Letty, what shall I do? where shall I turn for advice and consolation? shall I implore the protection of my uncle, who has been always kind and compassionate? — this must be my last resource. I dread the thoughts of making him uneasy, and would rather suffer a thousand deaths than live the cause of dissension in the family. I cannot perceive the meaning of Wilson's coming hither; perhaps he was in quest of us, in order to disclose his real name and situation; but wherefore pass without staying to make the least inquiry? My dear Willis, I am lost in conjecture; I have not closed an eye since I saw him. All night long have I been tossed about from one imagination to another. The reflection finds no resting-place. I have prayed, and sighed, and wept plentifully. If this terrible suspense continues much

longer I shall have another fit of illness, and then the whole family will be in confusion. If it was consistent with the wise purposes of Providence, would I were in my grave; but it is my duty to be resigned. My dearest Letty, excuse my weakness, excuse these blots; my tears fall so fast that I cannot keep the paper dry; yet I ought to consider that I have as yet no cause to despair; but I am such a faint-hearted, timorous creature!

Thank God, my uncle is much better than he was yesterday; he is resolved to pursue our journey straight to Wales. I hope we shall take Gloucester in our way; that hope cheers my poor heart: I shall once more embrace my best beloved Willis, and pour all my griefs into her friendly bosom. O Heaven! is it possible that such happiness is reserved for

The dejected and forlorn

October 4. LYDIA MELFORD.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jesus College, Oxon.*

DEAR WATKIN, — I yesterday met with an incident which I believe you will own to be very surprising. As I stood with Liddy at the window of the inn where we had lodged, who should pass by but Wilson a-horseback? I could not be mistaken in the person, for I had a full view of him as he advanced; I plainly perceived by my sister's confusion that she recognised him at the same time. I was equally astonished and incensed at his appearance, which I could not but interpret into an insult, or something worse. I ran out at the gate, and, seeing him turn

the corner of the street, I despatched my servant to observe his motions, but the fellow was too late to bring me that satisfaction. He told me, however, that there was an inn, called the Red Lion, at that end of the town, where he supposed the horseman had alighted, but that he would not inquire without farther orders. I sent him back immediately to know what strangers were in the house, and he returned with a report that there was one Mr. Wilson lately arrived. In consequence of this information, I charged him with a note directed to that gentleman, desiring him to meet me in half an hour, in a certain field at the town's end, with a case of pistols, in order to decide the difference which could not be determined at our last rencontre; but I did not think proper to subscribe the billet. My man assured me he had delivered it into his own hand; and that, having read it, he declared he would wait upon the gentleman at the place and time appointed.

M'Alpin being an old soldier, and luckily sober at the time, I entrusted him with my secret. I ordered him to be within call; and, having given him a letter to be delivered to my uncle in case of accident, I repaired to the rendezvous, which was an enclosed field at a little distance from the highway. I found my antagonist had already taken his ground, wrapped in a dark horseman's coat, with a laced hat flapped over his eyes; but what was my astonishment, when, throwing off this wrapper, he appeared to be a person whom I had never seen before! He had one pistol stuck in a leather belt, and another in his hand ready for action, and, advancing a few steps, called to know

if I was ready; I answered "No," and desired a parley; upon which he turned the muzzle of his piece towards the earth, then replaced it in his belt, and met me half-way.

When I assured him he was not the man I expected to meet, he said *it might be so;* that he had received a slip of paper directed to Mr. Wilson, requesting him to come hither; and that, as there was no other in the place of that name, he naturally concluded the note was intended for him, and him only. I then gave him to understand that I had been injured by a person who assumed that name, which person I had actually seen within the hour, passing through the street on horseback; that hearing there was a Mr. Wilson at the Red Lion, I took it for granted he was the man, and in that belief had writ the billet; and I expressed my surprise, that he, who was a stranger to me and my concerns, should give me such a rendezvous, without taking the trouble to demand a previous explanation. He replied, that there was no other of his name in the whole country; that no such horseman had alighted at the Red Lion since nine o'clock, when he arrived; that, having had the honour to serve his Majesty, he thought he could not decently decline any invitation of this kind, from what quarter soever it might come; and that, if any explanation was necessary, it did not belong to him to demand it, but to the gentleman who summoned him into the field.

Vexed as I was at this adventure, I could not help admiring the coolness of this officer, whose open countenance prepossessed me in his favour. He

seemed to be turned of forty; wore his own short black hair, which curled naturally about his ears, and was very plain in his apparel. When I begged pardon for the trouble I had given him, he received my apology with great good-humour. He told me that he lived about ten miles off, at a small farm-house, which would afford me tolerable lodging, if I would come and take the diversion of hunting with him for a few weeks; in which case, we might perhaps find out the man who had given me offence. I thanked him very sincerely for his courteous offer, which, I told him, I was not at liberty to accept at present, on account of my being engaged in a family party; and so we parted, with mutual expressions of goodwill and esteem.

Now tell me, dear knight, what am I to make of this singular adventure? Am I to suppose that the horseman I saw was really a thing of flesh and blood, or a bubble that vanished into air; or must I imagine Liddy knows more of the matter than she chooses to disclose? If I thought her capable of carrying on any clandestine correspondence with such a fellow, I should at once discard all tenderness, and forget that she was connected with me by the ties of blood. But how is it possible that a girl of her simplicity and inexperience should maintain such an intercourse, surrounded as she is with so many eyes, destitute of all opportunity, and shifting quarters every day of her life? Besides, she has solemnly promised — No, I can't think the girl so base, so insensible to the honour of her family. What disturbs me chiefly is the impression which these occurrences seem to make

upon her spirits. These are the symptoms from which I conclude that the rascal has still a hold on her affection — surely I have a right to call him a rascal, and to conclude that his designs are infamous; but it shall be my fault if he does not one day repent his presumption. I confess I cannot think, much less write on this subject with any degree of temper or patience; I shall therefore conclude with telling you, that we hope to be in Wales by the latter end of the month; but before that period you will probably hear again from Your affectionate,

October 4. J. Melford.

To Sir Watkin Phillips, *Bart. at Oxon.*

Dear Phillips, — When I wrote you by last post, I did not imagine I should be tempted to trouble you again so soon; but I now sit down with a heart so full, that it cannot contain itself; though I am under such agitation of spirits, that you are to expect neither method nor connexion in this address. We have been this day within a hair's-breadth of losing honest Matthew Bramble, in consequence of a cursed accident, which I will endeavour to explain. In crossing the country to get into the post-road, it was necessary to ford a river, and we that were a-horseback passed without any danger or difficulty; but a great quantity of rain having fallen last night and this morning, there was such an accumulation of water, that a mill-head gave way, just as the coach was passing under it, and the flood rushed down with such impetuosity, as first floated, and then fairly overturned the carriage in the middle of the stream.

Lismahago and I, and the two servants, alighting instantaneously, ran into the river to give all the assistance in our power. Our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, who had the good fortune to be uppermost, was already half-way out of the coach window, when her lover approaching, disengaged her entirely; but, whether his foot slipped, or the burden was too great, they fell over head and ears in each other's arms. He endeavoured more than once to get up, and even to disentangle himself from her embrace, but she hung about his neck like a millstone (no bad emblem of matrimony); and if my man had not proved a staunch auxiliary, those two lovers would in all probability have gone hand in hand to the shades below. For my part, I was too much engaged to take any cognisance of their distress. I snatched out my sister by the hair of the head, and, dragging her to the bank, recollected that my uncle had not yet appeared. Rushing again into the stream, I met Clinker haling ashore Mrs. Jenkins, who looked like a mermaid with her hair dishevelled about her ears; but, when I asked if his master was safe, he forthwith shook her from him, and she must have gone to pot, if a miller had not seasonably come to her relief.

As for Humphry, he flew like lightning to the coach, that was by this time filled with water, and, diving into it, brought up the poor squire, to all appearance deprived of life. It is not in my power to describe what I felt at this melancholy spectacle. It was such an agony as baffles all description! The faithful Clinker, taking him up in his arms, as if he had been an infant of six months, carried him ashore,

howling most piteously all the way, and I followed him in a transport of grief and consternation. When he was laid upon the grass, and turned from side to side, a great quantity of water ran out at his mouth, then he opened his eyes, and fetched a deep sigh. Clinker, perceiving these signs of life, immediately tied up his arm with a garter, and, pulling out a horse-fleam, let him blood in the farrier style. At first a few drops only issued from the orifice; but the arm being chafed, in a little time the blood began to flow in a continued stream; and he uttered some incoherent words, which were the most welcome sounds that ever saluted my ear. There was a country inn hard by, the landlord of which had by this time come with his people to give their assistance. Thither my uncle being carried, was undressed, and put to bed, wrapped in warm blankets; but having been moved too soon, he fainted away, and once more lay without sense or motion, notwithstanding all the efforts of Clinker and the landlord, who bathed his temples with Hungary-water, and held a smelling-bottle to his nose.

As I had heard of the efficacy of salt in such cases, I ordered all that was in the house to be laid under his head and body; and whether this application had the desired effect, or Nature of herself prevailed, he, in less than a quarter of an hour, began to breathe regularly, and soon retrieved his recollection, to the unspeakable joy of all the bystanders. As for Clinker, his brain seemed to be affected. He laughed and wept, and danced about in such a distracted manner, that the landlord very judiciously

conveyed him out of the room. My uncle, seeing me dropping wet, comprehended the whole of what had happened, and asked if all the company was safe. Being answered in the affirmative, he insisted upon my putting on dry clothes; and, having swallowed a little warm wine, desired he might be left to his repose. Before I went to shift myself, I inquired about the rest of the family. I found Mrs. Tabitha still delirious from her fright, discharging very copiously the water she had swallowed. She was supported by the captain, distilling drops from his uncurled periwig, so lank and so dank, that he looked like Father Thame without his sedges, embracing Isis, while she cascaded in his urn. Mrs. Jenkins was present also, in a loose bedgown, without either cap or handkerchief; but she seemed to be as little *compos mentis* as her mistress, and acted so many cross purposes in the course of her attendance, that, between the two, Lismahago had occasion for all his philosophy. As for Liddy, I thought the poor girl would have actually lost her senses. The good woman of the house had shifted her linen, and put her into bed; but she was seized with the idea that her uncle had perished, and, in this persuasion, made a dismal outcry; nor did she pay the least regard to what I said, when I solemnly assured her he was safe.

Mr. Bramble hearing the noise, and being informed of her apprehension, desired she might be brought into his chamber; and she no sooner received this intimation, than she ran thither half-naked, with the wildest expression of eagerness in her countenance. Seeing the squire sitting up in the

bed, she sprung forwards, and throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed, in a most pathetic tone, "Are you — are you indeed my uncle — my dear uncle! — my best friend! — my father! Are you really living? or is it an illusion of my poor brain?" Honest Matthew was so much affected, that he could not help shedding tears, while he kissed her forehead, saying, "My dear Liddy, I hope I shall live long enough to show how sensible I am of your affection. But your spirits are fluttered, child — you want rest — go to bed and compose yourself" — "Well, I will," she replied; "but still methinks this cannot be real. The coach was full of water — my uncle was under us all. Gracious God! — you was under water — how did you get out? Tell me that; or I shall think this is all a deception." — "In what manner I was brought out, I know as little as you do, my dear," said the squire; "and truly that is a circumstance of which I want to be informed." I would have given him a detail of the whole adventure, but he would not hear me until I should change my clothes; so that I had only time to tell him, that he owed his life to the courage and fidelity of Clinker; and, having given him this hint, I conducted my sister to her own chamber.

This accident happened about three o'clock in the afternoon, and in little more than half an hour the hurricane was all over; but as the carriage was found to be so much damaged, that it could not proceed without considerable repairs, a blacksmith and wheelwright were immediately sent for to the next market town, and we congratulated ourselves upon being

housed at an inn, which, though remote from the post-road, afforded exceeding good lodging. The women being pretty well composed, and the men all afoot, my uncle sent for his servant, and, in the presence of Lismahago and me, accosted him in these words — "So, Clinker, I find you are resolved I shan't die by water. As you have fished me up from the bottom at your own risk, you are at least entitled to all the money that was in my pocket, and there it is." So saying, he presented him with a purse containing thirty guineas, and a ring nearly of the same value. "God forbid!" cried Clinker — "your honour shall excuse me. I am a poor fellow; but I have a heart. O! if your honour did but know how I rejoiced to see — blessed be his holy name, that made me the humble instrument — but as for the lucre of gain, I renounce it — I have done no more than my duty — no more than I would have done for the most worthless of my fellow-creatures — no more than I would have done for Captain Lismahago, or Archy M'Alpin, or any sinner upon earth — but for your worship, I would go through fire as well as water."

"I do believe it, Humphry," said the squire; "but as you think it was your duty to save my life at the hazard of your own, I think it is mine to express the sense I have of your extraordinary fidelity and attachment. I insist upon your receiving this small token of my gratitude; but don't imagine that I look upon this as an adequate recompense for the service you have done me. I have determined to settle thirty pounds a year upon you for life; and I desire these

gentlemen will bear witness to this my intention, of which I have a memorandum in my pocket-book." — "Lord make me thankful for all these mercies!" cried Clinker, sobbing; "I have been a poor bankrupt from the beginning. Your honour's goodness found me when I was — naked — when I was — sick and forlorn — I understand your honour's looks — I would not give offence — but my heart is very full — and if your worship won't give me leave to speak — I must vent it in prayers to Heaven for my benefactor." When he quitted the room, Lismahago said, he should have a much better opinion of his honesty, if he did not whine and cant so abominably; but that he had always observed those weeping and praying fellows were hypocrites at bottom. Mr. Bramble made no reply to this sarcastic remark, proceeding from the lieutenant's resentment of Clinker's having, in pure simplicity of heart, ranked him with M'Alpin and the sinners of the earth.

The landlord being called to receive some orders about the beds, told the squire, that his house was very much at his service, but he was sure he should not have the honour to lodge him and his company. He gave us to understand, that his master, who lived hard by, would not suffer us to be at a public-house, when there was accommodation for us at his own; and that, if he had not dined abroad in the neighbourhood, he would have undoubtedly come to offer his services at our first arrival. He then launched out in praise of that gentleman, whom he had served as butler, representing him as a perfect miracle of goodness and generosity. He said he was

a person of great learning, and allowed to be the best farmer in the country — that he had a lady who was as much beloved as himself, and an only son, a very hopeful young gentleman, just recovered from a dangerous fever, which had like to have proved fatal to the whole family; for, if the son had died, he was sure the parents would not have survived their loss.

He had not yet finished the encomium of Mr. Dennison, when this gentleman arrived in a post-chaise, and his appearance seemed to justify all that had been said in his favour. He is pretty well advanced in years, but hale, robust, and florid, with an ingenuous countenance, expressive of good sense and humanity. Having condoled with us on the accident which had happened, he said he was come to conduct us to his habitation, where we should be less incommoded than at such a paltry inn, and expressed his hope that the ladies would not be the worse for going thither in his carriage, as the distance was not above a quarter of a mile. My uncle having made a proper return to this courteous exhibition, eyed him attentively, and then asked if he had not been at Oxford, a commoner of Queen's College. When Mr. Dennison answered, "Yes," with some marks of surprise. "Look at me, then," said our squire, "and let us see if you can recollect the features of an old friend, whom you have not seen these forty years." The gentleman, taking him by the hand, and gazing at him earnestly, "I protest!" cried he, "I do think I recall the idea of Matthew Lloyd of Glamorganshire, who was student

of Jesus." — "Well remembered, my dear friend Charles Dennison!" exclaimed my uncle, pressing him to his breast, "I am that very identical Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan."

Clinker, who had just entered the room with some coals for the fire, no sooner heard these words, than, throwing down the scuttle on the toes of Lismahago, he began to caper as if he was mad, crying, "Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan! — O Providence! — Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!" Then, clasping my uncle's knees, he went on in this manner. "Your worship must forgive me — Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan! — O Lord, sir! — I can't contain myself! — I shall lose my senses" — "Nay, thou hast lost them already, I believe," said the squire peevishly; "prithee, Clinker, be quiet — What is the matter?" Humphry, fumbling in his bosom, pulled out an old wooden snuff-box, which he presented in a great trepidation to his master, who, opening it immediately, perceived a small cornelian seal, and two scraps of paper. At sight of these articles he started, and changed colour, and casting his eye upon the inscriptions, "Ha! — how! — what! — where!" cried he, "is the person here named!" — Clinker, knocking his own breast, could hardly pronounce these words — "Here — here — here is Matthew Lloyd, as the certificate showeth — Humphry Clinker was the name of the farrier that took me 'prentice." — "And who gave you these tokens?" said my uncle hastily. "My poor mother on her deathbed," replied the other. "And who was your mother?" — "Dorothy Twyford, an' please your honour, here-

tofore barkeeper at the Angel at Chippenham." — "And why were not these tokens produced before?" — "My mother told me she had wrote to Glamorganshire, at the time of my birth, but had no answer; and that afterwards, when she made inquiry, there was no such person in that county." — "And so, in consequence of my changing my name, and going abroad at that very time, thy poor mother and thou have been left to want and misery. I am really shocked at the consequence of my own folly." Then, laying his hand on Clinker's head, he added, "Stand forth, Matthew Lloyd. You see, gentlemen, how the sins of my youth rise up in judgment against me. Here is my direction written with my own hand, and a seal which I left at the woman's request; and this is a certificate of the child's baptism, signed by the curate of the parish."

The company were not a little surprised at this discovery; upon which Mr. Dennison facetiously congratulated both the father and the son: for my part, I shook my new-found cousin heartily by the hand; and Lismahago complimented him with the tears in his eyes, for he had been hopping about the room, swearing in broad Scotch, and bellowing with the pain occasioned by the fall of the coal-scuttle upon his foot. He had even vowed to drive the *saul* out of the body of that mad rascal; but, perceiving the unexpected turn which things had taken, he wished him joy of his good fortune, observing that it went very near his heart, as he was like to be a great toe out of pocket by the discovery. Mr. Dennison now desired to know for what reason my

uncle had changed the name by which he knew him at Oxford; and our squire satisfied him, by answering to this effect: "I took my mother's name, which was Lloyd, as heir to her lands in Glamorganshire; but, when I came of age, I sold that property, in order to clear my paternal estate, and resumed my real name; so that I am now Matthew Bramble of Brambleton Hall, in Monmouthshire, at your service; and this is my nephew, Jeremy Melford of Belfield, in the county of Glamorgan."

At that instant the ladies entering the room, he presented Mrs. Tabitha as his sister, and Liddy as his niece. The old gentleman saluted them very cordially, and seemed struck with the appearance of my sister, whom he could not help surveying with a mixture of complacency and surprise. "Sister," said my uncle, "there is a poor relation that recommends himself to your good graces. The quondam Humphry Clinker is metamorphosed into Matthew Lloyd, and claims the honour of being your carnal kinsman. In short, the rogue proves to be a crab of my own planting, in the days of hot blood and unrestrained libertinism." Clinker had by this time dropped upon one knee, by the side of Mrs. Tabitha, who, eyeing him askance, and flirting her fan with marks of agitation, thought proper, after some conflict, to hold out her hand for him to kiss, saying, with a demure aspect, "Brother, you have been very wicked; but I hope you'll live to see the folly of your ways. I am very sorry to say, the young man, whom you have this day acknowledged, has more grace and religion, by the gift of God, than you with all your

profane learning and repeated opportunity. I do think he has got the trick of the eye, and the tip of the nose of my uncle Lloyd of Flluydwellin; and, as for the long chin, it is the very moral of the governor's. Brother, as you have changed his name, pray change his dress also; that livery doth not become any person that hath got our blood in his veins."

Liddy seemed much pleased with this acquisition to the family. She took him by the hand, declaring she should always be proud to own her connexion with a virtuous young man, who had given so many proofs of his gratitude and affection to her uncle. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, extremely fluttered between her surprise at this discovery, and the apprehension of losing her sweetheart, exclaimed in a giggling tone, "I wish you joy, Mr. Clinker — Floyd, I would say — hi, hi, hi! — you 'll be so proud, you won't look at your poor fellow-servants, oh, oh, oh!" Honest Clinker owned he was overjoyed at his good fortune, which was greater than he deserved. "But wherefore should I be proud?" said he; "a poor object, conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity, nursed in a parish workhouse, and bred in a smithy. Whenever I seem proud, Mrs. Jenkins, I beg of you to put me in mind of the condition I was in when I first saw you between Chippenham and Marlborough."

When this momentous affair was discussed to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, the weather being dry, the ladies declined the carriage; so that we walked all together to Mr. Dennison's house, where we found the tea ready prepared by his lady, an amiable matron, who received us with all the

benevolence of hospitality. The house is old-fashioned and irregular, but lodgable and commodious. To the south it has the river in front, at the distance of a hundred paces; and on the north there is a rising ground, covered with an agreeable plantation; the greens and walks are kept in the nicest order, and all is rural and romantic. I have not yet seen the young gentleman, who is on a visit to a friend in the neighbourhood, from whose house he is not expected till to-morrow.

In the meantime, as there is a man going to the next market town with letters for the post, I take this opportunity to send you the history of this day, which has been remarkably full of adventures; and you will own I give you them like a beef-steak at Dolly's, *hot and hot*, without ceremony and parade, just as they come from the recollection of

Yours, J. Melford.

To Dr. Lewis.

Dear Dick, — Since the last trouble I gave you, I have met with a variety of incidents, some of them of a singular nature, which I reserve as a fund for conversation; but there are others so interesting, that they will not keep *in petto* till meeting.

Know then, it was a thousand pounds to a sixpence, that you should now be executing my will, instead of perusing my letter! Two days ago, our coach was overturned in the midst of a rapid river, where my life was saved with the utmost difficulty, by the courage, activity, and presence of mind of my

servant Humphry Clinker. But this is not the most surprising circumstance of the adventure. The said Humphry Clinker proves to be Matthew Lloyd, natural son of one Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan, if you know any such person. You see, doctor, that notwithstanding all your philosophy, it is not without some reason that we Welshmen ascribe such energy to the force of blood. But we shall discuss the point on some future occasion.

This is not the only discovery which I made in consequence of our disaster. We happened to be wrecked upon a friendly shore. The lord of the manor is no other than Charles Dennison, our fellow-rake at Oxford. We are now happily housed with that gentleman, who has really attained to that pitch of rural felicity at which I have been aspiring these twenty years in vain. He is blessed with a consort whose disposition is suited to his own in all respects; tender, generous, and benevolent. She, moreover, possesses an uncommon share of understanding, fortitude, and discretion, and is admirably qualified to be his companion, confidant, counsellor, and coadjutrix. These excellent persons have an only son, about nineteen years of age, just such a youth as they could have wished that Heaven would bestow, to fill up the measure of their enjoyment. In a word, they know no other allay to their happiness, but their apprehension and anxiety about the life and concerns of their beloved object.

Our old friend, who had the misfortune to be a second brother, was bred to the law, and even called to the bar; but he did not find himself qualified to

shine in that province, and had very little inclination for his profession. He disobliged his father by marrying for love, without any consideration of fortune; so that he had little or nothing to depend upon for some years but his practice, which afforded him a bare subsistence; and the prospect of an increasing family began to give him disturbance and disquiet. In the meantime, his father dying, was succeeded by his elder brother, a fox-hunter and a sot, who neglected his affairs, insulted and oppressed his servants, and in a few years had well-nigh ruined the estate, when he was happily carried off by a fever, the immediate consequence of a debauch. Charles, with the approbation of his wife, immediately determined to quit business, and retire into the country, although this resolution was strenuously and zealously opposed by every individual whom he consulted on the subject. Those who had tried the experiment assured him, that he could not pretend to breathe in the country for less than the double of what his estate produced; that, in order to be upon the footing of a gentleman, he would be obliged to keep horses, hounds, carriages, with a suitable number of servants, and maintain an elegant table for the entertainment of his neighbours; that farming was a mystery known only to those who had been bred up to it from the cradle, the success of it depending not only upon skill and industry, but also upon such attention and economy as no gentleman could be supposed to give or practise; accordingly, every attempt made by gentlemen miscarried, and not a few had been ruined by their prosecution of

agriculture. Nay, they affirmed, that he would find it cheaper to buy hay and oats for his cattle, and to go to market for poultry, eggs, kitchen herbs, and roots, and every the most inconsiderable article of housekeeping, than to have those articles produced on his own ground.

These objections did not deter Mr. Dennison, because they were chiefly founded upon the supposition that he would be obliged to lead a life of extravagance and dissipation, which he and his consort equally detested, despised, and determined to avoid. The objects he had in view were, health of body, peace of mind, and the private satisfaction of domestic quiet, unallayed by actual want, and uninterrupted by the fears of indigence. He was very moderate in his estimate of the necessaries, and even of the comforts of life. He required nothing but wholesome air, pure water, agreeable exercise, plain diet, convenient lodging, and decent apparel. He reflected that, if a peasant, without education, or any great share of natural sagacity, could maintain a large family, and even become opulent, upon a farm for which he paid an annual rent of two or three hundred pounds to the landlord, surely he himself might hope for some success from his industry, having no rent to pay, but, on the contrary, three or four hundred pounds a year to receive. He considered that the earth was an indulgent mother, that yielded her fruits to all her children without distinction. He had studied the theory of agriculture with a degree of eagerness and delight; and he could not conceive there was any mystery in the

practice but what he should be able to disclose by dint of care and application. With respect to household expense, he entered into a minute detail and investigation, by which he perceived the assertions of his friends were altogether erroneous. He found he should save sixty pounds a year in the single article of house-rent, and as much more in pocket-money and contingencies; that even butchers' meat was twenty per cent. cheaper in the country than in London; but that poultry, and almost every other circumstance of housekeeping, might be had for less than one-half of what they cost in town; besides a considerable saving on the side of dress, in being delivered from the oppressive imposition of ridiculous modes invented by ignorance, and adopted by folly.

As to the danger of vying with the rich in pomp and equipage, it never gave him the least disturbance. He was now turned of forty, and having lived half that time in the busy scenes of life, was well skilled in the science of mankind. There cannot be in nature a more contemptible figure than that of a man who, with five hundred a year, presumes to rival in expense a neighbour who possesses five times that income. His ostentation, far from concealing, serves only to discover his indigence, and render his vanity the more shocking; for it attracts the eyes of censure, and excites the spirit of inquiry. There is not a family in the county, nor a servant in his own house, nor a farmer in the parish, but what knows the utmost farthing that his lands produce; and all these behold him with scorn or compassion.

I am surprised that these reflections do not occur to persons in this unhappy dilemma, and produce a salutary effect. But the truth is, of all the passions incident to human nature, vanity is that which most effectually perverts the faculties of the understanding nay, it sometimes becomes so incredibly depraved, as to aspire at infamy, and find pleasure in bearing the stigmas of reproach.

I have now given you a sketch of the character and situation of Mr. Dennison, when he came down to take possession of this estate; but as the messenger, who carries the letters to the next town, is just setting off, I shall reserve what further I have to say on this subject till the next post, when you shall certainly hear from

Yours always, MATT. BRAMBLE.

Oct. 8.

To DR. LEWIS.

ONCE more, dear Doctor, I resume the pen for your amusement. It was on the morning after our arrival, that, walking out with my friend Mr. Dennison, I could not help breaking forth into the warmest expressions of applause at the beauty of the scene, which is really enchanting; and I signified, in particular, how much I was pleased with the disposition of some detached groves, that afforded at once shelter and ornament to his habitation.

"When I took possession of these lands, about two-and-twenty years ago," said he, "there was not a tree standing within a mile of the house, except those of an old neglected orchard, which produced

nothing but leaves and moss. It was in the gloomy month of November when I arrived, and found the house in such a condition, that it might have been justly styled *the tower of desolation.* The court-yard was covered with nettles and docks, and the garden exhibited such a rank plantation of weeds as I had never seen before; the window-shutters were falling in pieces — the sashes broken, and owls and jackdaws had taken possession of the chimneys. The prospect within was still more dreary. All was dark and damp, and dirty beyond description — the rain penetrated into several parts of the roof — in some apartments, the very floors had given way — the hangings were parted from the walls, and shaking in mouldy remnants — the glasses were dropping out of their frames — the family pictures were covered with dust — and all the chairs and tables worm-eaten and crazy. There was not a bed in the house that could be used, except one old-fashioned machine with a high gilt tester, and fringed curtains of yellow mohair, which had been, for aught I know, two centuries in the family. In short, there was no furniture but the utensils of the kitchen; and the cellar afforded nothing but a few empty butts and barrels, that stunk so abominably, that I would not suffer anybody to enter it, until I had flashed a considerable quantity of gunpowder to qualify the foul air within.

"An old cottager and his wife, who were hired to lie in the house, had left it with precipitation, alleging, among other causes of retreat, that they could not sleep for frightful noises, and that my poor

brother certainly walked after his death. In a word, the house appeared uninhabitable; the barn, stable, and outhouses were in ruins, all the fences broken down, and the fields lying waste.

"The farmer who kept the key, never dreamed I had any intention to live upon the spot. He rented a farm of sixty pounds, and his lease was just expiring. He had formed a scheme of being appointed bailiff to the estate, and of converting the house and the adjacent grounds to his own use. A hint of his intention I received from the curate at my first arrival; I therefore did not pay much regard to what he said by way of discouraging me from coming to settle in the country; but I was a little startled when he gave me warning, that he should quit the farm at the expiration of his lease, unless I would abate considerably in the rent.

"At this period I accidentally became acquainted with a person, whose friendship laid the foundation of all my prosperity. In the next market town, I chanced to dine at an inn with a Mr. Wilson, who was lately come to settle in the neighbourhood. He had been lieutenant of a man-of-war; but quitted the sea in some disgust, and married the only daughter of farmer Bland, who lives in this parish, and has acquired a good fortune in the way of husbandry. Wilson is one of the best-natured men I ever knew; brave, frank, obliging, and ingenuous. He liked my conversation; I was charmed with his liberal manner. An acquaintance immediately commenced, and this was soon improved into a friendship without reserve. There are characters, which,

like similar particles of matter, strongly attract each other. He forthwith introduced me to his father-in-law, farmer Bland, who was well acquainted with every acre of my estate, of consequence well qualified to advise me on this occasion. Finding I was inclined to embrace a country life, and even to amuse myself with the occupations of farming, he approved of my design. He gave me to understand that all my farms were underlet; that the estate was capable of great improvement; that there was plenty of chalk in the neighbourhood; and that my own ground produced excellent marl for manure. With respect to the farm, which was like to fall into my hands, he said he would willingly take it at the present rent; but at the same time, owned, that if I would expend two hundred pounds in enclosures, it would be worth more than double the sum.

"Thus encouraged, I began the execution of my scheme without further delay, and plunged into a sea of expense, though I had no fund in reserve, and the whole produce of the estate did not exceed three hundred pounds a year. In one week my house was made weather-tight, and thoroughly cleansed from top to bottom; then it was well ventilated, by throwing all the doors and windows open, and making blazing fires of wood in every chimney from the kitchen to the garrets. The floors were repaired, the sashes new glazed, and, out of the old furniture of the whole house, I made shift to fit up a parlour and three chambers, in a plain, yet decent manner. The court-yard was cleared of weeds and rubbish, and my friend Wilson charged himself with the

dressing of the garden. Bricklayers were set at work upon the barn and stable; and labourers engaged to restore the fences, and begin the work of hedging and ditching, under the direction of farmer Bland, at whose recommendation I hired a careful hind to lie in the house, and keep constant fires in the apartments.

"Having taken these measures, I returned to London, where I forthwith sold off my household furniture, and in three weeks from my first visit, brought my wife hither to keep her Christmas. Considering the gloomy season of the year, the dreariness of the place, and the decayed aspect of our habitation, I was afraid that her resolution would sink under the sudden transition from a town life to such a melancholy state of rustication; but I was agreeably disappointed. She found the reality less uncomfortable than the picture I had drawn. By this time, indeed, things were mended in appearance. The outhouses had risen out of their ruins; the pigeon-house was rebuilt, and replenished by Wilson, who also put my garden in decent order, and provided a good stock of poultry, which made an agreeable figure in my yard; and the house, on the whole, looked like the habitation of human creatures. Farmer Bland spared me a milch cow for my family, and an ordinary saddle-horse for my servant to go to market at the next town. I hired a country lad for a footman; the hind's daughter was my housemaid; and my wife had brought a cookmaid from London.

"Such was my family when I began housekeeping

in this place, with three hundred pounds in my pocket, raised from the sale of my superfluous furniture. I knew we should find occupation enough through the day to employ our time; but I dreaded the long winter evenings; yet for these too we found a remedy. The curate, who was a single man, soon became so naturalised to the family, that he generally lay in the house, and his company was equally agreeable and useful. He was a modest man, a good scholar, and perfectly well qualified to instruct me in such country matters as I wanted to know. Mr. Wilson brought his wife to see us, and she became so fond of Mrs. Dennison, that she said she was never so happy as when she enjoyed the benefit of her conversation. She was then a fine buxom country lass, exceedingly docile, and as good-natured as her husband Jack Wilson; so that a friendship ensued among the women, which hath continued to this day.

"As for Jack, he hath been my constant companion, counsellor, and commissary. I would not for a hundred pounds you should leave my house without seeing him; — Jack is an universal genius — his talents are really astonishing. He is an excellent carpenter, joiner, and turner, and a cunning artist in iron and brass. He not only superintended my economy, but also presided over my pastimes. He taught me to brew beer, to make cider, perry, mead, usquebaugh, and plague-water; to cook several outlandish delicacies, such as *ollas*, *pepperpots*, *pillaws*, *corys*, *chabobs*, and *stuffatas*. He understands all manner of games, from chess down to chuck-farthing,

sings a good song, plays upon the violin, and dances a hornpipe with surprising agility. He and I walked, and rode, and hunted, and fished together, without minding the vicissitudes of the weather; and I am persuaded, that in a raw, moist climate, like this of England, continual exercise is as necessary as food to the preservation of the individual. In the course of two-and-twenty years, there has not been one hour's interruption or abatement in the friendship subsisting between Wilson's family and mine; and, what is a rare instance of good fortune, that friendship is continued to our children. His son and mine are nearly of the same age and the same disposition; they have been bred up together at the same school and college, and love each other with the warmest affection.

"By Wilson's means, I likewise formed an acquaintance with a sensible physician, who lives in the next market town; and his sister, an agreeable old maiden, passed the Christmas holidays at our house. Meanwhile I began my farming with great eagerness, and that very winter planted these groves that please you so much. As for the neighbouring gentry, I had no trouble from that quarter during my first campaign; they were all gone to town before I had settled in the country; and by the summer, I had taken measures to defend myself from their attacks. When a gay equipage came to my gates, I was never at home; those who visited me in a modest way, I received; and according to the remarks I made on their characters and conversation, either rejected their advances or returned their civility. I was in

general despised among the fashionable company, as a low fellow, both in breeding and circumstances; nevertheless, I found a few individuals of moderate fortune, who gladly adopted my style of living; and many others would have acceded to our society, had they not been prevented by the pride, envy, and ambition of their wives and daughters. Those, in times of luxury and dissipation, are the rocks upon which all the small estates in the country are wrecked.

"I reserved in my own hands some acres of ground adjacent to the house, for making experiments in agriculture, according to the directions of Lyle, Tull, Hart, Duhamel, and others, who have written on this subject; and qualified their theory with the practical observations of farmer Bland, who was my great master in the art of husbandry. In short, I became enamoured of a country life; and my success greatly exceeded my expectation. I drained bogs, burned heath, grubbed up furze and fern; I planted copse and willows where nothing else would grow; I gradually enclosed all my farms, and made such improvements, that my estate now yields me clear twelve hundred pounds a year. All this time my wife and I have enjoyed uninterrupted health, and a regular flow of spirits, except on a very few occasions, when our cheerfulness was invaded by such accidents as are inseparable from the condition of life. I lost two children in their infancy, by the smallpox, so that I have one son only, in whom all our hopes are centered. He went yesterday to visit a friend, with whom he has stayed

all night, but he will be here to dinner. I shall this day have the pleasure of presenting him to you and your family; and I flatter myself you will find him not altogether unworthy of your affection.

"The truth is, either I am blinded by the partiality of a parent, or he is a boy of very amiable character; and yet his conduct has given us unspeakable disquiet. You must know, we had projected a match between him and a gentleman's daughter in the next county, who will in all probability be heiress of a considerable fortune; but it seems, he had a personal disgust to the alliance. He was then at Cambridge, and tried to gain time on various pretences; but being pressed in letters, by his mother and me, to give a definitive answer, he fairly gave his tutor the slip, and disappeared about eight months ago. Before he took this rash step, he wrote me a letter, explaining his objections to the match, and declaring that he would keep himself concealed until he should understand that his parents would dispense with his contracting an engagement that must make him miserable for life; and he prescribed the form of advertising in a certain newspaper, by which he might be apprised of our sentiments on this subject.

"You may easily conceive how much we were alarmed and afflicted by this elopement, which he had made without dropping the least hint to his companion Charles Wilson, who belonged to the same college. We resolved to punish him with the appearance of neglect, in hopes that he would return of his own accord; but he maintained his purpose

till the young lady chose a partner for herself; then he produced himself, and made his peace by the mediation of Wilson. Suppose we should unite our families by joining him with your niece, who is one of the most lovely creatures I ever beheld. My wife is already as fond of her as if she were her own child, and I have a presentiment that my son will be captivated by her at first sight." — "Nothing could be more agreeable to all our family," said I, "than such an alliance; but, my dear friend, candour obliges me to tell you that I am afraid Liddy's heart is not wholly disengaged. There is a cursed obstacle" — "You mean the young stroller at Gloucester," said he. "You are surprised that I should know this circumstance; but you will be more surprised when I tell you that stroller is no other than my son George Dennison; that was the character he assumed in his eclipse." — "I am, indeed, astonished and overjoyed," cried I, "and shall be happy beyond expression to see your proposal take effect."

He then gave me to understand, that the young gentleman, at his emerging from concealment, had disclosed his passion for Miss Melford, the niece of Mr. Bramble of Monmouthshire. Though Mr. Dennison little dreamed that this was his old friend Matthew Lloyd, he nevertheless furnished his son with proper credentials; and he had been at Bath, London, and many other places in quest of us, to make himself and his pretensions known. The bad success of his inquiry had such an effect upon his spirits, that, immediately at his return, he was seized with a dangerous fever, which overwhelmed his par-

ents with terror and affliction ; but he is now happily recovered, though still weak and disconsolate. My nephew joining us in our walk, I informed him of these circumstances, with which he was wonderfully pleased. He declared he would promote the match to the utmost of his power, and that he longed to embrace young Mr. Dennison as his friend and brother. Meanwhile, the father went to desire his wife to communicate this discovery gradually to Liddy, that her delicate nerves might not suffer too sudden a shock ; and I imparted the particulars to my sister Tabby, who expressed some surprise, not altogether unmixed, I believe, with an emotion of envy ; for, though she could have no objection to an alliance at once so honourable and advantageous, she hesitated in giving her consent on pretence of the youth and inexperience of the parties : at length, however, she acquiesced, in consequence of having consulted with Captain Lismahago.

Mr. Dennison took care to be in the way when his son arrived at the gate, and without giving him time or opportunity to make any inquiry about the strangers, brought him upstairs to be presented to Mr. Lloyd and his family. The first person he saw when he entered the room was Liddy, who, notwithstanding all her preparation, stood trembling in the utmost confusion. At sight of this object, he was fixed motionless to the floor, and, gazing at her with the utmost eagerness of astonishment, exclaimed, " Sacred heaven ! what is this ! — ha ! — wherefore " — Here his speech failing, he stood straining his eyes, in the most emphatic silence. " George," said

his father, "this is my friend Mr. Lloyd." Roused at this intimation, he turned and received my salute, when I said, "Young gentleman, if you had trusted me with your secret at our last meeting, we should have parted upon better terms." Before he could make any answer, Jerry came round and stood before him with open arms. At first, he started and changed colour; but, after a short pause, he rushed into his embrace, and they hugged one another as if they had been intimate friends from their infancy. Then he paid his respects to Mrs. Tabitha, and advancing to Liddy, "Is it possible," cried he, "that my senses do not play me false! that I see Miss Melford under my father's roof! that I am permitted to speak to her without giving offence! and that her relations have honoured me with their countenance and protection?" Liddy blushed, and trembled, and faltered: "To be sure, sir," said she, "it is a very surprising circumstance — a great — a providential — I really know not what I say, but I beg you will think I have said what 's agreeable."

Mrs. Dennison interposing, said, "Compose yourselves, my dear children; your mutual happiness shall be our peculiar care." The son going up to his mother, kissed one hand; my niece bathed the other with her tears; and the good old lady pressed them both in their turns to her breast. The lovers were too much affected to get rid of their embarrassment for one day; but the scene was much enlivened by the arrival of Jack Wilson, who brought, as usual, some game of his own killing. His honest countenance was a good letter of recommendation.

I received him like a dear friend after a long separation; and I could not help wondering to see him shake Jerry by the hand as an old acquaintance. They had, indeed, been acquainted some days, in consequence of a diverting incident, which I shall explain at meeting. That same night a consultation was held upon the concerns of the lovers, when the match was formally agreed to, and all the marriage articles were settled without the least dispute. My nephew and I promised to make Liddy's fortune five thousand pounds. Mr. Dennison declared, he would make over one-half of his estate immediately to his son, and that his daughter-in-law should be secured in a jointure of four hundred. Tabby proposed, that, considering their youth, they should undergo one year at least of probation, before the indissoluble knot should be tied; but the young gentleman being very impatient and importunate, and the scheme implying that the young couple should live in the house under the wings of his parents, we resolved to make them happy without farther delay.

As the law requires that the parties should be some weeks resident in the parish, we shall stay here till the ceremony is performed. Mr. Lismahago requests that he may take the benefit of the same occasion; so that next Sunday the banns will be published for all four together. I doubt I shall not be able to pass my Christmas with you at Brambleton Hall. Indeed, I am so agreeably situated in this place, that I have no desire to shift my quarters; and I foresee, that when the day of separation comes, there will be abundance of sorrow on all sides. In

the meantime, we must make the most of those blessings which Heaven bestows. Considering how you are tethered by your profession, I cannot hope to see you so far from home; yet the distance does not exceed a summer day's journey, and Charles Dennison, who desires to be remembered to you, would be rejoiced to see his old compotator; but, as I am now stationary, I expect regular answers to the epistles of,

Yours invariably, MATT. BRAMBLE.

October 11.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR WAT, — Every day is now big with incident and discovery. Young Mr. Dennison proves to be no other than that identical person whom I have execrated so long under the name of Wilson. He had eloped from college at Cambridge, to avoid a match that he detested, and acted in different parts of the country as a stroller, until the lady in question made choice of a husband for herself; then he returned to his father, and disclosed his passion for Liddy, which met with the approbation of his parents, though the father little imagined that Mr. Bramble was his old companion Matthew Lloyd. The young gentleman being empowered to make honourable proposals to my uncle and me, had been in search of us all over England without effect; and he it was whom I had seen pass on horseback by the window of the inn, where I stood with my sister, but he little dreamed that we were in the house. As for the real Mr. Wilson, whom I called forth to combat, by mistake, he is the neighbour and intimate friend of old

Mr. Dennison, and this connexion had suggested to the son the idea of taking that name while he remained in obscurity.

You may easily conceive what pleasure I must have felt on discovering that the honour of our family was in no danger from the conduct of a sister whom I love with uncommon affection; that, instead of debasing her sentiments and views to a wretched stroller, she had really captivated the heart of a gentleman, her equal in rank and superior in fortune; and that, as his parents approved of his attachment, I was on the eve of acquiring a brother-in-law so worthy of my friendship and esteem. George Dennison is, without all question, one of the most accomplished young fellows in England. His person is at once elegant and manly, and his understanding highly cultivated. Though his spirit is lofty, his heart is kind; and his manner so engaging, as to command veneration and love, even from malice and indifference. When I weigh my own character with his, I am ashamed to find myself so light in the balance; but the comparison excites no envy — I propose him as a model for imitation — I have endeavoured to recommend myself to his friendship, and hope I have already found a place in his affection. I am, however, mortified to reflect what flagrant injustice we every day commit, and what absurd judgment we form, in viewing objects through the falsifying medium of prejudice and passion. Had you asked me a few days ago the picture of Wilson the player, I should have drawn a portrait very unlike the real person and character of George Dennison. Without

all doubt, the greatest advantage acquired in travelling and perusing mankind in the original, is that of dispelling those shameful clouds that darken the faculties of the mind, preventing it from judging with candour and precision.

The real Wilson is a great original, and the best-tempered companionable man I ever knew. I question if ever he was angry or low-spirited in his life. He makes no pretensions to letters; but he is an adept in everything else that can be either useful or entertaining. Among other qualifications, he is a complete sportsman, and counted the best shot in the county. He and Dennison, and Lismahago and I, attended by Clinker, went a-shooting yesterday, and made great havoc among the partridges. To-morrow we shall take the field against the woodcocks and snipes. In the evening we dance and sing, or play at commerce, loo, and quadrille.

Mr. Dennison is an elegant poet, and has written some detached pieces on the subject of his passion for Liddy, which must be very flattering to the vanity of a young woman. Perhaps he is one of the greatest theatrical geniuses that ever appeared. He sometimes entertains us with reciting favourite speeches from our best plays. We are resolved to convert the great hall into a theatre, and get up the *Beaux' Stratagem* without delay. I think I shall make no contemptible figure in the character of *Scrub;* and Lismahago will be very great in *Captain Gibbet.* Wilson undertakes to entertain the country people with *Harlequin Skeleton*, for which he has got a jacket ready painted with his own hand.

Our society is really enchanting. Even the severity of Lismahago relaxes, and the vinegar of Mrs. Tabby is remarkably dulcified ever since it was agreed that she should take the precedency of her niece in being first noosed. For, you must know, the day is fixed for Liddy's marriage; and the banns for both couples have been already once published in the parish church. The captain earnestly begged that one trouble might serve for all, and Tabitha assented with a vile affectation of reluctance. Her inamorato, who came hither very slenderly equipped, has sent for his baggage to London, which, in all probability, will not arrive in time for the wedding; but it is of no great consequence, as everything is to be transacted with the utmost privacy. Meanwhile, directions are given for making out the contracts of marriage, which are very favourable for both females. Liddy will be secured in a good jointure; and her aunt will remain mistress of her own fortune, except one-half of the interest, which her husband shall have a right to enjoy for his natural life. I think this is as little in conscience as can be done for a man who yokes with such a partner for life.

These expectants seem to be so happy, that if Mr. Dennison had an agreeable daughter, I believe I should be for making the third couple in this country dance. The humour seems to be infectious; for Clinker, alias Lloyd, has a month's mind to play the fool in the same fashion with Mrs. Winifred Jenkins. He has even sounded me on the subject; but I have given him no encouragement to prosecute this scheme. I told him I thought he might do better, as there

was no engagement nor promise subsisting; that I did not know what designs my uncle might have formed for his advantage; but I was of opinion, that he should not at present run the risk of disobliging him by any premature application of this nature. Honest Humphry protested, he would suffer death sooner than say or do anything that should give offence to the squire; but he owned he had a kindness for the young woman, and had reason to think she looked upon him with a favourable eye; that he considered this mutual manifestation of goodwill as an engagement understood, which ought to be binding to the conscience of an honest man; and he hoped the squire and I would be of the same opinion, when we should be at leisure to bestow any thought about the matter. I believe he is in the right; and we shall find time to take his case into consideration. You see we are fixed for some weeks at least; and as you have had a long respite, I hope you will begin immediately to discharge the arrears due to your affectionate J. MELFORD.

October 14.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Gloucester.*

MY DEAR, DEAR LETTY, — Never did I sit down to write in such agitation as I now feel. In the course of a few days, we have met with a number of incidents so wonderful and interesting, that all my ideas are thrown into confusion and perplexity. You must not expect either method or coherence in what I am going to relate, my dearest Willis. Since my last, the aspect of affairs is totally changed! —

and so changed! but I would fain give you a regular detail. In passing a river, about eight days ago, our coach was overturned, and some of us narrowly escaped with life. My uncle had well-nigh perished. O Heaven, I cannot reflect upon that circumstance without horror. I should have lost my best friend, my father and protector, but for the resolution and activity of his servant Humphry Clinker, whom Providence really seems to have placed near him for the necessity of this occasion. I would not be thought superstitious; but surely he acted from a stronger impulse than common fidelity. Was it not the voice of nature that loudly called upon him to save the life of his own father? — for, O Letty, it was discovered that Humphry Clinker was my uncle's natural son.

Almost at the same instant, a gentleman, who came to offer us his assistance, and invite us to his house, turned out to be a very old friend of Mr. Bramble. His name is Mr. Dennison, one of the worthiest men living, and his lady is a perfect saint upon earth. They have an only son; who do you think is this only son? O Letty! O gracious Heaven! how my heart palpitates, when I tell you, that this only son of Mr. Dennison, is that very identical youth, who, under the name of Wilson, has made such ravage in my heart! Yes, my dear friend! Wilson and I are now lodged in the same house, and converse together freely. His father approves of his sentiments in my favour; his mother loves me with all the tenderness of a parent; my uncle, my aunt, and my brother, no longer oppose my inclinations;

on the contrary, they have agreed to make us happy without delay, and, in three weeks or a month, if no unforeseen accident intervenes, your friend Lydia Melford will have changed her name and condition. I say, if *no accident intervenes*, because such a torrent of success makes me tremble! I wish there may not be something treacherous in this sudden reconciliation of fortune; I have no merit, I have no title to such felicity! Far from enjoying the prospect that lies before me, my mind is harassed with a continued tumult, made up of hopes and wishes, doubts and apprehensions. I can neither eat nor sleep, and my spirits are in perpetual flutter. I more than ever feel that vacancy in my heart, which your presence alone can fill. The mind, in every disquiet, seeks to repose itself on the bosom of a friend; and this is such a trial as I really know not how to support without your company and counsel; I must therefore, dear Letty, put your friendship to the test. I must beg you will come and do the last offices of maidenhood to your companion Lydia Melford.

This letter goes enclosed in one to our worthy governess, from Mrs. Dennison, entreating her to interpose with your mamma, that you may be allowed to favour us with your company on this occasion; and I flatter myself that no material objection can be made to our request. The distance from hence to Gloucester does not exceed one hundred miles, and the roads are good. Mr. Clinker, alias Lloyd, shall be sent over to attend your motions. If you step into the post-chaise, with your

maid Betty Barker, at seven in the morning, you will arrive by four in the afternoon at the half-way house, where there is good accommodation. There you shall be met by my brother and myself, who will next day conduct you to this place, where I am sure you will find yourself perfectly at your ease in the midst of an agreeable society. Dear Letty, I will take no refusal; if you have any friendship, any humanity, you will come. I desire that immediate application may be made to your mamma, and that the moment her permission is obtained, you will apprise

Your ever faithful LYDIA MELFORD.

Oct. 14.

To MRS. JERMYN, *at her house in Gloucester.*

DEAR MADAM, — Though I am not so fortunate as to be favoured with an answer to the letter with which I troubled you in the spring, I still flatter myself that you retain some regard for me and my concerns. I am sure the care and tenderness with which I was treated, under your roof and tuition, demand the warmest returns of gratitude and affection on my part, and these sentiments, I hope, I shall cherish to my dying day. At present I think it my duty to make you acquainted with the happy issue of that indiscretion by which I incurred your displeasure! Ah! Madam, the slighted Wilson is metamorphosed into George Dennison, only son and heir of a gentleman, whose character is second to none in England, as you may understand upon inquiry. My guardians, my brother, and I, are now in his house, and an im-

mediate union of the two young families is to take place in the persons of the young gentleman and your poor Lydia Melford. You will easily conceive how embarrassing this situation must be to a young unexperienced creature like me, of weak nerves and strong apprehensions, and how much the presence of a friend and confidant would encourage and support me on this occasion. You know that, of all the young ladies, Miss Willis was she that possessed the greatest share of my confidence and affection, and, therefore, I fervently wish to have the happiness of her company at this interesting crisis.

Mrs. Dennison, who is the object of universal love and esteem, has, at my request, written to you on this subject, and I now beg leave to reinforce her solicitation. My dear Mrs. Jermyn! my ever-honoured governess! let me conjure you by that fondness which once distinguished your favourite Liddy! by that benevolence of heart which disposes you to promote the happiness of your fellow-creatures in general! lend a favourable ear to my petition, and use your influence with Letty's mamma, that my most earnest desire may be gratified. Should I be indulged in this particular, I will engage to return her safe, and even to accompany her to Gloucester, where, if you will give me leave, I will present to you, under another name, dear madam, your most affectionate humble servant, and penitent,

LYDIA MELFORD.

To Mrs. Mary Jones *at Brambleton Hall.*

O Mary Jones! Mary Jones! — I have met with so many axidents, surprisals, and terrifications, that I am in a perfect fantigo, and believe I shall never be my own self again. Last week I was dragged out of a river like a drowned rat, and lost a bran new night-cap, with a sulfur stay-hook, that cost me a good half a crown, and an odd shoe of green gallow-monkey, besides wetting my clothes, and taring my smuck, and an ugly gash made in the back part of my thy, by the stump of a tree. To be sure, Mr. Clinker tuck me out of the cox, but he left me on my back in the water, to go to the squire, and I mought have had a watry grave, if a millar had not brought me to the dry land. But O! what choppings and changes, girl. The player man that came after Miss Liddy, and frightened me with a beard at Bristol Well, is now matthewmurphy'd into a fine young gentleman, son and hare of Squire Dollison. We are all together in the same house, and all parties have agreed to the match, and in a fortnite the surrymony will be performed.

But this is not the only wedding we are to have. Mistriss is resolved to have the same frolick, in the naam of God! Last Sunday in the parish crutch, if my own ars may be trusted, the clerk called the banes of marridge betwixt Opaniah Lashmeheygo and Tapitha Bramble, spinster; he mought as well have called her inkle-weaver, for she never spun an hank of yarn in her life. Young Squire Dollison and Miss Liddy make the second kipple, and there might have

been a turd, but times are changed with Mr. Clinker. O Molly! what do'st think? Mr. Clinker is found to be a pye-blow of our own squire, and his right naam is Mr. Mattew Loyd, (thof God he nose how that can be,) and he is now out of livery, and wares ruffles; but I new him when he was out at elbows, and had not a rag to kiver his pistereroes, so he need not hold his head so high. He is for sartin very umble and compleasant, and purtests as how he has the same regard as before, but that he is no longer his own master, and cannot portend to marry without the squire's consent; he says we must wait with patience, and trust to Providence, and such nonsense. But if so be as how his regard be the same, why stand shilly shally? Why not strike while the iron is hot, and speak to the squire without loss of time? What subjection can the squire make to our coming together? Thof my father wan't a gentleman, my mother was an honest woman. I did n't come on the wrong side of the blanket, girl. My parents were married according to the rights of holy mother crutch, in the face of men and angels. Mark that, Mary Jones.

Mr. Clinker, (Loyd I would say,) had best look to his tackle. There be other chaps in the market, as the saying is. What would he say if I should except the soot and sarvice of the young squire's valley? Mr. Machappy is a gentleman born, and has been abroad in the wars. He has a world of buck learning, and speaks French, and Ditch, and Scotch, and all manner of outlandish lingos; to be sure he 's a little the worse for the ware, and is much given to drink,

but then he's good-tempered in his liquor, and a prudent woman mought wind him about her finger. But I have no thoughts of him, I'll assure you. I scorn for to do, or to say, or to think anything that mought give umbreech to Mr. Loyd, without furder occasion. But then I have such vapours, Molly; I sit and cry by myself, and take ass of etida, and smill to burnt fathers and kindal-snuffs; and I pray constantly for grease, that I may have a glimpse of the new light, to show me the way through this wretched veil of tares. And yet I want for nothing in this family of love, where every sole is so kind and so courteous, that wan would think they are so many saints in haven. Dear Molly, I recommend myself to your prayers, being, with my sarvice to Saul,

Your ever loving and discounselled friend,

Oct. 14. WIN. JENKINS.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK, — You cannot imagine what pleasure I have in seeing your handwriting, after such a long cessation on your side of our correspondence. Yet, Heaven knows, I have often seen your handwriting with disgust — I mean when it appeared in abbreviations of apothecary's Latin. I like your hint of making interest for the reversion of the collector's place for Lismahago, who is much pleased with the scheme, and presents you with his compliments and best thanks for thinking so kindly of his concerns. The man seems to mend upon further acquaintance. That harsh reserve, which formed a disagreeable husk about his character, begins to peel off in the course

of our communication. I have great hopes that he and Tabby will be as happily paired as any two draught animals in the kingdom; and I make no doubt, but that he will prove a valuable acquisition to our little society, in the article of conversation by the fireside in winter.

Your objection to my passing this season of the year at such a distance from home, would have more weight if I did not find myself perfectly at my ease where I am; and my health so much improved, that I am disposed to bid defiance to gout and rheumatism. I begin to think I have put myself on the superannuated list too soon, and absurdly sought for health in the retreats of laziness. I am persuaded, that all valetudinarians are too sedentary, too regular, and too cautious. We should sometimes increase the motion of the machine, to *unclog the wheels of life;* and now and then take a plunge amidst the waves of excess, in order to case-harden the constitution. I have even found a change of company as necessary as a change of air, to promote a vigorous circulation of the spirits, which is the very essence and criterion of good health.

Since my last, I have been performing the duties of friendship, that required a great deal of exercise, from which I hope to derive some benefit. Understanding, by the greatest accident in the world, that Mr. Baynard's wife was dangerously ill of a pleuritic fever, I borrowed Dennison's post-chaise, and went across the country to his habitation, attended only by Lloyd (quondam Clinker) on horseback. As the distance is not above thirty miles, I arrived about

four in the afternoon, and, meeting the physician at the door, was informed that his patient had just expired. I was instantly seized with a violent emotion; but it was not grief. The family being in confusion, I ran upstairs into the chamber, where, indeed, they were all assembled. The aunt stood wringing her hands in a state of stupefaction of sorrow, but my friend acted all the extravagancies of affliction. He held the body in his arms, and poured forth such a lamentation, that one would have thought he had lost the most amiable consort and valuable companion upon earth.

Affection may certainly exist independent of esteem; nay, the same object may be lovely in one respect and detestable in another. The mind has a surprising faculty of accommodating, and even attaching itself in such a manner, by dint of use, to things that are in their own nature disagreeable, and even pernicious, that it cannot bear to be delivered from them without reluctance and regret. Baynard was so absorbed in his delirium, that he did not perceive me when I entered, and desired one of the women to conduct the aunt into her own chamber. At the same time I begged the tutor to withdraw the boy, who stood gaping in a corner, very little affected with the distress of the scene. These steps being taken, I waited till the first violence of my friend's transport was abated, then disengaged him gently from the melancholy object, and led him by the hand into another apartment; though he struggled so hard, that I was obliged to have recourse to the assistance of his valet-de-chambre. In a few min-

utes, however, he recollected himself, and folding me in his arms, "This," cried he, "is a friendly office, indeed! I know not how you came hither, but I think Heaven sent you to prevent my going distracted. O Matthew! I have lost my dear Harriet! — my poor, gentle, tender creature, that loved me with such warmth and purity of affection — my constant companion of twenty years! — She 's gone — she 's gone for ever! Heaven and earth, where is she? — Death shall not part us!"

So saying, he started up, and could hardly be withheld from returning to the scene we had quitted. You will perceive it would have been very absurd for me to argue with a man that talked so madly. On all such occasions, the first torrent of passion must be allowed to subside gradually. I endeavoured to beguile his attention by starting little hints, and insinuating other objects of discourse imperceptibly; and being exceedingly pleased in my own mind at this event, I exerted myself with such an extraordinary flow of spirits as was attended with success. In a few hours he was calm enough to hear reason, and even to own that Heaven could not have interposed more effectually to rescue him from disgrace and ruin. That he might not, however, relapse into weakness for want of company, I passed the night in his chamber, in a little tent-bed brought thither on purpose; and well it was that I took this precaution, for he started up in bed several times, and would have played the fool, if I had not been present.

Next day he was in a condition to talk of business,

and vested me with full authority over his household, which I began to exercise without loss of time, though not before he knew and approved of the scheme I had projected for his advantage. He would have quitted the house immediately; but this retreat I opposed. Far from encouraging a temporary disgust, which might degenerate into an habitual aversion, I resolved, if possible, to attach him more than ever to his household gods. I gave directions for the funeral to be as private as was consistent with decency; I wrote to London that an inventory and estimate might be made of the furniture and effects in his town house, and gave notice to the landlord, that Mr. Baynard should quit the premises at Lady-day; I set a person at work to take an account of everything in the country house, including horses, carriages, and harness; I settled the young gentleman at a boarding-school, kept by a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and thither he went without reluctance, as soon as he knew that he was to be troubled no more with his tutor, whom we dismissed. The aunt continued very sullen, and never appeared at table, though Mr. Baynard paid his respects to her every day in her own chamber; there also she held conferences with the waiting-women and other servants of the family; but the moment her niece was interred, she went away in a post-chaise prepared for that purpose. She did not leave the house, however, without giving Mr. Baynard to understand, that the wardrobe of her niece was the perquisite of her woman; accordingly, that worthless drab received all the clothes, laces, and linen of her deceased mis-

tress, to the value of five hundred pounds at a moderate computation.

The next step I took was to disband that legion of supernumerary domestics, who had preyed so long upon the vitals of my friend; a parcel of idle drones so intolerably insolent, that they even treated their own master with the most contemptuous neglect. They had been generally hired by his wife, according to the recommendation of her woman, and these were the only patrons to whom they paid the least deference. I had therefore uncommon satisfaction in clearing the house of those vermin. The woman of the deceased, and a chambermaid, a valet-de-chambre, a butler, a French cook, a master gardener, two footmen, and a coachman, I paid off, and turned out of the house immediately, paying to each a month's wages in lieu of warning. Those whom I retained consisted of a female cook, who had been assistant to the Frenchman, a housemaid, an old lacquey, a postillion, and under-gardener. Thus I removed at once a huge mountain of expense and care from the shoulders of my friend, who could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses, when he found himself so suddenly and so effectually relieved. His heart, however, was still subject to vibrations of tenderness, which returned at certain intervals, extorting sighs and tears, and exclamations of grief and impatience; but these fits grew every day less violent and less frequent, till at length his reason obtained a complete victory over the infirmities of his nature.

Upon an accurate inquiry into the state of his affairs, I find his debts amount to twenty thousand

pounds, for eighteen thousand pounds of which sum his estate is mortgaged; and as he pays five per cent. interest, and some of his farms are unoccupied, he does not receive above two hundred pounds a year clear from his lands, over and above the interest of his wife's fortune, which produced eight hundred pounds annually. For lightening this heavy burden, I devised the following expedient. His wife's jewels, together with his superfluous plate and furniture in both houses, his horses and carriages, which are already advertised to be sold by auction, will, according to the estimate, produce two thousand five hundred pounds in ready money, with which the debt will be immediately reduced to eighteen thousand pounds. I have undertaken to find him ten thousand pounds at four per cent., by which means he will save one hundred a year in the article of interest, and perhaps we shall be able to borrow the other eight thousand on the same terms. According to his own scheme of a country life, he says he can live comfortably for three hundred pounds a year; but, as he has a son to educate, we will allow him five hundred; then there will be an accumulating fund of seven hundred a year, principal and interest, to pay off the encumbrance; and, I think, we may modestly add three hundred on the presumption of new-leasing and improving the vacant farms; so that, in a couple of years, I suppose there will be above a thousand a year appropriated to liquidate a debt of sixteen thousand.

We forthwith began to class and set apart the articles designed for sale, under the direction of an

upholder from London; and, that nobody in the house might be idle, commenced our reformation without doors, as well as within. With Baynard's good leave, I ordered the gardener to turn the rivulet into its own channel, to refresh the fainting Naiads, who had so long languished among mouldering roots, withered leaves, and dry pebbles. The shrubbery is condemned to extirpation; and the pleasure-ground will be restored to its original use of cornfield and pasture. Orders are given for rebuilding the walls of the garden at the back of the house, and for planting clumps of firs, intermingled with beech and chestnut, at the east end, which is now quite exposed to the surly blasts that come from that quarter. All these works being actually begun, and the house and auction left to the care and management of a reputable attorney, I brought Baynard along with me in the chaise, and made him acquainted with Dennison, whose goodness of heart would not fail to engage his esteem and affection. He is indeed charmed with our society in general, and declares that he never saw the theory of true pleasure reduced to practice before. I really believe it would not be an easy task to find such a number of individuals assembled under one roof more happy than we are at present.

I must tell you, however, in confidence, I suspect Tabby of tergiversation. I have been so long accustomed to that original, that I know all the caprices of her heart, and can often perceive her designs while they are yet in embryo. She attached herself to Lismahago for no other reason but that she despaired

of making a more agreeable conquest. At present, if I am not much mistaken in my observation, she would gladly convert the widowhood of Baynard to her own advantage. Since he arrived, she has behaved very coldly to the captain, and strove to fasten on the other's heart with the hooks of overstrained civility. These must be the instinctive efforts of her constitution, rather than the effects of any deliberate design; for matters are carried to such a length with the lieutenant, that she could not retract with any regard to conscience or reputation. Besides, she will meet with nothing but indifference or aversion on the side of Baynard, who has too much sense to think of such a partner at any time, and too much delicacy to admit a thought of any such connexion at the present juncture. Meanwhile I have prevailed upon her to let him have four thousand pounds at four per cent. towards paying off his mortgage. Young Dennison has agreed that Liddy's fortune shall be appropriated to the same purpose, on the same terms. His father will sell out three thousand pounds stock for his accommodation. Farmer Bland has, at the desire of Wilson, undertaken for two thousand; and I must make an effort to advance what farther will be required to take my friend out of the hands of the Philistines. He is so pleased with the improvements made on this estate, which is all cultivated like a garden, that he has entered himself as a pupil in farming to Mr. Dennison, and resolved to attach himself wholly to the practice of husbandry.

Everything is now prepared for our double wedding. The marriage articles for both couples are drawn and

executed; and the ceremony only waits until the parties shall have been resident in the parish the term prescribed by law. Young Dennison betrays some symptoms of impatience; but Lismahago bears this necessary delay with the temper of a philosopher. You must know, the captain does not stand altogether on the foundation of personal merit. Besides his half-pay, amounting to two-and-forty pounds a year, this indefatigable economist has amassed eight hundred pounds, which he has secured in the funds. This sum arises partly from his pay's running up while he remained among the Indians; partly from what he received as a consideration for the difference between his full appointment and the half-pay, to which he is now restricted; and partly from the profits of a little traffic he drove in peltry, during his sachemship among the Miamis.

Liddy's fears and perplexities have been much assuaged by the company of one Miss Willis, who had been her intimate companion at the boarding-school. Her parents had been earnestly solicited to allow her making this friendly visit on such an extraordinary occasion; and two days ago she arrived with her mother, who did not choose that she should come without a proper governante. The young lady is very handsome, sprightly, and agreeable, and the mother a mighty good sort of a woman; so that their coming adds considerably to our enjoyment. But we shall have a third couple yoked in the matrimonial chain. Mr. Clinker Lloyd has made humble remonstrance, through the channel of my nephew, setting forth the sincere love and affection mutually

subsisting between him and Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, and praying my consent to their coming together for life. I would have wished that Mr. Clinker had kept out of this scrape; but as the nymph's happiness is at stake, and she has had already some fits in the way of despondence, I, in order to prevent any tragical catastrophe, have given him leave to play the fool, in imitation of his betters; and I suppose we shall have in time a whole litter of his progeny at Brambleton Hall. The fellow is stout and lusty, very sober and conscientious; and the wench seems to be as great an enthusiast in love as in religion.

I wish you would think of employing him some other way, that the parish may not be overstocked. You know he has been bred a farrier, consequently belongs to the faculty; and, as he is very docile, I make no doubt, but, with your good instruction, he may be, in a little time, qualified to act as a Welsh apothecary. Tabby, who never did a favour with a good grace, has consented, with great reluctance, to this match. Perhaps it hurts her pride, as she now considers Clinker in the light of a relation; but I believe her objections are of a more selfish nature. She declares she cannot think of retaining the wife of Matthew Lloyd in the character of a servant; and she foresees, that, on such an occasion, the woman will expect some gratification for her past services. As for Clinker, exclusive of other considerations, he is so trusty, brave, affectionate, and alert, and I owe him such personal obligations, that he merits more than all the indulgence that can possibly be shown him by yours

October 26. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir Watkin Phillips, *Bart. at Oxon.*

Dear Knight, — The fatal knots are now tied. The comedy is near a close, and the curtain is ready to drop; but the latter scenes of this act I shall recapitulate in order. About a fortnight ago, my uncle made an excursion across the country, and brought hither a particular friend, one Mr. Baynard, who has just lost his wife, and was for some time disconsolate, though, by all accounts, he had much more cause for joy than for sorrow at this event. His countenance, however, clears up apace; and he appears to be a person of rare accomplishments. But we have received another still more agreeable reinforcement to our company, by the arrival of Miss Willis from Gloucester. She was Liddy's bosom friend at boarding-school, and, being earnestly solicited to assist at the nuptials, her mother was so obliging as to grant my sister's request, and even to come with her in person. Liddy, accompanied by George Dennison and me, gave them the meeting half-way, and next day conducted them hither in safety. Miss Willis is a charming girl, and, in point of disposition, an agreeable contrast to my sister, who is rather too grave and sentimental for my turn of mind; the other is gay, frank, a little giddy, and always good-humoured. She has, moreover, a genteel fortune, is well born, and remarkably handsome. Ah, Phillips! if these qualities were permanent — if her humour would never change, nor her beauties decay, what efforts would I not make! But these are idle reflections — my destiny must one day be fulfilled.

At present we pass the time as agreeably as we can. We have got up several farces, which afforded unspeakable entertainment, by the effects they produced among the country people, who are admitted to all our exhibitions. Two nights ago, Jack Wilson acquired great applause in *Harlequin Skeleton*, and Lismahago surprised us all in the character of *Pierot*. His long lank sides, and strong-marked features, were all peculiarly adapted to his part. He appeared with a ludicrous stare, from which he had discharged all meaning. He adopted the impressions of fear and amazement so naturally, that many of the audience were infected by his looks; but when the skeleton held him in chase, his horror became most divertingly picturesque, and seemed to endow him with such preternatural agility, as confounded all the spectators. It was a lively representation of Death in pursuit of Consumption; and had such an effect upon the commonalty, that some of them shrieked aloud, and others ran out of the hall in the utmost consternation.

This is not the only instance in which the lieutenant had lately excited our wonder. His temper, which had been soured and shrivelled by disappointment and chagrin, is now swelled out and smoothed like a raisin in plum-porridge. From being reserved and punctilious, he is become easy and obliging. He cracks jokes, laughs, and banters, with the most facetious familiarity; and, in a word, enters into all our schemes of merriment and pastime. The other day his baggage arrived in the waggon from London, contained in two large trunks, and a long deal box,

not unlike a coffin. The trunks were filled with his wardrobe, which he displayed for the entertainment of the company; and he freely owned, that it consisted chiefly of the *opima spolia* taken in battle. What he selected for his wedding suit was a tarnished white cloth, faced with blue velvet, embroidered with silver; but he valued himself most upon a tie-periwig, in which he had made his first appearance as a lawyer, about thirty years ago. This machine had been in buckle ever since, and now all the servants in the family were employed to frizz it out for the ceremony, which was yesterday celebrated at the parish church. George Dennison and his bride were distinguished by nothing extraordinary in their apparel. His eyes lightened with eagerness and joy, and she trembled with coyness and confusion. My uncle gave her away, and her friend Willis supported her during the ceremony.

But my aunt and her paramour took the pas, and formed indeed such a pair of originals, as, I believe, all England could not parallel. She was dressed in the style of 1739; and the day being cold, put on a mantle of green velvet laced with gold; but this was taken off by the bridegroom, who threw over her shoulders a fur cloak of American sables, valued at fourscore guineas, a present equally agreeable and unexpected. Thus accoutred, she was led up to the altar by Mr. Dennison, who did the office of her father. Lismahago advanced in the military step, with his French coat reaching no farther than the middle of his thigh, his campaign wig that surpasses all description, and a languishing leer upon

his countenance, in which there seemed to be something arch and ironical. The ring which he put upon her finger, he had concealed till the moment it was used. He now produced it with an air of self-complacency. It was a curious antique, set with rose diamonds: he told us afterwards it had been in his family two hundred years, and was a present from his grandmother. These circumstances agreeably flattered the pride of our aunt Tabitha, which had already found uncommon gratification in the captain's generosity; for he had, in the morning, presented my uncle with a fine bear's skin, and a Spanish fowling-piece, and me with a case of pistols curiously mounted with silver. At the same time, he gave Mrs. Jenkins an Indian purse, made of silk grass, containing twenty crown pieces. You must know, this young lady, with the assistance of Mr. Lloyd, formed the third couple who yesterday sacrificed to Hymen. I wrote you in my last that he had recourse to my mediation, which I employed successfully with my uncle; but Mrs. Tabitha held out till the love-sick Jenkins had two fits of the mother; then she relented, and those two cooing turtles were caged for life. Our aunt made an effort of generosity in furnishing the bride with her superfluities of clothes and linen, and her example was followed by my sister; nor did Mr. Bramble and I neglect her on this occasion. It was indeed a day of peace-offering. Mr. Dennison insisted upon Liddy's accepting two bank-notes of one hundred pounds each, as pocket-money; and his lady gave her a diamond necklace of double that value. There

was, besides, a mutual exchange of tokens among the individuals of the two families thus happily united.

As George Dennison and his partner were judged improper objects of mirth, Jack Wilson had resolved to execute some jokes on Lismahago, and, after supper, began to ply him with bumpers, when the ladies had retired; but the captain perceiving his drift, begged for quarter, alleging that the adventure in which he had engaged was a very serious matter; and that it would be more the part of a good Christian to pray that he might be strengthened, than to impede his endeavours to finish the adventure. He was spared accordingly, and permitted to ascend the nuptial couch with all his senses about him. There he and his consort sat in state, like Saturn and Cybele, while the benediction posset was drank; and a cake being broken over the head of Mrs. Tabitha Lismahago, the fragments were distributed among the bystanders, according to the custom of the ancient Britons, on the supposition that every person who ate of this hallowed cake should that night have a vision of the man or woman whom Heaven designed should be his or her wedded mate.

The weight of Wilson's waggery fell upon honest Humphry and his spouse, who were bedded in an upper room, with the usual ceremony of throwing the stocking. This being performed, and the company withdrawn, a sort of catterwauling ensued, when Jack found means to introduce a real cat shod with walnut-shells, which, galloping along the boards, made such a dreadful noise as effectually

discomposed our lovers. Winifred screamed aloud, and shrunk under the bedclothes — Mr. Lloyd, believing that Satan was come to buffet him *in propriâ personâ*, laid aside all carnal thoughts, and began to pray aloud with great fervency. At length, the poor animal, being more afraid than either, leaped into the bed, and mewled with the most piteous exclamation. Lloyd, thus informed of the nature of the annoyance, rose and set the door wide open, so that this troublesome visitant retreated with great expedition; then securing himself, by means of a double bolt, from a second intrusion, he was left to enjoy his good fortune without disturbance.

If one may judge from the looks of the parties, they are all very well satisfied with what has passed. George Dennison and his wife are too delicate to exhibit any strong-marked signs of their mutual satisfaction, but their eyes are sufficiently expressive. Mrs. Tabitha Lismahago is rather fulsome in signifying her approbation of the captain's love; while his deportment is the very pink of gallantry. He sighs, and ogles, and languishes at this amiable object; he kisses her hand, mutters ejaculations of rapture, and sings tender airs; and, no doubt, laughs internally at her folly in believing him sincere. In order to show how little his vigour was impaired by the fatigues of the preceding day, he this morning danced a Highland saraband over a naked back-sword, and leaped so high, that I believe he would make no contemptible figure as a vaulter at Sadler's Wells. Mr. Matthew Lloyd, when asked how he relishes his bargain, throws up his

eyes, crying, "For what we have received, Lord make us thankful: Amen." His helpmate giggles, and holds her hand before her eyes, affecting to be ashamed of having been in bed with a man. Thus all these widgeons enjoy the novelty of their situation; but perhaps their note will be changed, when they are better acquainted with the nature of the decoy.

As Mrs. Willis cannot be persuaded to stay, and Liddy is engaged by promise to accompany her daughter back to Gloucester, I fancy there will be a general migration from hence, and that most of us will spend the Christmas holidays at Bath; in which case, I shall certainly find an opportunity to beat up your quarters. By this time, I suppose, you are sick of *alma mater*, and even ready to execute that scheme of peregrination which was last year concerted between you and Your affectionate

November 8. J. Melford.

To Dr. Lewis.

Dear Doctor, — My niece Liddy is now happily settled for life; and Captain Lismahago has taken Tabby off my hands; so that I have nothing farther to do but to comfort my friend Baynard, and provide for my son Lloyd, who is also fairly joined to Mrs. Winifred Jenkins. You are an excellent genius at hints. Dr. Arbuthnot was but a type of Dr. Lewis in that respect. What you observe of the vestry-clerk deserves consideration. I make no doubt but Matthew Lloyd is well enough qualified for the office; but, at present, you must find room for him

in the house. His incorruptible honesty and indefatigable care will be serviceable in superintending the economy of my farm, though I don't mean that he shall interfere with Barns, of whom I have no cause to complain. I am just returned with Baynard from a second trip to his house, where everything is regulated to his satisfaction. He could not, however, review the apartments without tears and lamentation, so that he is not yet in a condition to be left alone; therefore, I will not part with him till the spring, when he intends to plunge into the avocations of husbandry, which will at once employ and amuse his attention. Charles Dennison has promised to stay with him a fortnight, to set him fairly afloat in his improvements; and Jack Wilson will see him from time to time; besides, he has a few friends in the country, whom his new plan of life will not exclude from his society. In less than a year, I make no doubt but he will find himself perfectly at ease, both in his mind and body, for the one had dangerously affected the other; and I shall enjoy the exquisite pleasure of seeing my friend rescued from misery and contempt.

Mrs. Willis being determined to return with her daughter, in a few days, to Gloucester, our plan has undergone some alteration. Jerry has persuaded his brother-in-law to carry his wife to Bath; and I believe his parents will accompany him thither. For my part, I have no intention to take that route; it must be something very extraordinary that will induce me either to revisit Bath or London. My sister and her husband, Baynard and I, will take

leave of them at Gloucester, and make the best of our way to Brambleton Hall, where I desire you will prepare a good chine and turkey for our Christmas dinner. You must also employ your medical skill in defending me from the attacks of the gout, that I may be in good case to receive the rest of our company, who promise to visit us in their return from Bath. As I have laid in a considerable stock of health, it is to be hoped you will not have much trouble with me in the way of physic, but I intend to work you on the side of exercise. I have got an excellent fowling-piece from Mr. Lismahago, who is a keen sportsman, and we shall take the heath in all weathers. That this scheme of life may be prosecuted the more effectually, I intend to renounce all sedentary amusements, particularly that of writing long letters; a resolution which, had I taken it sooner, might have saved you the trouble which you have lately taken in reading the tedious epistles of

November 14. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To MRS. GWYLLIM, *at Brambleton Hall.*

GOOD MRS. GWYLLIM,— Heaven, for wise purposes, hath ordained that I should change my name and citation in life, so that I am not to be considered any more as manger of my brother's family. But as I cannot surrender up my stewardship till I have settled with you and Williams, I desire you will get your accunts ready for inspection, as we are coming home without further delay. My spouse, the captain, being subject to rummatticks, I beg you will

take great care to have the bloo chamber, up two pair of stairs, well warmed for his reception. Let the sashes be secured, the crevices stopt, the carpets laid, and the beds well tousled. Mrs. Loyd, late Jenkins, being married to a relation of the family, cannot remain in the capacity of a sarvant; therefore, I wish you would cast about for some creditable body to be with me in her room. If she can spin, and is mistress of plain work, so much the better; but she must not expect extravagant wages; having a family of my own, I must be more occumenical than ever. No more at present, but rests

Your loving friend, TAB. LISMAHAGO.

November 20.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton Hall.*

MRS. JONES, — Providinch hath bin pleased to make great halteration in the pasture of our affairs. We were yesterday three kiple chined by the grease of God, in the holy bands of mattermoney; and I now subscrive myself Loyd at your sarvice. All the parish allowed that young squire Dallison and his bride was a comely pear for to see. As for Madam Lashmiheygo, you nose her picklearities — her head, to be sure, was fintastical; and her spouse had rapt her with a long marokin furze clock from the land of the selvedges, thof they say it is of immense vally. The captain himself had a hudge hassock of air, with three tails, and a tumtawdry coat, boddered with sulfur. Wan said he was a monkeybank; and the ould botler swore he was born imich of Titidall.

For my part, I says nothing, being as how the captain has done the handsome thing by me. Mr. Loyd was dressed in a little frog and checket with gould binding; and thof he don't enter in caparison with great folks of quality, yet he has got as good blood in his veins as arrow private squire in the county; and then his pursing is far from contentible. Your humble sarvant had on a plain pea-green tabby sack, with my Rumnela cap, ruff toupee, and side curls. They said, I was the very moral of Lady Rickmanstone, but not so pale — that may well be, for her ladyship is my elder by seven good years and more.

Now, Mrs. Mary, our satiety is to suppurate. Mr. Millfart goes to Bath along with the Dallisons, and the rest of us push home to Wales to pass our Christmash at Brampleton Hall. As our appartments is to be the yallow pepper, in the thurd story, pray carry my things thither. Present my compliments to Mrs. Gwillim, and I hope she and I will live upon dissent terms of civility. Being, by God's blessing, removed to a higher spear, you 'll excuse my being familiar with the lower sarvants of the family; but as I trust you 'll behave respectful, and keep a proper distance, you may always depend upon the good-will and purtection of Yours, W. Loyd.

November 20.

THE END

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